"I put it off—*just put it off*"

Merely changing the names to protect his pride, let us tell his story in his own words.

He had written to the Institute asking for information about the Modern Business Course and Service; and our representative found him in his "office"—a box-like structure eight feet square attached to a ramshackle building which was the "works."

"ALEXANDER Hamilton Institute!" he exclaimed with a pathetic smile, "Will it be any use, I wonder, now that the funeral is over?"

He paused a moment and then went on—

"Six years ago I clipped a coupon to send to the Institute, but—I didn't send it. I put it off . . . just put it off. I was thirty-nine then, with a flourishing business—and considerable property besides. Now I am forty-five and all I own is the tools out there in the shop . . . Last week I sent in a coupon—six years late . . .

"You know where the Emerson Store *was*, don't you?" he asked. "Well, I'm it. I'm the bankrupt."

"Lack of experience?" the Institute man ventured.

"On the contrary I've had a pretty broad experience. I've made money as a retailer, as a salesman and a jobber. And I know the heating and sheet-metal business as well as any man in this country—

"But I didn't know enough

"The National Homes Company built a hundred homes here during the war. I got the contract for the heating and roofing work. It was my big opportunity. But I'd never been thoroughly grounded in the fundamentals of business; I didn't understand all the underlying currents that can carry a man forward or hurl him on the rocks.

"Rising material and labor costs got me . . . The business and $18,000 is gone . . . And so you see me here today . . . with one man, and my tools—all that is left after twenty years' work. At home it's pretty tough."

He stopped and lighted his pipe, then his slightly stooped shoulders straightened.

"But it's not too late to begin again," he declared. "And this time I'm going to start right. That's why I sent in the coupon and asked you to call . . . But what a world of difference it would have made to me," he concluded, "if I had acted on my impulse six years ago, instead of putting it off!" . . .

Opportunity can either make or destroy

Some day, you say to yourself, your opportunity will come. And it will. It comes sooner or later to almost every man, giving him the chance to do bigger things and make larger profits than ever before.

Some men are ready. They seize their chance and establish themselves for life. Countless other men also seize their chances—men who know enough to handle

smaller things but lack absolute knowledge of one or more vital departments of business. So the opportunities that should lift them overwhelm and destroy them instead.

We save years of men's lives

The Alexander Hamilton Institute was established to teach business as a profession, as law schools teach law or medical schools teach medicine.

With the help of leaders in the various departments of business—sales, accounting, factory and office management, costs, merchandising, advertising, transportation, corporation finance—its Course was prepared.

On its Advisory Council are leaders in education and business—Frank A. Vanderlip, the financier; General Coleman duPont, the well-known business executive; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist; and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of New York University School of Commerce.

With such a Course under such counsel, the Institute has had the privilege of helping thousands of men to reach a higher place at a younger age; to save the years that most men lose in dull routine, or in energy misapplied.

You may put it off but—

The Institute *urges* no man to accept its training; it wants no man who needs to be urged to consult his own best interests. It seeks only the opportunity to lay the full facts of its Modern Business Course and Service before you, leaving you to decide. The facts are contained in a 116-page book entitled "Forging Ahead in Business." It was this book that the man whose story is told above *meant* to send for six years ago. Considering what this training has meant to so many other successful men, isn't it worth while for you to send for it now? It will be sent without obligation.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
16 ASTOR PLACE NEW YORK CITY

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.

Name .....

Business Address .....

Business Position .....

Canadian address: C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto; Australian address: 84 Castlereagh St., Sydney

Copyright, 1921, Alexander Hamilton Institute

Better than a mustard plaster

Once when grandma's joints commenced to ache and twinge, she used to go to the mustard pot and make a mustard plaster. Now she goes to Musterole and gets relief, but does without the blister and the plaster, too!

My, how good that Musterole feels when you rub it in gently over that lame back and those sore muscles. First you feel the gentle tingle, then the delightful, soothing coolness that reaches in the twinging joints or stiff, sore muscles.

It penetrates to the heart of the congestion. This is because it is made of oil of Mustard and other home simples. And the heat generated by Musterole will not blister.

On the contrary the peculiarity of Musterole lies in the fact that shortly it gives you such a cool, relieved feeling all about the twingey part.

And Musterole usually brings the relief while you are rubbing it on. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

35c and 65c jars—$3.00 hospital size.
The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

Two Uses from Every Electric Socket

With 3 or more of these wonderful little devices your Electrical Appliances are twice as convenient.

Fits any electric light socket. Doubles the convenience of electricity. The plug of unquestioned quality.
"Every wired home needs three or more"

At your Dealer's 3 for $3.50 OR $1.25 EACH

BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
Chicago New York San Francisco

President Suspenders

for comfort

Every pair guaranteed

MADE AT SHIRLEY MASSACHUSETTS

McCLURE'S

Volume 53
HERBERT KAUFMAN
President
EDGAR G. SISSON
Vice-President

Number 1
GEORGE L. STORM
Chairman of the Board
B. G. SMITH
Secretary and Treasurer

Contents *for* January

Don't Listen to the Liar — Herbert Kaufman — 5

The Wasted Generation (*Serial*) — Owen Johnson — 6
Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

The Long, Long Shot (*Short Story*) — Royal Brown — 12
Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

Samplers (*Poem*) — John Drinkwater — 14
Decoration by W. Fletcher White

Superstition — Sir Oliver Lodge — 15
Illustration by Lejaren A. Hiller

What Would You Do? (*Short Story*) — Meredith Nicholson — 16
Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory

Saké, Geisha and Tea — Julian Street — 19

Stronger Than Death (*Short Story*) — Stephen French Whitman — 22
Illustrations by Lee Conrey

Editorial Page — 25

Clyde Fitch's Lean Years — Montrose J. Moses — 26

The Man, the Tiger and the Snake (*Serial*) — Ferdinand Reyher — 29
Illustrations by Pruett Carter

The Wanderer of the Wasteland (*Serial*) — Zane Grey — 32
Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

It Seems To Me — James Montgomery Flagg — 45

Cover Design by Neysa McMein

Published Monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 19, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada. Entered at Stationer's Hall, London. Copyright, 1920, by McClure's Magazine, Incorporated, New York, 25 West 44th Street, New York. All dramatic, moving picture, and other reproduction rights reserved. Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions, $1.65 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union, $2.65 per year. An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired. The Editor assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, but he will use all due care while they are in his hands.

McClure's Magazine, Inc., 25 West 44th St., New York

Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

Start tonight—after two or three applications you will see results.

After years of research specialists have created this delightful, harmless cream which leaves the skin without a blemish. If your druggist hasn't it, write us direct. 50c per jar.

Stillman's Face Powder - 50c
Stillman's Rouge - - - 25c
Stillman's Tooth Paste - 25c

At Drug Stores everywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet—"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" for helpful beauty hints.

STILLMAN CREAM COMPANY
Dept. 36 Aurora, Illinois

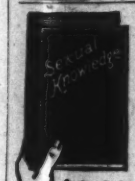
COMMERCIAL ARTISTS

PROPERLY TRAINED EARN $100 A WEEK UP

MEYER BOTH COLLEGE

(a Department of the Meyer Both Company) offers you a different and practical training. If you like to draw develop your talent Study this practical course — taught by the largest and most widely known Commercial Art Organization in the field with 20 years' success—who produced and sold last year over 12,600 commercial drawings. Who else could give you so wide an experience? Commercial art is a business necessity — the demand for commercial artists is greater every year — today's shortage acute. It's a highly paid, intensely interesting profession, equally open to both men and women — home study instruction. Get facts before you enroll in any school. Get our special book, "YOUR OPPORTUNITY" — for half the cost of mailing — 4 cents in Stamps.

MEYER BOTH COLLEGE OF COMMERCIAL ART
Michigan Ave. at 20th St.
Dept. 30, CHICAGO, ILL.



SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

ILLUSTRATED
By WINFIELD SCOTT HALL, M.D., Ph.D.
SEX FACTS MADE PLAIN

What every young man and Every young woman should know
What every young husband and Every young wife should know
What every parent should know

Cloth binding—320 pages—many Illustrations
Table of contents, 6 commendations, on request.

$1.00 Postpaid Mailed in plain wrapper

AMERICAN PUB. CO., 105 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia

10 Buys £100

Millions Billions in use today

Engel "Art Corners"

NO PASTE NEEDED

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Squares, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia and tan gummed paper. Stick on corners of pictures, they wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and 5 and 10c stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing so good. 10c brings full pkg. and complete Engel Mfg. Co. Dept. 73A 1426 Leland Ave., CHICAGO

the start of a perfect day

YOUR whole day depends on the start you get in the morning.

Therefore, your morning shave is much more than a mere matter of disposing of whiskers. What does your shave do to your morning morale?

The destinies of nations hang on shaves; any man can be a better diplomat after a pleasant shave. Home life, business life—in fact, the sum total of human happiness—is affected by the kinds of shaves men get in the morning.

Success itself is a matter of shaves. So, what kind of safety razor do you use? We say, absolutely without blushing, that every man in the world ought to use an Ever-Ready Safety Razor. *(Advertisement.)* It would be a better world.

Ever-Ready users start their day with an advantage over other men. The Ever-Ready gives them an exhilarating exhibition of efficiency.

They get clean, quick, comfortable shaves.

Success itself is a matter of shaves

And this is not simply fancy ad-writing. There is actually something in the fine edge of the Ever-Ready Radio Blade that makes it act different from other razors in the presence of hard beards. Ever-Ready owners will tell you:

"I tried four other safety razors before I found Ever-Ready. There's something about the blades that makes them cut easier and makes them last longer."

with an advantage over other men

We know what this mysterious something is, of course. It isn't accidental. It's the result of things we have been doing to our blades for years, and, furthermore, of the war-discovered Radio process of blade treatment.

Even experimentally, isn't it worth $1 to you to investigate Ever-Ready? We absolutely know that if we get three or four Ever-Ready shaves onto your face, you are our friend for life.

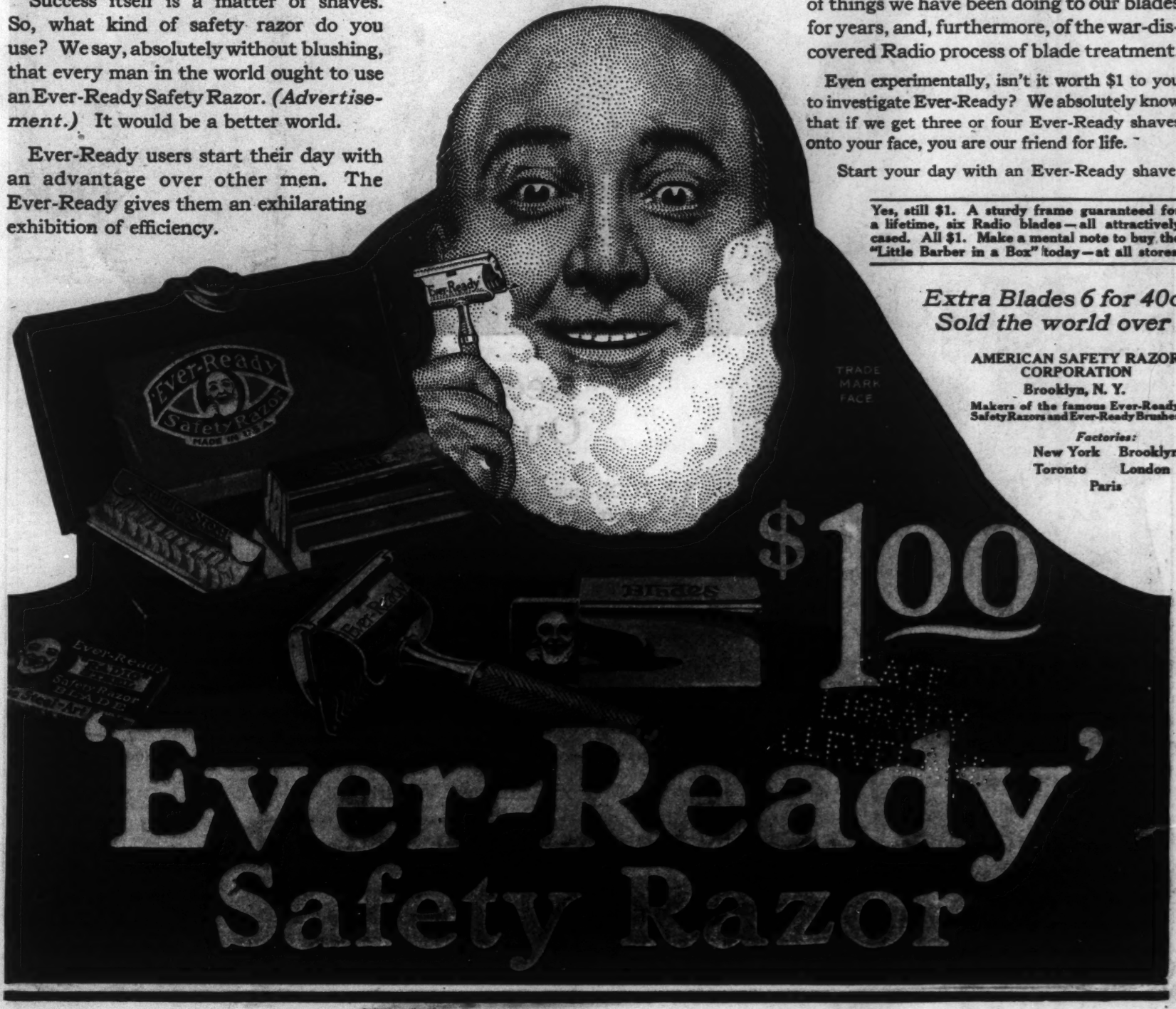
Start your day with an Ever-Ready shave.

Yes, still $1. A sturdy frame guaranteed for a lifetime, six Radio blades—all attractively cased. All $1. Make a mental note to buy the "Little Barber in a Box" today—at all stores.

Extra Blades 6 for 40c
Sold the world over

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Safety Razors and Ever-Ready Brushes

Factories:
New York Brooklyn
Toronto London
Paris



'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

Duofold

Health Underwear

for Men, Women and Children

Keep Comfortable Outdoors and In

WOOL union suits feel warm, but too itchy; fine cotton feels soft and agreeable, but isn't warm enough. In Duofold you have the ideal garment—a layer of wool outside, a layer of cotton inside. Whenever you wear Duofold outdoors, the wool keeps you warm and protected; whenever you enter a hot room the soft, light cotton makes you unaware of the wool.

Keep your whole family healthy, warm and comfortable. Get them Duofold—and notice the difference.

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.
HENDERSON & ERVIN

NEW YORK: 331 Fourth Ave CHICAGO: 424 So Wells St. SAN FRANCISCO: 122 Battery St

For Summer Wear

ROCKINCHAIR

Athletic Underwear *for* Men & Boys

The Athletic Union Suit with Closed Seat Side leg opening. Rockinchair provides supreme comfort in warm weather. Makes friends of its wearers. For men, women and boys.

ROCKINCHAIR TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Volume 53
Number 1

McCLURE'S

JANUARY 1921

Don't Listen to the Liar

by Herbert Kaufman

IT'S a far cry from Icarus to Caproni—from the bushman's telegraph to wireless, but intelligence has covered the distance. Persistence finally feathered the wings that nature denied our kind, and ingenuity has developed a talking spark to outreach the thunders.

Nothing long resists full-flung determination. Man is the eternal phenix forever rising anew from the ashes of his disappointments. Uninterrupted achievement testifies from what barren beginnings the race has climbed upon the ladders of will.

Look down the ages and measure your debt to the invincible pasts. Search back—clear to the dumb, empty-handed, naked beasts from whom you bred—then count your birthright of tools and schools and confess yourself inferior to ancestral stuff, if you dare fail opportunity.

We have inherited the realized dreams of every original since reason first studied its magic key-ring.

Every martyr and every genius who battled or created, suffered or triumphed for the common weal, shortened and humanized the struggle for this generation.

A single century, facing its tasks without steam or electricity, an engine or locomotive, sanitation or illumination, an anesthetic or an antiseptic, a telephone or telegraph, a cotton gin or a sewing-machine, gasoline or rubber, a trip-hammer or a riveter, a power loom or dynamo, a dredge or harvester, conceived or applied all these tremendous sources of power and wealth, and bequeathed the total estate to our ambitions.

The world can't go bankrupt until knowledge dies and confidence surrenders. The sun and the soil and the womb toil on. Lost time is soon retraced, lost men soon replaced.

Imagination, the golden hen, ceaselessly hatches fresh wealths for the treasuries of civilization.

We know that the cellars of the Universe are hardly tapped and the vast attic spaces still unexplored. Industry and its trained djinn Science will some day mine the skies, reveal exhaustless subterranean empires, stud the jungles with derricks, fill high heaven with freighted fleets, glean fortunes from our throw-aways. To-morrow shall quicken and cheapen and simplify our most efficient processes and patronize to-day for its stupidity as we in turn found yesterday a dunce.

Folk who discount possibility aren't capable of estimating it. History invariably turns the laugh on doubt; progress always confounds ill prediction.

Pessimism is a false prophet—don't listen to the liar.

Copyright by Herbert Kaufman, January, 1921

CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY

"I saw her face out of the blurred crowd — eyes that were open and luminous, yet stricken with a suffering too deep for tears. But it was not what I saw so much as what I felt — the inner quality, the sweet dignity, the gentleness and the high aristocracy"

A New Novel With Intense Story Interest and Sincerity of Purpose

The Wasted Generation

by Owen Johnson

Author of "Stover at Yale" and "The Salamander"

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

August, 1916.

I AM thirty this day, the twenty-ninth of August, 1916. The guns are roaring along the Somme front. Another great attack is on, the gray waves are passing over the top for the thousandth time and, for the thousandth time, hope is in the air once more. You feel it in the sudden optimism of the daily bulletin, in the groups in the market-place, in the little knot of *evacués*, here in a Savoyard courtyard, basking in the sun and studying the winding line of pins on the yellowed map of the front.

"Sergeant David Littledale, *Legion Etrangère, Croix de Guerre*, wounded at Verdun, March 5th, shell wound in the shoulder and a bullet in the leg, shell-shock and gangrene. Entered Val de Grace, March 21st, evacuated Chambery, July 10th, 1916."

The record used to hang at the foot of my bed beside the fever chart and the record of operations. From Chambery, here into a rest area, to put on flesh again, to quiet my jumping nerves, and to fatten up for the return to the front. To-day I have no desire to hasten that return. I write it down frankly, as I intend to be honest with myself and my impressions. There are other times when I feel the tug and fret to be back. It is my mood to-day, as war is a succession of unrelated moods.

This morning I ask no more of life than to continue here at my open window in the buzzing month of August, looking down on the drowsy world in my present animal content. A pipe of tobacco and the noonday meal — *Pinard, pommes de terre frites*, and perhaps a ragout with a touch of onions — all these simple joys to my keen senses seem the limit of human desires.

There is a touch of ivy at my window; below, the courtyard is flagged and red-tiled; shovel-hatted Savoyard roofs throw sharp blue shadows across the glowing yellow pavement. Bompard, an old territorial, is peeling potatoes in the door-frame. Coustic and Valentin, of the *Chasseurs Alpins*, are quarreling good-humoredly over a game of *Manille*, and old Canache, of the *Bat d'Af*, is baking in the *chaise-longue*, *kepi* over his nose, and a thin stream of smoke twining upward like Jack's bean-stalk. A mottled setter is flat on his side — a kitten plays with its toes — over the pink roofs, the *Col du Chat* strikes into the sky with its brass cross blazing in the sun — and I say to myself, incredulously, that on the Northern front cannon are roaring, men pitting themselves against machines, and long trains of wounded are beginning to move our way, trains into which at some fiear day I shall step, and return to the Legion.

A buxom tow-headed girl comes clattering into the courtyard, draws a pail of water, and moves sinuously out. An exchange of jests, and we watch her go. She is more than a woman. She is woman. She represents that incredible other life to us, the dream life that runs at night with the will-o'-the-wisps along the trenches; violins and dancing under southern harvests; wet beaches, and a glowing Normandy hearth; lights on the boulevards; children's voices; an old couple waiting on a door-step — many things to many men! To me it brings back a stranger of four years and some months ago — David Littledale, of Littledale, Connecticut; an old, rambling, red-sided house under the elms; a household of young people, frolicking; a girl's face — a first love; Ben, Alan and Rossie, and one tomboy, shock-haired sister, Molly, galloping up the avenue on Pinto, the cow-pony.

Will I ever go back to it and, if I do, will all this pass away like the frantic shadow that blots out the valley when thunder-clouds come stampeding down the *Col du Chat*? Will the old life come out again, as the countryside returns, brilliant and glistening, sunlight and shadow balanced and friendly? Is war an incident, or an education that remains? To tell the truth, I have seldom thought on such things — never in the line of duty.

In resigning my will I am conscious of having resigned my imagination. The future is so indecipherable that it is rather a relief to say to oneself:

"Nothing that I can do, say or think, except obey orders, can have the slightest effect on what is fated to happen."

After two years war ceases to be an experience: it becomes a journey to be traveled in the shafts of the inevitable. I have gone through it, inspired, thrilled, grumbling, sceptical, rebellious, joking, mechanically, but always, at the last test, obedient to the hidden power in the machine that decides my every act.

Why have I fallen back on this introspective mood in these emerging days of convalescence? I think it is as a refuge from the *cafarde* — a feeling after all of being a stranger in a strange land. Perhaps it has a basis in physical weakness, perhaps, simply inaction: inaction which is so demoralizing. To-day I have a longing to be back, to rub elbows with my own people, to be no longer "*l'Americain*" but an American among Americans.

I went into the war, heaven knows, wearied of my kind and of myself, disillusioned with man, seeking men. I have found what I sought. I have found and I understand them — men, the mass, the race, which moves on, slowly, irresistibly, without inner questionings, doing what must be done. Above all, I have known the love of the Fatherland, the faith of the humble, handed down at simple hearths, the will to remain, whatever the cost — French. Well, if I am fated to lie in no-man's-land, I am honestly thankful to have known life at its simplest, its keenest, and to have served some purpose.

BEFORE estimating my past conduct or proceeding to a critical analysis of the future, I may as well take stock of Mr. David Littledale, as he stands to-day.

Physically the damage done is trifling and soon repaired. The shoulder is as good as new. The leg will carry a limp for some time to come. The effects of the gas are rapidly departing, and in another two months my nerves should come again under complete control.

Outwardly I am a typical Littledale, of a family of fighting men and militant preachers. There never was a Littledale who did not have three marked characteristics — the straight bushy line of the eyebrows, the low cropped hair over the forehead, and the mouth cut like an inverted sickle. The stark ruggedness of the jaws of our Puritan ancestry has been softened with easier generations but the faces run lean and brown and muscled. The ears are particularly my own, and have a defiant way of leaving the head that has earned a score of insulting nicknames.

As a family we are not given to gayety — rather over-serious, I am afraid — tenacious, introspective, seldom shining in conversation, listeners rather than debaters, realists and traditionalists, though occasionally a dreamer, like my brother Alan, comes into the family, rebels, breaks away, and disappears restlessly into the outer world.

To take stock of myself mentally is not so easy. I have received the deplorable education of the day. Everything that could possibly be done, was done to make me hate the pursuit of knowledge. I am, indeed, an excellent example of the signal failure of American education — the failure to provide for the utilization of a developed type. My father and my grandfather and his father before him were brought up to public service as a result of a system of society and education which demanded service of them. What, all at once, has happened to our generation? We had everything to make us leaders — family traditions, unlimited opportunity, and undoubted energy — and the only result that I can see of our education has been either to divert our unquestioned energy toward a heaping up of material comforts or to make of us triflers, *dilettanti*, in a word, parasites. It may have been our fault, but I think it was deeper — the fault of national thinking. Undoubtedly, in the future, the irresistible forces which mold a nation will bring order into the multiplicity of confused movements which now dominate us. But as I look back, even from my short retrospection, and see myself and my brothers, I can give but one judgment. We are a generation wasted.

I am at that point in my life when traditions fall away — when a man, educated as I have been, suddenly finds himself alone, wandering through a vast valley of doubt, seeking with the instinct that is in men for order.

What do I really believe? What of my education remains after the test of experience? I was taught certain principles of morality, certain judgments on conduct — given certain standards of right and wrong. Virtue must bring its own reward and the wages of sin is death. After a few years' contact with the world I find myself completely mystified. Perhaps I have been too often behind the scenes and must pay the penalty of disillusionment. I was given certain principles of common honesty, and I have seen great criminals exalted because they either stole on a grandiose scale or procured others to steal for them. True, I have heard many unflattering judgments passed on these financiers, privately, but the criticisms seemed to proceed from an instinctive envy, and I seldom found that they interfered in the least with the successful rogue's power in the community. I was given certain sharp distinctions between good women and bad. In the cosmopolitan society which I have known in Paris I found, too often, that those who were surest of their position flagrantly and insolently defied all public criticism. I have never found, in my occasional contact with women of the *demi-monde* the libertinage that I have met with in certain of the most exalted spheres of society.

My grandfather was a Senator and a member of the National Cabinet. My great-grandfather was one of the founders of the nation. My father, as Judge of the Circuit Court, has been in intimate touch with public men and party politics. The ideal of public leadership I have always regarded reverently and yet, on closer contact, I have discovered that the leaders who were like demigods to my young imagination were capable of underhand trafficking for office and midnight deals with repellent political tricksters that seemed to me to place them on a level with political fences — receivers of stolen political goods. Puritan I am and shall always be, so long as the heart of a child, which abides in every man, remains open. Yet I have been wandering along pagan roads, seeking readjustments, which do not satisfy me, as I first believed.

There may be a deeper truth below the shallow surface of things than I have uncovered — there must be though I have not yet had the vision to perceive it — unless it be by renouncing the class into which I was born and seeking new elements of faith in closer contact with the great simple mass of humanity which remains vitally significant and predestined, through the saving grace of struggle.

Yet do I believe, whole-heartedly and without reservation, in Democracy? I am not sure. Certainly not in the demoralization in which I see it now wandering. Not if it means Democracy at the price of inefficiency, rejection of self-discipline, and the negation of real

1048614

leadership. The vital principle, to me, is the equalization of opportunity. Yet with it there must be an aristocracy of achievement and an ability to recognize the quality of leadership in exceptional men — without which Democracy is no better than a rabble.

If I should announce such ideas in the rigid formalism of my Littledale home, I would be regarded, I know, as an intellectual pariah. But I am not seeking to impose my ideas on others. I am setting them down in a moment of intellectual luxury, for my own self-education — that is, as I perceive them through this vista of isolation, when old commonplaces come into a new significance.

To-day there is a great yearning inside me, allied with a new feeling of homesickness. I long to go to the home that is denied me. The air which I have breathed these long two years has been extraordinarily vital. I have lived with humanity at its keenest. With all the sodden realism of war, with all its inconsistencies of detail, its mingled brutality and heroism, it has been a privilege to have known its rare moments of exaltation. I have known my kind as they are, as my friends in the courtyard below are, inconsistent and frail, selfish, avaricious, sunk in mere animal passions of living; but I have seen a sudden flaming vision of sacrifice exalt them above the brute, as I have known Christian and Pagan to offer themselves on the cross of their own suffering that their race might go on living.

October.

A budget of letters with a touch of home has sent me back to my diary this morning, which, as I feared, I have neglected these last weeks. At the time these letters were written no word had reached them of my having been wounded at Verdun, and as I sat recalling the thousand details of our daily life I imagined how the family would receive the news.

Nothing could be more characteristic of the Littledale family than its departure to worship on Sunday morning. We are organized on the theory of absolute liberty of conscience in matters religious as well as political. My mother, Ben and Aunt Janie departed in one direction, for the Unitarian Church, and my father, Molly and myself, for the little Presbyterian chapel in the village square. Rossie, the privileged character of the family, remained in that state of suspended judgment which permitted him to lengthen the Sunday morning rest. No asperities, no dissensions resulted from this opposition of views. In fact, each Littledale was a little proud of the family's individualism, regarding it as the inherited trait of a strong intellectual strain.

WE were four brothers and a sister, all as different as one day from another. With my mother's public interests and her theories of individualism, we were brought up with small restraint, along lines of our own choosing. Alan, the third of the line, was the rebel of the family. As I look back, I can see where the mistakes were all on the part of Ben and myself. Wild, impatient of restraint, Alan certainly was, yet the rough discipline which the older brother inflicted was the worst method of dealing with him. The two never understood each other. Every idea and every instinct was opposed and each in his way was remarkably unyielding in temperament.

While Rossie was alive, he and Molly, through their good humor and affection were able to hold the insurgent in check, but after Rossie's tragic drowning matters went from bad to worse. Alan quickly assumed the traditional rôle of the family black sheep. In every respectable family of New England there is always that predestined place. It had been so in my father's generation and in the generation before him. We all, with the exception of Molly, who was too young to have an opinion, expected that Alan would sooner or later disgrace the family and as we did not conceal from him the state of our convictions he did his best to justify them. After being expelled from two schools and dragged into college by the application of every family influence, there came the final storm. In his sophomore year he became involved in a disgraceful row which reached the columns of the metropolitan press. Alan was permitted to resign, returned home, had a violent scene with Ben and my father, and departed next day, vowing never to set foot in the family home again. That we were all unjust to him admits of no doubt, I among the rest, but at that time I was completely under the influence of Ben, who was three years my senior.

I have left my brother Ben until the last: utterly different from me in temperament, impulse and character, he exercised over me the strongest domination. From boyhood we had been inseparable. Study came laboriously to him, to me naturally; so, despite the difference in age, we passed through school and college together. In mentality I was his superior, but he exercised over me a moral supremacy by the direct and ruthless expression of his will. His strength was in the fact that he was diverted by no complexities. He had little imagination, read little, and talked less. The two or three ideas which guided him were settled convictions. Nothing perplexed him. In all things he was a direct force.

I have noticed the same phenomenon in later life. Men of little imagination and small mental baggage often dominate men of brain by the sheer tenacious simplicity of never being in doubt of what they want. As I see them now, Alan was the revolt and Ben the traditionalism in its most rigid New England form. Ben was born to maintain what was as it had been; a mid-Victorian in his tastes, a Bourbon in his ideas, quite capable, in another era, of burning witches at the stake.

For better or for worse, our destinies have been tragically intertwined — how tragically, I alone know. His code of morality would not have looked well in copy books but, such as it was, it did have the advantage of sincerity and a contempt for hypocrisy as he saw it in others.

To fight hard and fairly on any question; to do as he conceived every man of breeding did in moments of relaxation, but never to surrender the control of oneself or to be moved out of one's calm by any wind of passion; to take women as they came, lightly, but never to lie to them nor descend to petty meanness, nor to become involved in situations which compromised your dignity: — this was a code which savored rather of the *condottieri* of the middle ages than of the Puritan traditions he represented. Yet he saw in it no inconsistencies, and as men go (and as I have known them), the code had certain qualities of *noblesse oblige*. I have since turned from this insolent egotism, but for a long time it influenced my attitude toward life and brought me close to disaster. Yet, by establishing this moral tyranny, Ben saved me from what would have been the shipwreck of my life.

"I addressed the envelope, slipping the card into it, rose and stood deliberately facing Mme. de Tinquerville. For that

At the age of eighteen, in the summer of my sophomore year, I fell madly, foolishly in love with the daughter of a farmer back of Littledale, Jenny Barnett, — a handsome little country girl, red-cheeked, black-haired, and gray-eyed — the beauty of the country. Looking back now, I can understand many things, particularly with the subsequent career of Jenny before me, but then I was an extremely innocent youngster, whose head turned at a look from the gray eyes in the warm odors of June, and it would never have entered my imagination to entertain the slightest suspicion of her. She, on her side, perceiving what a greenhorn she had to deal with, made up her shrewd little mind to set her cap for me. Before I knew it, I had lost so completely all perspective that I seriously considered a runaway match.

To-day, it is all so incredible that I ask myself if I could have proceeded so far if, in the last test, a saving grain of common sense would not have prevented me; and I like to reason that I was but playing with an idea, deceiving myself as much as the girl. Yet I do not know that this is a fair estimate, for I have seen so much of what men do under the narcotic impulse of passion, even against their own will and intelligence, that I am not certain I might not have played the fool, without the intervention of my brother.

In my simplicity I had gone to him with my confidence. I can still see the shock of amazement on his face. Then he remained silent a long moment, his eyes on my face.

"Absolutely sure you want to marry?"

"Oh, absolutely," I said, yet my heart sank as though I had pronounced my own sentence.

"And the girl — Jenny? Absolutely sure she loves you?"

"Absolutely."

"WELL, you're making a fool of yourself, but that's your affair. I'll see you through, that's promised."

His words brought me no joy. A cloud settled before my eyes. At the end of half an hour, as though his mind had been made up, he questioned me adroitly as to our relations, our place of meeting, our next rendezvous. All of which information I gave him, without mistrust. The second day, he came to me and said:

"What are you doing this afternoon? Nothing? Wait for me in Talbot's wood, by the old spring. I've got a line on a honey tree. Meet me at four."

"At four. I'll be there," I answered, not without surprise.

I installed myself in the wood at the appointed time, and shortly afterward, hearing familiar voices, I sprang up and perceived Jenny on the arm of my brother. My first thought was that he was bringing her to me in sign of allegiance but, the next moment, to my astonishment, I saw her fling her arms about his neck and kiss him passionately, very differently from the furtive embraces she had vouchsafed me.

The next moment I was before them, with murder in my heart. The girl sprang back, with a cry. My hands reached Ben's throat and we went to the ground. In my rage I understood but one thing — that what he had done he had done deliberately, after having put to sleep my suspicions by an attitude of false acquiescence. My next impulse was the most tragic and instinctive hatred which can blind the reason of a human being — the wild jealousy of brother for brother. At the thought that the girl could so easily have preferred him after all that had been between us, all the love that I had for him turned to the blackest fury and I believe that for a short moment, if I could have killed him I would have done so. The minx stood by, no longer frightened but delighted in her vanity at the sight of our struggling over her.

At first Ben had burst out laughing, defending himself from my frantic rage, but little by little under the sting of my blows, he too lost his head. We rolled over and over, clawing at each other frantically, striking out blindly. I was no match for him then in strength and at the end I found myself on my back, my arms pinned under his knees, looking up into his bruised face.

Suddenly he bent down and cried, angrily:

"You fool! Is that the sort of wife you want to bring home?"

"You made her do it!" I cried, and in my rage I almost succeeded in freeing myself. He exerted all his strength and brought me back to earth.

"Made her do it! A girl that's engaged to you? Do you want to be the laughing-stock of the county?"

My brain cleared and a great thankfulness came over me. I began to laugh uproariously.

This was too much for Jenny. With a swish of skirts, she went flying through the woods.

I continued to laugh, with a sudden detention of all my nerves, cut by sudden involuntary sobs, but the laugh was not honest and something bitter and contemptuous descended into my heart, there to remain.

"Let me up," I said, at the end.

"All right?"

"Quite."

We arose and surveyed the wreck we had made of each other.

"I had to do it, Davy."

"You did right."

We went home, his arm over my shoulder, a rare demonstration of affection for him. Had I only been present to render him a like service when the rôles were reversed, years later!

All my anger turned on myself. From that time on vulgarity played no part in my life. Milestone No. 1.

Yet despite all my efforts to fight down the feeling, I have always retained a little resentment at the superiority he had shown — a primitive instinct of the male, I suppose, particularly when a woman is involved.

A revulsion was imperative, and the revulsion sent me back to my own kind. There is, I suppose, in every man's life the figure of some woman who represents what might have been, some turning-point at which he looks back and perceives where the direct road abruptly diverged. My intimacy with Anne Brinsmade was not the usual boy and girl romance but was something quite genuine and loyal and, though in the end the inevitable complications brought their misunderstandings, I look back on this natural comradeship, which extended over two years, with real affection. For this, strangely enough, I had Jenny Barnett to thank. The anger in me against my credulity and weak sentimentality was so insistent that to recover some self-respect I felt the need of asserting my ascendancy over some worthier one of her sex, if but to prove to myself that I had the qualities of reticence, authority and self-control I admired in my brother. It was not premeditated or conscious, yet if it had been skilfully calculated nothing could have served me better.

Stephen Brinsmade was a lawyer of large political and business activities, a man of considerable fortune, and Anne was surrounded with every luxury and attention which he could shower on her. They had a big place, about fifteen miles from our home at Littledale, and the friendship of the families was traditional. In my case there was a deeper reason. At school I had roomed with young Stephen, and when he had died as the result of an accident on the polo field the memory of his friendship brought me close to the father and sister.

Anne, even as a young girl, was a problem. She was all impulse, and no one knew where impulse might lead her. I was approaching twenty and she was scarcely sixteen at this time, and my air of determined imper-

one awful moment which I prolonged I paid her back in terror for the thousand humiliations of those hideous months"

sonality successfully piqued her curiosity, roused her resentment, and finally drew her to me in impulsive trust. Her brother had been my dearest chum. For his young sister I could have only the most exact loyalty. I became her confidant assuming the rôle of mentor and occasionally delivering moral precepts with a gravity that was so natural that it even eluded my sense of humor. Different beings, I suppose, appeal to different qualities in us, according to their needs, and there was something in the wayward, lovable, undirected charm of the young girl which aroused the chivalry in me. My attitude, so different from that of the men who surrounded her, naturally had two results. It brought a delightful companionship, utterly free from mawkishness, or the simulated coquetries and aped sentimentality which too often in the freedom of our American intercourse leaves regrets in man and woman of having failed in reverence before the things that count. Unconsciously, however, as this intimacy continued, the feminine temptation was hard to resist. Once or twice she tried to provoke my jealousy. I do not think it was consciously done, but I recognized it, and my studied indifference undoubtedly gave me an increasing value in her eyes.

THE influence I exerted over her was, I know, the strongest in her life. I saw that she idealized me and though the incongruity of making a hero of me struck me, a certain strength came from the realization. I never fully believed in her and frequently told her so — much to her annoyance. I saw her as a young girl, too easily influenced, with natural instincts toward the good, yet with dangerous cravings for excitement and pleasure. I knew as a woman she would be the creature of circumstance and, foreseeing all the flattery and adoration that would be hers on her entrance into the world, I doubted the stability of her best motives. On these subjects we talked frankly, and, often, with suddenly clouded face, listening to me intently, she would confess in a burst of feeling that my fears were justified and, genuinely moved, placing her hand in mine, she would say:

"When I'm with you, Davy, I don't want to be just selfish and superficial. I do want other things in life; but I know myself so well that — I'm afraid."

It was in the summer after my graduation that I first became aware that my own feelings were undergoing a change. In the beginning I was master enough of myself to control them, even when in daily contact with her implicit trust and her too frankly shown desire for my company. My reason warned me that my strength was in her ignorance of my true state of mind, but at twenty-two, with a young girl on the brink of a radiant and lovely womanhood, the reason is but an intermittent refuge, and propinquity and the moment, decisive. One night in midsummer, after a long and intimate discussion, when least I expected it — at her hand freely and impulsively placed in mine, every inhibition in me suddenly stopped. I raised her fingers fervently to my lips, drew a long breath and held them there until, troubled, she sought to withdraw them.

"Why — David!"

She was looking at me, wide-eyed and wondering.

I tried to repair my blunder, hastily and awkwardly.

"You're such a good sort, I was thinking — I'd hate to have anything but the best come to you — "

She was still looking at me as I stopped, floundering. I drew a long breath, and said:

"It's chilly here. Let's go in."

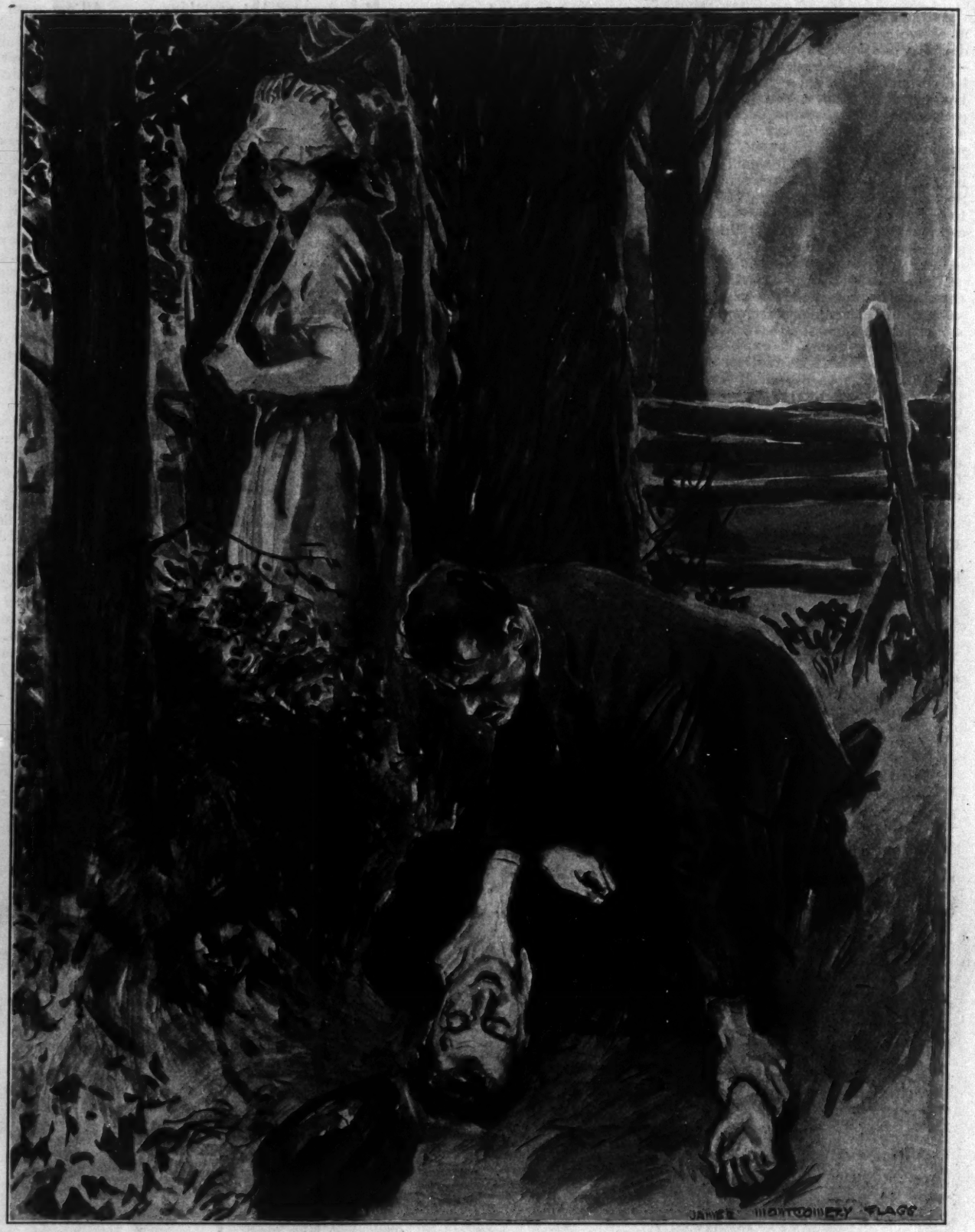
She slipped her arm from mine and led the way back. She said not a word for the rest of the evening, while I exerted myself to talk to her father, and left as soon as I could make the opportunity. But I knew that she was not deceived, then or later, by my new, almost hostile, attitude of aloofness.

The damage was done. From that day we never really talked to each other. And here a curious thing happened. Until then there was no mistaking her preference for me. It was so open that every one saw it — her father, my brothers, everybody. In fact, it was rather looked upon as a matter of course that eventually we should marry. I knew this. There are things which do not deceive us and in the attitude of Mr. Brinsmade there was even more than consent, though on the part of the mother I had felt an increasing antagonism.

Now, over night, all was changed. We avoided the moments of intimacy which had come so naturally. Her attitude became the extreme of capriciousness. I knew I had blundered and believed that the blunder was irreparable, but when I would deliberately refrain from seeing her, she was certain to call me up and insist upon my coming to dinner. Yet the moment I was in her presence she was so silent and moody that I always returned with a feeling of hopelessness and disillusionment. Hurt and miserable, my pride drove me to assume an attitude of raillery, which crystallized in a studious assumption of tolerant amusement and an apparent refusal to see in her anything but a wayward child. She resented this, and never let pass an occasion to rouse my jealousy. I was, in turn, mortified, proud and angry.

My old doubts returned and, forgetting how much my own attitude could excite irritation; forgetting how young she was in the knowledge of her own needs; forgetting all that we had built upon together; I saw her only as an inconscient child, disdaining the toy which she had finally acquired. As her mother was, so I felt she would inevitably become, and I ceased to believe that the memory of our talks and the natural, kindly impulses in her would ever be strong enough to counteract the craving for the baubles of vanity which tomorrow would be thrown suddenly into her lap.

What hurt me most was the seeming ungenerosity of her attitude, that after the years of unswerving loyalty and protection I had given her, she should now adopt toward me the methods of a coquette. It ended on a trifle. There was a scene of petty jealousy — I cannot recall it now without astonishment — a dance accorded and withdrawn — nothing more. And yet,



"I was no match for him then. 'You fool!' he cried, 'is that the sort of wife you want to bring home?'"

for that, the course of two lives was irretrievably affected. Perhaps this was but the pretext. We were both high-spirited, both too young to understand life's values or the emotions which swayed us, and both too proud to yield first. For a moment's pique, we parted in anger — I have never seen her since. A month later I left for Paris, to take up the study of architecture. Milestone No. 2.

The memory quickly receded. I was, of course, too young myself to have been truly capable of love. Yet to-day, as I look back, but for that one instant's wavering, I can see how my whole life would have run. From time to time I followed her career, saw her photograph in the public fashion show blazoned forth in newspaper and periodical; read occasional news of her reported engagements, and then, lost in the maelstrom of a malevolent infatuation, I put her finally from my mind, as at that time I put from me all memories of a life where quiet, order and simple ideals dominated.

I cabled home my decision to enlist. A month later, among the frantic letters from the family, I found one from her.

"Dear old Davy:

Molly has just told me and I can't help writing to you. We are no longer children, are we? And the old misunderstanding was of a boy and a girl. I have always bitterly regretted it. I don't know whose fault it was — perhaps both. If I was to blame I am truly sorry. I have never forgotten the old days or how fine you were with me. In all my life there has been nothing more *honest*. I cannot bear to have you go without knowing it. If you will let me, it will mean a great deal to me if I could help just a little — keep you in touch with things at home, and let you know how many, many of your friends are keeping you in their thoughts. May I — please, Davy — for old times?

Just as I used to be,

Anne."

I have the letter in my hand and to-day the memory hurts. The *cafarde* is strong on me, and the futility of my drifting existence. There are other letters — chatty, carefully restrained letters, matching the tone of my answers — but this one I keep, for sometimes, in moments of depression, in the passionate revulsion against living, I turn to what might have been . . .

At this point Coustic came in with my orders. To-morrow I set out for Paris, there to report before an examining board. The prospect brings no pleasure. To-night I feel the dead weight of homesickness as never before.

Paris.

At the Quai d'Orsay, where I debarked three nights ago, the old days came back to me with a vividness of pain which I had not expected; the old careless days of another world which has been snuffed out.

I think that I can now look back dispassionately upon the David Littledale of 1913 and recognize the impulses which led me into an infatuation which, without the outbreak of the Great War, would in all probability have left me a moral wreck.

Even as I write this severe judgment, I react against it. Perhaps I am too harsh with myself. It may be that of my own will I would have found the strength to free myself of the humiliating bondage — perhaps — but I am not sure.

Yet I am quite certain that not for a moment was I in love with Mme. de Tinquerville. Curiosity, vanity, habit, idleness: the pride of a young man, still a boy in the ways of the world; a fancied domination over a woman accomplished in artifice; an unsated appetite for pleasure; susceptibility to flattery; the old Littledale failing of intense exaggeration in all things; — all these motives I clearly see. And then, I was playing at love, which often is more dangerous than love its lf.

I have frequently heard women of the *demi-monde* referred to as dangerous women. There is nothing dangerous in such women except to a young and inexperienced man, with quick sympathies, and a conscience. They carry their warning on their faces. The woman who is truly dangerous is the unsuspected woman, who waits behind the mask of a Madonna. Since my arrival, twenty instances have reminded me of the woman I knew as Letty — Mme. de Tinquerville.

I do not know that I can be entirely dispassionate as I look back over this incident in my life. *Tout comprendre est tout pardonner:* to understand everything is to forgive everything. There may have been in her life, in her inheritance, or in her tradition, perhaps in her earlier contact with men, things which would make her comprehensible. I do not know them. There is a mystery of evil and good in us that defies analysis. It is so in my case, it must be so in hers. And yet, she is the only human being in my experience who did evil from the sheer delight of doing it. She did it as a child plays with some defenseless animal. Yet there was nothing obvious about her, and in all the different societies through which she moved I doubt if more than five men ever suspected what lay behind her quiet, strictly conventional attitude toward life.

I met her first at the studio of a fashionable artist, Enrico Gonzalez, in the midst of a *Goya fête*, to which the fashionable, slightly *déclassée* society of cosmopolitan Paris had come, eager for a new sensation.

I saw her directly I had passed under the swinging lanterns and entered the glowing studio. Amid the gay confusion of reds and yellows, greens and purples of gala Spain, she stood out from the riot of colors, slight and dark in the black velvet serenity of her costume, an *infanta* with a certain intuitive dignity of astonishment.

She saw my insistent look, studied me a moment, and asked a friend to present me. The next moment I was at her side, flattered, inviting her to dance.

She shook her head with a smile.

"What, not dance?"

"Never, in public."

She motioned me to a seat and, looking at me intently, said:

"Tell me, where have we met before?"

"I am certain that I have never seen you." I was on the point of adding: "For I could not have forgotten it," but, instinctively feeling how banal the answer would seem to her satiated ears, I refrained.

She looked at me, unconvinced.

"You are quite certain?"

"Yes, quite."

"As children, perhaps?"

"No."

My manner seemed to amuse her. She studied my face a moment, and then said:

"You are from the South, from Virginia, perhaps?"

"Not even that. A Yankee, from Connecticut."

"Strange! I shouldn't have thought it."

After a moment, as if her interest in me had ceased, she said:

"You like to dance, of course?"

I bowed my assent.

"There is a little girl from the Opera over there who dances beautifully. Ask her to dance." Then, as I rose, perplexed, not quite certain whether to be angry or not— "and, later, come back and talk to me."

I know that my first movement was one of mistrust, for my answers had been unnecessarily brusque. For no reason whatsoever I was conscious of an instinctive antagonism and yet I obeyed her suggestion and began a tango. [*Continued on page 54*]

"One night in midsummer, at her hand freely and impulsively placed in mine, every inhibition in me suddenly stopped, I raised her fingers fervently to my lips"

The Long, Long Shot

A Fountain of Youth From Which All May Drink

by

Royal Brown

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

"The restaurant in the station has changed hands," quoted Pam. "The new proprietor, B. Pennell, will conduct a first-class restaurant which, we are assured, will reflect credit on Leicester"

LEICESTER, when Blair Pennell first became aware of its existence, impressed itself upon him not as the charming old New England county seat it actually is, but as the home of a lineal descendant of one of Ali Baba's forty thieves. The White Mountain express, arriving at noon, scheduled a fifteen-minute stop there. Blair, assured that he would find a restaurant in the station, temporarily abandoned his golf clubs, his tennis racket and other *impedimenta* of a young man bound for a house party, and sallied forth in search of it.

The restaurant, though not so starkly simple as some of its kind, looked true to type. But Blair having no alternative decided to take a chance.

"Two ham sandwiches, coffee and apple pie — with cheese," he ordered.

The waitress, who had the air of having been born to better things without anything in her appearance to corroborate such an idea, slapped the articles down in front of him, readjusted her chewing gum, and moved on.

Blair examined the ham sandwiches.

"These," he mused, "should interest an archeologist. I feel reasonably sure that they are a remnant of the picnic lunch Mrs. Noah put up before she and her family took that little cruise in the Ark."

The bread, he discovered, had not been buttered.

"Perhaps," he philosophized, "it is as well!"

Nevertheless he had the appetite of his years, which numbered twenty-five, and so he ate. There was another shock awaiting him, however, when he came to his coffee.

"Incredible!" he exclaimed.

The waitress glanced at him, aloofly. "I beg your pardon!"

"You ought to," he retorted grimly. "May I crave a check."

The waitress shoved it toward him. Blair who, like several million other Americans, was fond of saying that he didn't mind paying a fair price but that he hated to be stung, looked at the amount and saw red.

"Does the proprietor happen to be on the premises?" he demanded.

The waitress nodded languidly toward the cash register.

"That's Mr. James over there," she said.

Blair proceeded to the cash register. "I understand," he said, "that your name is James. Any relation to the James boys?"

The proprietor rang up the check. "The high cost of living —" he began.

"Look here," Blair broke in. "I had lunch in the University Club in New York yesterday. For seventy-five cents I got ——"

The proprietor could not become redder than he naturally was, but he could — and did — look a shade more apoplectic.

"Look here yourself," he retorted, belligerently. "If you think you could run this place any better I'd like to give you a chance ——"

"If you want to make it real interesting," suggested Blair, "why don't you ask me if I think I could run it any worse. Then you'd be talking."

The proprietor ignored that, although his next remark, addressed to a traveling man, was patently directed at Blair.

"How's business, you old robber?" asked the traveling man.

The proprietor swallowed. "If I could get anybody to take the lease off my hands I'd sell out," he said. "There's no money in the restaurant business these days. And on top of that a lot of cheap skates come in and kick!"

BLAIR, who had paused to light a cigarette, merely grinned. As he turned from the cigar case, a colored porter, wearing a white coat, ambled in.

"Two ham sandwiches and ——"

"A half a peck of digestion tablets," Blair added, mentally, and proceeded outside, to where the late June sunlight pleasantly warmed the platform.

"Why," he meditated, "is a railroad restaurant?"

The question, which has baffled wiser men than he, was not to be solved just then. A smart roadster drew up a few feet away. In it was a girl with sunlit hair who, apparently quite oblivious of his existence, shut off the engine and disembarked. As she crossed the platform his eyes followed her. She carried herself as the modern girl, who plays golf and tennis, can and should. Blair approved her, at once and without qualification,— she looked like a bully good girl to know and play around with. Pam Noyes, it may be remarked, often had that effect on masculine contemporaries.

In so far as Blair was concerned, however, the thought was transient. Pam disappeared into the station and his eyes turned, speculatively, toward the end of the express, and his thoughts to something more important.

This was his immediate future, which cannot but loom large to a man just out of college. Such was Blair's status. His graduation from Princeton, delayed for two years by that experience which gives his kind to-day an older, maturer look than their predecessors, had been finally achieved just three days before. And in spite of his golf clubs, the tennis racket, and a bird of an English kit bag he had bought in London in January nineteen-nineteen — and notwithstanding the fact that he was bound for a hospitable summer house where he might stay a week, a month or the summer, as he chose, he had his way to make.

The mere earning of his living was not the problem. To earn *some* money was no trick at all, he had earned more or less all through Princeton. But to make a lot of it and make it in a hurry, in a typically American way — *that* was the game. The big thing was to avoid blind alleys and get started right, with the right man. Blair had already picked the man. The trouble was that the man had not picked him; was not, indeed, even aware of his existence.

This man had addressed a group of Princeton men in May.

"The world," he had assured them, "needs young men with initiative, vision, imagination and executive ability. As James J. Hill once said to me, 'The ability to organize and handle men is as much a commodity as sugar or flour or coffee and I will pay the highest market price in the world for it.'"

Here he had paused to smile, as if he had read their minds.

"Only," he had continued drily, "I warn you that you'll waste your time — not mine, for I won't see you — if you come to me and try to persuade me that you have these qualities. There's not a man in my organization who ever came to me for a place. I've always gone after him."

Sam Hillis, Blair's roommate, had commented on that speech afterward.

"Boy, I wish I could be the sort of a fly that would bring that old trout out of his hole," he had said. "Being asked to join his organization is like being handed the key to the mint. That chap Pendexter he hauled out of a two-by-four drug-store in Tennessee seven years ago, isn't forty yet, but he's got a place down at Bar Harbor that looks like a million dollars."

This was what was in Blair's mind, as his eyes gazed off toward the end of the train. The White Mountain express that day was trailed by a private car. And in that car was the very man Blair was gunning for!

"He manages to get up this way pretty regularly," the Pullman conductor had informed Blair. "He's got what he calls a farm in the town he was born in. Some farm! It cost a million if it cost a cent!"

Now Blair, when he left New York, had intended to shelve his problem for the time being — solutions, he believed, were more apt to pounce on one than be pounced on. But the nearness of his quarry stimulated him anew. He believed, while striving to preserve due modesty, that he possessed the qualities described. The difficulty lay in making this man believe it, too.

The colored porter, emerging from the restaurant with a paper bag, momentarily diverted his thought.

"Somebody," he thought, "is due for a shock."

It was Blair, however, who got a shock first. The porter continued along the platform until he came to the last car. Blair, absolutely dumfounded, stared until the conductor, glancing at him, shouted all aboard.

Then, tossing his cigarette away, he swung up on to the train. But instead of continuing up and into the car, he paused on the lower step. The romantically inclined would never have doubted but that he was gazing at Pam Noyes who, having reappeared, was getting the roadster under way. And they would have experienced a real thrill when, as one who impulsively makes a decision, Blair suddenly swung off the moving train at some risk to his tailor's craftsmanship and his Maker's, and started back toward the station.

The truth, however, must out. It was not Pam, now disappearing in a cloud of dust, that had made him forget golf clubs, racket and kit bag. Inspiration had come to him, at that instant, and he was acting upon it with characteristic impetuosity. As his old roommate, Sam Hillis, would have expressed it, Blair was "aviating — just aviating, with a hell of a bump coming to him."

In that opinion, if not that language, older and wiser friends than Sam would have unquestionably concurred. Blair, in the brief time that his return to the station gave him for second-thought, admitted that it was a long, long chance. But it had pulse-quickening possibilities that made it gloriously worth the taking.

THE proprietor of the restaurant, girding himself for a renewal of hostilities, paused to gape his surprise.

"Cash?" he managed finally, when it dawned upon him that Blair really meant business.

Blair nodded. "I'll have it for you inside of twenty-four hours."

"You're on!" said James. "Bring on the dough."

This was on Friday. By noon, Saturday, Blair was back in Leicester.

"I wish you luck," said James, pocketing the money. "You've bought a lemon."

Blair grinned. "Lemons seem to be doing pretty well these days," he commented. "I'll be back to take possession in thirty minutes by the clock."

The president of the Leicester National Bank was next on his list.

"A railroad restaurant where you won't get robbed," he commented. "Well that's a novel idea anyway. Had any experience along that line?"

"I ran an eating club at Princeton one year — fifty of us," Blair replied. "The financial end of that would have floored a bank president at times."

The other smiled, though cautiously. "Are you asking a loan?"

"I'm getting acquainted," Blair replied, "and calling your attention to an interesting and, I hope, profitable experiment. If I need help it will be asked for only on the strength of what I can show."

Emerging once more into Main Street — given over mostly to shops, but comely, nevertheless, with its double file of century old elms — Blair caught his second glimpse of Pam Noyes. This time she was on horseback. In her linen habit, with breeches and tan riding boots, Pam well merited the attention that Blair, in spite of the many pressing matters that filled his mind, immediately accorded her. Pam's features were not perfect, but they were quite good enough. And she had a plentiful mop of soft wavy hair that, twisted up in a washerwoman's knot, would still have made a charming coiffure. Such hair is always lovely, no matter what color it may be. Pam's, as Blair had already noted with a pleasurable sense of discovery, was golden brown in the mass, and gold unalloyed where the sun touched it.

Beyond this she was, at that moment, vividly colored. One might have surmised that the last glorious gallop had left her flushed under the clear tan with which tennis and golf at Leicester's country club had endowed her. Actually, however, the sight of Blair — whom, so far as appearances went, she did not see then any more than she had seen him the day before — made her blush. And that was because she had spoken of him, within the half-hour, in a way she would not have spoken had she ever expected to see him again.

This to her particular intimate, Sanchia Weld, who had married a year before and lived out on what was still known as the old King's Highway.

"Breck will hurl things around so," Sanchia had assured Pam who, seated in the cool, charming living-room — with, it must be confessed, one smartly breeched leg across the other — was watching her about her morning routine.

The corners of Pam's mouth quirked. "I wonder," she commented, "what Cinderella said to the fairy prince when he started dropping ashes on the rug."

"If it did any good I'd like to know, too," Sanchia

It was hardly a propitious moment for Blair to suggest a round of golf to her. The prevalent chill enveloped him as, conscious of Letty's satiric gaze. Pam refused. The quick glance he gave her and a certain something in his eyes spoilt her afternoon

remarked. "Just look at that rug — the one beside Breck's chair."

Pam looked at Sanchia instead. "Listen to the woman!" she murmured. "She has a duck of a house and a perfect peach of a man and she moans about rugs, instead of thanking her blessed stars!"

Pam's tone was of the lightest, yet there was a lurking something in her voice that made Sanchia suspend operations. "What's the matter?" she demanded.

"Matter — what d'y' mean matter!" Then Pam's voice and expression changed. "I'm not going to Bar Harbor next month after all," she announced, abruptly.

"Not going!" Sanchia was surprised. "Why not?"

She suspected why not, and Pam knew it. But Pam needed an outlet.

"Father said this morning that if I felt I *must* go, he would offer no objections, but that he feared it would prove especially upsetting just now ——"

"But he had agreed ——"

"The history of the Noyes family in America has taken a sudden turn for the worse," Pam explained. "He's come to another of those *mésalliances* that seem to occur in the best regulated families."

SANCHIA started to speak, then bit her lip. She had her opinion of Maynard Noyes, but it was not one she could voice to his daughter. In his own estimation, Maynard Noyes was Leicester's most distinguished citizen, the descendant of a notable family and the unbending preserver of the best traditions of a better generation. In Sanchia's estimation — and Leicester for the most part agreed with her — he was a prosy old fogy and an awful snob.

"Peggy More always had loads of perfectly good men at her house," she said instead. "You'd have had a peach of a time ——"

"Doubtless," commented Pam, drily — she felt Sanchia was a bit too obvious. "And if I'd made the most of my opportunities ——"

Sanchia glanced at her. "I think," she commented, "that all you'd have had to do would be to sit around and look natural ——"

"'To see her is to love her,'" quoted Pam. "Thank you, dear. But I think I'd not have taken any chances. Heaven knows, I hope I'm not man crazy, but I *should* like to see a few personable males around for a change."

"I know," Sanchia corroborated. "At Wellesley when one of the girls had a man we positively used to hang from the windows ——"

"I haven't quite reached that stage," said Pam. She paused. Then, because she felt reckless and to say something shocking was a relief of sorts, "I was at the station yesterday and there was an awfully cute man there ——"

This description would have affronted Blair, but Sanchia got the idea.

"That's where I first saw Breck," she interjected. "Is he staying in town?"

"No such luck," said Pam, with mock mournfulness. "He was just passing through. But he'll never know how near he came to being kidnaped."

Sanchia so far forgot her year-old dignity as to giggle. "Why didn't you?" she asked. And added, "You're outrageous — will you stay to lunch?"

Pam glanced at her wrist-watch. "I can't. Father has probably had a horrible morning wondering how he can get around the fact that my great something or other eloped with the village blacksmith and was next heard of in Kansas. I sympathize with her — but I'll have to pretend to sympathize with him."

This was how Pam, riding astride, happened to be in Main Street just before noon and why, when she saw Blair, she blushed.

"Sanchia would adore a chance to tell him what I said," she thought.

Blair, letting his eyes follow her, almost ran into an automobile which, while not so very big, was at least bigger than he. He recovered himself in time, however, to mark the house she turned in at. It was at the farther end of Main Street, a Colonial mansion of the stateliest, most imposing type, with a broad white-pillared porch. He was to mark the house frequently during the next few weeks, though — unfortunately — always from the outside. At the moment he had no reason to suspect this. Pam's home, though fine and dignified, was no finer than many he had visited as a welcome guest.

"This place," he derided, "may not be half bad after all."

As for Pam, her horse disposed of, she skirted the fragrant colorful confusion of an old-fashioned garden and, entering the long cool hall which ran clear through the house — in the hall was the dull glow of ancient mahogany, some of which had been in the Noyes family for ten generations — passed blithely up-stairs to her room. There she stood for a moment studying her reflection in the long mirror.

In her eyes was that question which women, ever since Eve discovered a mirror in a quiet pool, have asked themselves on such occasions.

Pam was not unsatisfied. "I don't look half bad in this rig," she assured herself — which was really rather modest of her.

Then, knowing her father's impatience when she was late for meals, she changed quickly and descended to the dining-room. She found him in what she, with praiseworthy restraint, called a difficult mood.

"This salad is impossible," he announced testily.

There was no question about it, the village blacksmith of three generations ago was as much of a trial to Maynard Noyes as if he were still in the flesh instead of dead and forgotten, except by this descendant of a collateral branch who resented his roosting in the Noyes family tree.

Pam said she would speak to Briggs, the housekeeper, about it, without any intention of so doing. Then, as her father relapsed into a grim silence, her thoughts went back to Blair. He looked — well, *possible!* And, being twenty-two and beautifully normal, she wondered what he was doing in town, and how long he was going to stay. Of course, there was a bare chance he might be a traveling salesman, but somehow she felt sure he wasn't.

At this point her father broke out again. "This," he announced, "is the sort of provender one might expect to be served in a railroad café."

So saying he arose and returned to the library.

"Poor father!" thought Pam. But his departure had no effect on the vigorous appetite with which she consumed what she knew was a perfectly good lunch.

Lunch finished, she went back to her room and made herself ready for tennis at the country club. She spent rather more time on her hair than one would have believed necessary for an afternoon of unmixed doubles — Letty Hughes was to be her partner and they were to play the Merton twins, both feminine.

One thing is certain, no matter who Pam's more remote ancestors might have been, none of the twelve foolish virgins were among them. She felt reasonably sure that if Blair were visiting in town he would appear at the country club that afternoon.

The extra nicety went for nothing. Pam, however, was philosophic about it. As she stirred her tea, after the game, however, she got a shock.

"There's a new man come to run the restaurant in the station," Letty announced.

Pam, struck by an immediate, horrible suspicion, was silent. Not so the twins.

"A new man? What's he like," they demanded, in unison.

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Letty.

This was not strictly true. In the first place, her father, speaking of the new arrival at lunch, had looked quizzically at her.

"I rushed right home to tell you," he said. "He looks young and unmarried."

Like most men, as Letty would have put it, her father thought he had a keen sense of humor. And Leicester's lack of unattached young men was a standing joke — with people like fathers!

"I wonder," said Pam, who felt the need of saying something — what a ragging they would give her if they suspected the special preparation she had made — "if he has inherited the white coat of many colors his predecessor always wore."

"Oh, he's got a nice clean one on," Letty assured her, without realizing her slip until it was too late.

"You said you hadn't seen him!" declared the Merton twins, again in unison.

Letty blushed. "I stopped at the station to — to get a time-table," she explained, with dignity. "And I just caught a glimpse of him ——"

The older twin — by two hours — glanced at her watch, while the younger twin, who had not looked at her watch at all, arose.

"It's late," she said. "We must go."

Left alone with Pam, Letty said, "Aren't they disgusting — of course they'll rush down to the station just as fast as they can!"

Pam who had a sense of humor that did not always endear her to her friends, smiled. "Perhaps they want time-tables, too," she suggested.

Pam herself had already rectified her first impression of Blair. He simply wasn't possible after all. Beautifully unconscious of the fact that she was proving herself a true daughter of Maynard Noyes, she surrendered him to her sense of humor.

"BY the way," she said to Sanchia, on the following Monday. "You know that man I spoke of the other day — the one at the station."

"He's back in town!" Sanchia guessed at once. "Who's he stopping with?"

"Mrs. MacGill."

Pam's voice was demure, but her eyes — were not! Mrs. MacGill lived just off Main Street. In her window, from one season to another, hung a fly-specked sign, announcing to the world at large — or as much of the world as happened to be at large in Leicester — that she offered:

"Rooms. With Table Board or Without."

"What do you mean?" demanded Sanchia, puzzled.

"Haven't you seen this morning's *Bulletin?*"

"No. Do stop grinning like a heathen god and tell me what you mean."

"The restaurant in the railroad station changed hands Saturday," quoted Pam. "The new proprietor, B. Pennell, will conduct a strictly first-class restaurant which, we are assured, will reflect credit on Leicester."

"Oh," exclaimed Sanchia. "I know — he was out to see Breck yesterday ——"

"To see Breck?" demanded Pam, interested herself.

From the doorway came a masculine voice. "Who wants to see Breck?"

They turned. (*Continued on page 51*)

Samplers

by John Drinkwater

Decoration by W. Fletcher White

In praise of love, upon my mind
Samplers I'll make to be.
As lovers long ago designed.
Emblems of courtesy,
Threading in warm and frosty wools
Their wisdom's calendars and rules.

He errs to think those hands were set
All spinster-like and cold
Who spelt a scarlet alphabet,
And birds of blue and gold,
And made immortal garden-plots
Of daisies and forget-me-nots.

The bodkins wove an even pace
Yet these are lyrics, too,
Breathing of spectral lawn and lace
Old ardours to renew,
For in the corners love would keep
His fold among the little sheep.

So I will samplers make as well
Nor shall the colours lack
In shining characters to tell
Your lovely Zodiac,
And all your kisses there and words
Shall spring again as flowers and birds

The outcome of scientific investigation is to encroach on the region of superstition and to replace it by law and order

A Prescription for a World-wide Affliction

Superstition

by Sir Oliver Lodge

Illustration by Lejaren A. Hiller

SOME people seem to think that psychic inquiry and its results are likely to encourage superstition. If that encouragement is ever given, it must be by comparatively ignorant and feeble-minded persons; for the truth is directly contrary. The outcome of scientific investigation is always to encroach on the region of superstition and to replace it by law and order, just as the pioneer of civilization invades the desert and irrigates it into a fruitful farm or garden. The ridiculous antics of superstitious people are utterly alien to science, and their childish beliefs and consequent practises must be regarded as despicable. The Universe is a serious affair and is not built on trivialities such as spilling salt or breaking mirrors. Many of the current superstitions are too childish for rational notice, and it is best not to repeat them or give them any currency, for they have an unfortunate knack of fastening on the mind of a child or other uneducated person — i. e., a person who is not adequately informed in matters of reason — and the irrational hold that they get is apt to spoil and disfigure a child's life and to last into mature age. It is only because of the unfairness of passing on these grotesque ideas to children, as if they were the outcome of adult experience, that I take the trouble to urge the abandonment of the practise, the relegating of all such nonsense to the mental dust-heap and so gradually to oblivion. In this category of meaningless superstition I place everything relating to lucky or unlucky numbers, or days of the week, and all sorts of trivialities which, if sanely regarded, are seen to have no possible significance.

In the infancy of knowledge, such ideas were pardonable — they are not pardonable now. In the old days many things now familiar belonged to the realm of the uncanny and the superstitious. For instance, all that was known of electricity was the awe-inspiring thunderbolts of Jove; whereas now, we investigate the nature of the electric charge and discharge in every laboratory, and we harness that immaterial agent to convey our messages, light our houses, and propel our street-cars. We have learned to control it; and control is always the sequel to understanding and the first step toward utilization. Everything out of control may become dangerous; witness the violent activities of those beneficent agents, fire and water, when once either gets beyond control. And so it is with the mind of man also, when allowed to run rampant and to pursue a host of mere disordered fancies. Our business in dealing with so-called occult problems is to keep them firmly in hand, to make very sure of our facts, to curb the flights of imagination into accordance with them. We ought to be well aware what we are doing even when we legitimately construct working hypotheses for the purpose of testing facts and seeing whether we can form a string on which to thread them and so turn them into a more coherent and tractable system.

Nothing is really inexplicable, though much may be unexplained. The unknown is not the unknowable. The mind of man has a charter of freedom to roam over the whole of experience and gradually to understand it. What we have to do is not to assume that things are understood merely because we have grown accustomed to them, not to pretend to systematic knowledge in regions which are still unexplored, but gradually to advance into the wilderness of ignorance, to reduce the forest of half-knowledge, and to reclaim and cultivate the soil.

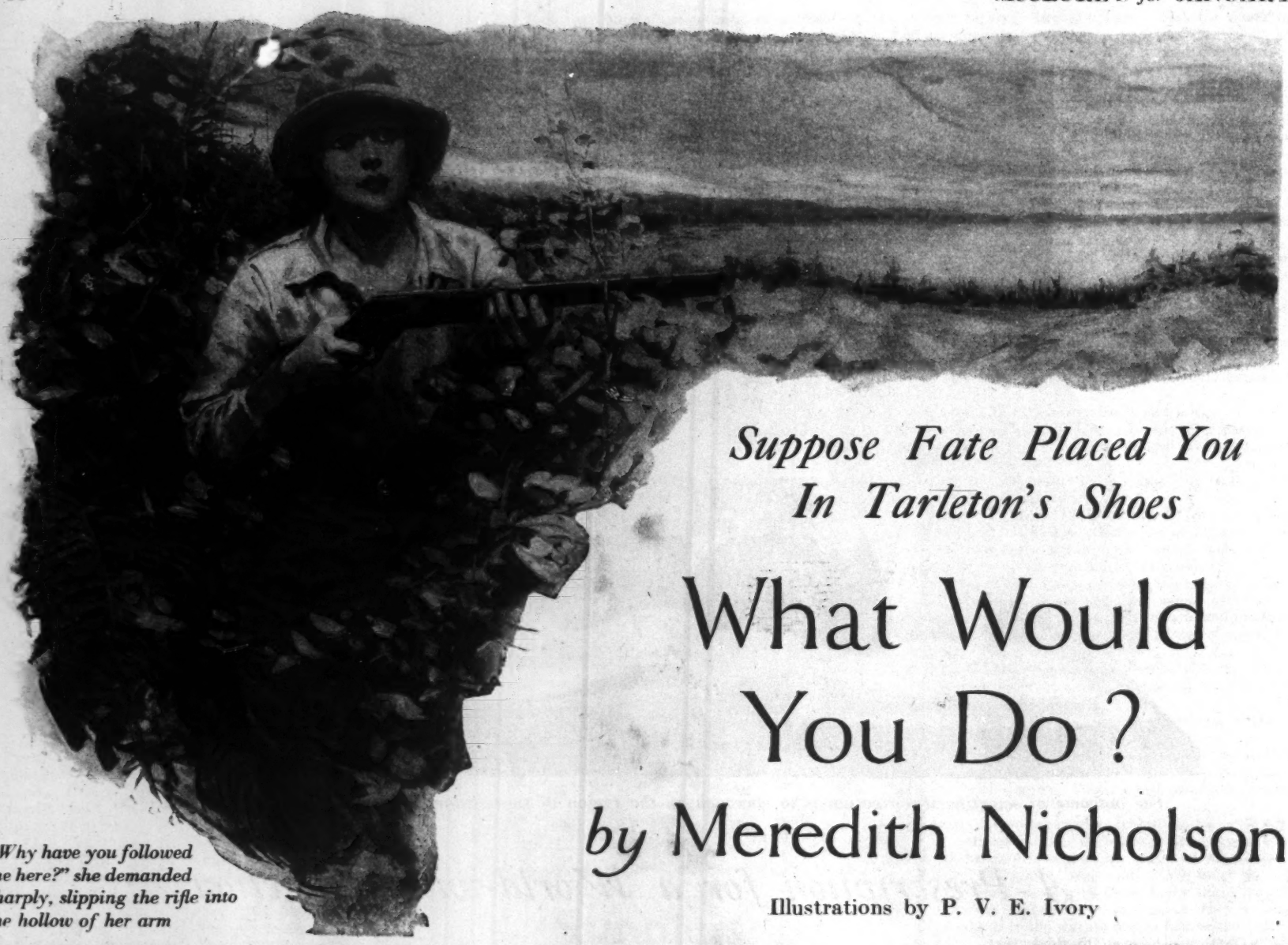
In so advancing we may make regrettable mistakes, and for a time the frontier may be a region of border-warfare; but we must go forward in faith, secure in our experience of the past that in the long run the pioneer will be regarded as a benefactor.

There is a sense in which we are still surrounded by mystery. In hardly any subjects is our knowledge complete. Yet we know enough to say that the Universe is certainly a rational and law-abiding one; that the same laws of physics and chemistry hold good on every planet and every star; that there is no ultimate confusion to be expected when human mistakes have been mended and early errors cleared away. We find, as we progress in knowledge, that the whole of nature shows signs of a genuine correspondence with the mind of man, and exhibits a divine intelligibility.

Ultimate intelligibility — the bringing of every phenomenon under a rational explanation — that is the hope, the well-founded hope and aim of science.

Of things not yet understood there are a multitude: even among the commonest phenomena. The most striking, because the commonest, is the fall of a stone to the ground. Why does it fall? What is gravity? Strange to say, we do not know. It is one of the things to which we have grown accustomed, even stupidly accustomed; but we certainly know this about it, that whatever the agent may be there is nothing capricious about it, its laws are fixed and can be absolutely depended on.

Yet there are facts known to some of us which are occasionally rather thoughtlessly expounded by saying that a law of gravity is suspended so that a heavy body can rise without propulsion or means of support. Rest assured that wherever a force is overcome in this way it is overcome by an equal opposite force, and the problem is to locate and [*Continued on page 37*]



"Why have you followed me here?" she demanded sharply, slipping the rifle into the hollow of her arm

Suppose Fate Placed You In Tarleton's Shoes

What Would You Do?

by Meredith Nicholson

Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory

"THANK you and congratulations," said Partlow, the managing editor, shaking hands and clearing a chair for Tarleton. "You did the job well and we all appreciate it. Your articles on the industrial situation have been widely quoted and are the most satisfactory features we've pulled off since I had this desk."

"I'd never have had the chance at it without your friendliness," Tarleton replied. "It was a job for a trained sociologist and it took some nerve for me to tackle it."

"You did just right. Incidentally the business office is not ungrateful." He pushed a check across the desk. "A trifling honorarium with the official thanks."

Tarleton blinked. The check was for a thousand dollars and never before in his life had he possessed so much money. Beginning life as a telegraph messenger in a western town, he became an operator, and by translating copy of local newspaper correspondents into Morse, he fell under the spell of journalism while he was still young enough to venture into a new field. After an apprenticeship on western newspapers he went to New York where brilliant work on the *Courier* landed him in two years in the press gallery at Washington.

"Pardon me, Tarleton, but you don't look fit," said Partlow frowning. "I was going to send you through the south for a second series but I haven't the heart to do it."

"Guess I am a little under par," Tarleton assented. "If you won't think me an awful ass, I'll make a confession. With a thousand bucks in hand I feel as rich as Rockefeller; and if I could pack up my typewriter and go into the woods where I couldn't hear the telephone, I believe I could pound out something. Now go ahead and abuse me!"

"Not so sure you couldn't do it, son; but I don't want you to break your ties with the *Courier*. What sort of a tale is teasing you?"

"Well, it's going to be a solid American thing — no fluff or jazzy stuff. I've had some hard knocks myself and I'm not going to spare my characters. They're going to suffer like hell!"

"Sounds cheerful," laughed Partlow. "But you mustn't make it too horrible. It strikes me you may be a little shy on heart interest. So far as I know, women haven't figured much in your scheme of life."

"I've been too busy. Coat-check girls, lunch-room cashiers and hotel telephone operators who've occasionally given me news tips are almost my limit," Tarleton admitted ruefully, "so I can't pose as the original man who understood women."

Partlow rummaged in his drawer and flung out a photograph.

"How does that strike you?"

"Not bad," Tarleton replied carelessly; and then, giving the picture closer attention, "Yes, there's something pretty fine there. The appeal of innocent girlhood is in those wistful, wondering eyes. Now go ahead and tell me she's a chorus girl who's married a duke or the newest and most fashionable *divorcée*."

"DON'T be cynical! I keep that here where I can look at it on days when everything gets in a snarl. The face grows on you; or it has on me; sort o' symbolizes the thing you'd like to be."

While Partlow ran his eye over a sheaf of galleys, Tarleton turned the photograph and read on the back:

> Miss Millicent Shields: daughter. George B. Shields, embezzler. See file index under G. B. S.

"Remember that case?" asked Partlow, tossing the proofs to a waiting boy. "It was first-page stuff two or three years ago. One of the coolest cases of plunder by a public official I recall in years. Shields was state treasurer and a man of considerable influence not only at home but all through the corn-belt states. Looked as though he sought the treasurer's office with the deliberate intention of looting the treasury; he was certainly pretty cold-blooded about it. He waited until the coffers were full, then dumped a quarter of a million into a trunk and skipped. In mobilizing the boodle he gracefully eluded all the checks and counter-checks that presumably safeguarded the public funds. The theft was not discovered for a couple of weeks. It was supposed that he had picked a hiding place in advance in Mexico or South America. His private affairs were in bad shape, and it must have been his game to make a quick touch and fix himself for life. He was a widower but had this one child—she was about nineteen then—and he took her with him. That's the story."

"It comes back to me now; the embezzlement lost his party the election that year. If the story develops in the usual manner a brief cable will presently announce Shields' death from too much rum in Paraguay and all the papers will add a stick of explanatory matter about his crime. Or possibly he will add himself to the list of those who shoot themselves quite decently after blowing in their last *franc* at Monte Carlo."

"I see your imagination isn't equal to disposing of the girl," laughed Partlow. "Ten thousand reward offered for Shields' arrest by the bonding company still stands and the state added something more. There was a legislative investigation and the devil to pay."

The Sunday editor was waiting for a conference and Partlow put out his hand.

"I suppose you haven't chosen your destination?"

"Yes; I've got an ideal spot in mind. Four years ago I spent a month with a Chicago artist in northern Michigan. He did water colors galore, while I loafed and read a trunkful of books. His pictures made a hit and he moved to New York. He told me the other day his studio was still standing at Arrow Head and I think I'll go out and inhabit it. It's twenty-five miles from the nearest post-office, so I can be as lonesome as I please."

"Good-bye and good luck! And here — " he turned to his desk, "take Miss Shields' picture with you! You'll find that roguish smile a spirit-lifter. It isn't proper for an old chap like me with grown daughters to keep a pretty girl's picture lying about."

"Thank you for everything," replied Tarleton, thrusting the photograph into his pocket. "Please don't tell anybody the silly thing I'm doing. If I don't bring back a real book we'll let the dead past bury its dead."

Tarleton arrived at Pepperton in mid-August and spent a few days buying supplies and arranging for their transportation to Arrow Head.

"Nobody been over there since your artist friend quit coming. You'll find it just as quiet as you left it," said the storekeeper.

Tarleton gave careful thought to his outfitting, wishing to avoid further contact with the village until he returned to Pepperton on his way back to civilization. He rented a rowboat that would carry a sail and a canoe and had them transferred with his supplies to Arrow Head on a decrepit "tramp" that opportunely wandered into Pepperton the day he arrived.

A rough log dock had been built at Arrow Head by an adventurous spirit who had planned at some period to build a summer hotel there — a project abandoned owing to the inaccessibility of the place. While his freight was being landed Tarleton ran through the woods to the cabin. It was not only intact but, planted in a grove of pines on a promontory that gave a wide view of sky-blue water, the place seemed to have grown in charm since his visit. He ripped the boarding from the wide studio window and viewed the single big room with satisfaction. There was a lean-to kitchen at the rear and he found enough wood and kindling to start him housekeeping.

He ate supper as the light died in the west and the stars stole into their places. His burdens slipped from him and he experienced a sense of luxury even in his unusual bodily fatigue as, with his back planted against a big hemlock and his pipe alight, he yielded himself to reverie. Lonesomeness had no terrors for him. His parents dying when he was a child, he had no clear recollection of a home. He sprawled at the edge of the cliff lulled by the monotonous thump of the waves below until, turning by chance, he saw the new moon standing up straight and slim in the west.

"Over my right shoulder for good luck—!" he muttered and waved his hand as though saluting a goddess of happy omen. The days were long but he settled into a routine that hastened their flight. At six every morning he ran down to the beach for a swim; breakfasted, cleaned up the cabin and by seven was at work. He wrote and rewrote, in a spirit of detachment that made it seem at times that a second self shared his exile, a stern critic whose finger fell inexorably upon his errors and weaknesses. In the afternoon he lay on his back and read for an hour or two; then tramped through the woods or went for a sail.

HE found the writing of dialogue difficult; and in his hours of recreation, he fashioned talk for his characters until he made companions of them, modulating his voice the better to get the effect of their speeches. He had pinned to the wall over his writing table the photograph of Millicent Shields that Partlow had given him and as he paced the floor he would address her.

"Poor kid! I wonder where in the large world you are to-day! That dad of yours certainly made a mess of things. Contemptible of him to play that trick on you! And yet, you brave little soul, you keep on smiling! I'm not such a bad fellow after all. Just stupid, pounding that rickety old machine till you must hate the sight and sound of it! You're pretending you're a kid when you're really older than these ancient pines, older than Time himself and very, very wise. You date back to the good old times when gods roamed the woods and piped along the shores. Your pop's a satyr or something ugly, but you are divine!"

Sometimes glancing up as he pondered, he was startled by the vividness of the portrait, the intentness with which the great grave eyes regarded him.

Now that he had attacked his novel he found that Partlow was right in questioning his knowledge of women. His male characters took form and lived, but the heroine, essential to the working out of his plot, he drew a dozen times only to throw away his experiments in despair. Then, more for discipline and practise than in the hope of producing anything he could use, he attempted a description of the girl in the photograph, and was surprised that he was able to put the breath of life into it. Throwing away his earlier experiments, he decided that she would serve his purpose better than any one he had actually known. His first idea of her as an innocent care-free girl passed; she became the dominant figure of his story by sheer force of her intrepid resourceful character. He would jump up at times and appeal to her for guidance.

"Look here, little girl, if you were in a corner and had a decision like that to make, tell me honestly what you would do. Would you know that that scoundrel was trying to fool you and would you have it out with him right then and there or would you tease him along until you were good and ready to show him up for the beast he is?"

And she always answered; he was confident that she answered, not with her lips to be sure, but with her haunting eloquent eyes. He would return to work buoyantly, satisfied that he had rightly interpreted her meaning and thus she became not only a sharply visualized character but an inspiring collaborator.

His task took so strong a hold upon him that in his third week he found that he was shortening his hours of recreation in his eagerness to be on with the story. A sleepless night in which he lay staring into the dark, planning chapters ahead, brought an irritable day and the realization that overwork is as possible in the calm of the wilderness as in the rush of a newspaper office. In the great silence that seemed to give all eternity into his keeping it was preposterous to push himself hard. Finding that he had written ten thousand words that satisfied him, he took blankets and provisions and set sail for remoter points than he had yet explored. The tonic air and sunshine soon tranquilized him. At midday he ate ravenously, slept for an hour and continued northward.

A tent caught his eye and three men appeared on the shore and invited him to land.

"You haven't got a newspaper, have you?" asked one of the trio. "We've been out of communication with the world for two weeks and are beginning to bore each other."

They introduced themselves as Dr. Carrington, of Chicago, Riggs, a minister from Ohio, and Barton, a judge from Colorado. They explained that every year since leaving college they had renewed their friendship in this fashion. Tarleton spent an hour with them and his heart warmed under the spell of their good comradeship.

His blood tingled with the joy of his new freedom and he chose a broad sandy beach under a high bank as a camping place, deciding to make the return trip in the early hours of the morning. He kindled a fire of driftwood and while boiling water for his coffee studied a pocket map of the lakes to determine his position. Two miles off shore lay a group of islands indicated by tiny marks no bigger than pinheads and he made note of them as the goal for another flight, in case he should again feel the need of a change.

The level shore tempted him to walk, and after supper he followed it until the line was broken by a sharp point that shot abruptly into the lake. Beyond it he found a miniature bay shut in by trees. A chill like that of a damp cellar hung about the place into which the last daylight flung a pale tinge of green that added to its gloom.

A splash which might have passed for a ripple breaking against the bank startled him. A succession of splashes followed, and the rhythmic beat of oars became increasingly audible.

His curiosity was enormously aroused by these hints that another person shared his solitude. He lowered himself to the water level waiting what seemed an in-

"I'll tell you what I suspect," he said gently. She threw herself defensively against the cabin door. The look she gave him was that of some wild animal brought to bay

terminable time for further manifestations of the unseen oarsman. There was something stealthy in the light fall of the oars which struck him as curious in view of the fact that interruption from any quarter was so unlikely. The outline of the boat was now limned on the dark water. The unknown craft moved slowly as though it bore a considerable burden. Tarleton next discerned the forward and backward swing of the unknown rower printed like a silhouette upon the dusk.

His foot slipped on the soft bank shaking loose a clod that splashed noisily into the pool. Instantly the rowing ceased. He remained perfectly quiet; aware that the boat, now undirected, was drifting toward him. A second later he heard a jar and scratching as it fouled on a root that projected under the water. The boat was now so close that he could have laid his hand upon it and his first impulse was to push it free; but his gaze was held by the slender boyish figure of the boatman who had risen oar in hand to fend off. A lad from a camp near by, bent upon harmless mischief or playing a prank upon his comrades, was his first thought.

The oar thrust at the tree by which Tarleton stood, struck his shoulder and pushed him backward. He hadn't intended to make his presence known but involuntarily he grasped the shaft of the oar for support.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "Just a minute and I'll shove you off."

"I don't need your help; stay where you are!"

It was a woman's voice, vibrant with agitation. Her warning came too late, for his hold loosened and he slipped down the bank, sprawling upon the trunk of a prostrate tree whose branches lay far out into the water. He scrambled to his feet to find an electric lamp playing upon his face. He lifted his arms to shield his eyes from the glare, a movement that was misinterpreted by the occupant of the boat into a threatening gesture.

"If you touch the boat I'll kill you. I've a gun pointed at you now!"

"I don't doubt it," Tarleton replied good-naturedly. "I got in here by accident. I haven't the slightest idea of bothering you."

His curiosity as to what a woman so ready to protect herself with firearms could be doing there at that hour yielded before his anxiety to quiet her fears. It was inconceivable that she could be far from a camp and his most fantastic conjecture failed to satisfy him as to what excuse she could have for investing her visit to that place with so much secrecy. She continued her efforts to free the boat, found a solid place in the bank and with a steady thrust of the oar was again afloat.

"If you attempt to follow me, I'll shoot. Remember that!" she called in distinct even tones.

He didn't move until the steady fall of her oars died away. He waited until he was sure she was out of hearing and returned to the beach. She had gained open water. The aura of the stars lay soft upon the lake and he saw the boat more clearly than in the hidden haven. The white caps were a-dance, but the rower was bending steadfastly to her task.

The boat was riding deep, then vanished, as though it had been caught up into the night. He replenished the fire, spread his blankets and took counsel of his pipe. She had come once; would she come again? This question tormented him until he went to sleep and it was in his mind when he awoke. His reporter's instinct asserted its power over him. He remembered that her voice was of unusual quality – the voice, he would have said, of a woman of cultivation,— and a youthful voice. He was quite satisfied that she was young. To return to Arrow Head to resume work upon his story and leave behind a situation more arresting than any he had contrived for his book seemed foolish. He sought the scene of his encounter with her and found that, even in broad daylight, the cup-like enclosure was darkened by the dense forest that enfolded it. It extended inward a hundred yards and appeared to be fed by springs. The face of the steep bluff at the farther end was covered with bushes and cedars.

The outlet into the lake was a narrow channel barely wide enough to permit the passage of a boat. He saw nothing to explain the girl's visit to the cove. If it hadn't been for her manifestations of hostility he would have dismissed her from his mind. She was hardly a thief for there was nothing to lure a predatory hand to those lonely shores.

He was still considering his next move when he saw a man approaching in a canoe. The stranger waved a hand to him and directed his craft shoreward.

"Saw your fire last night as I passed and thought of stopping to give you hail," said the man when he had bidden Tarleton good morning and beached his canoe. "You the chap the people at Pepperton told me was camped at Arrow Head?"

"Yes; I'm staying there. Just ran away for a change of scene."

"Plenty of scenery but not many people to enjoy it. Fishing?"

"Not here; just loafing."

They eyed each other with leisurely glances. The stranger's inspection was the least bit impudent and Tarleton resented it and was anxious to terminate the interview.

"My name's Gray; inspecting timber for Chicago people. Keep my headquarters at Pepperton."

Tarleton nodded indifferently and gave his name. Gray was tall and broad of shoulder but he did not look like an open air man and his sunburn had been recently acquired. But he was well spoken and after his first annoyingly prolonged scrutiny, Tarleton decided that he was probably what he pretended to be and not likely to prove a nuisance.

"It's a pity to spoil these woods," he remarked. "The trees between here and Arrow Head are the finest I've ever seen."

"Well, they've got to go sometime. Just at present there's a loud cry for more lumber and I've got to turn in a favorable report on a few square miles up here or I'll lose my job."

He laughed as though the idea of losing his job was not a serious matter.

"I must be off," said Tarleton, after a further exchange of commonplaces.

"So must I," said Gray; then he added as though by an afterthought, "You haven't seen a man and woman round here anywhere, have you?"

"No," Tarleton replied, instantly on guard. "Friends of yours camping hereabouts?"

He was throwing his utensils into the boat and did not turn around but he noticed that Gray hesitated before answering.

"Well, yes. They came down from the north a while back but I lost track of them."

"It's a large world when you stop to think of it, and lots of room to get lost in."

"No matter," Gray replied carelessly. "Thought if I could locate 'em I'd say hello."

Tarleton helped him to launch his canoe and immediately set off in his boat. Gray had indicated that his purpose was to continue north and spend the night at a settlement where his company had set up a mill.

Tarleton's prompt denial of any knowledge of other persons in the vicinity had been instinctive. Gray's inquiry had been natural enough, and yet the very indifference with which he asked the question encouraged a suspicion that something other than the inspection of timber land had brought him into the north. Tarleton raised his sail and idled about until Gray and his canoe vanished and then landed on the farthest and largest of the islands. He had walked only a few rods along the beach when he came upon unmistakable evidences that a boat had recently been dragged out of the water and drawn into a thicket under a shelving bank. The footprints of a man and woman were clearly indicated, the woman doing her full share of the labor. There had been many delays in the transfer of the boat he judged from the trampling in the sand where the two had paused; and in one place the man had fallen; the imprint of his body was plainly outlined in the soft sand.

He climbed to a point from which he could look over the tree-tops to the encompassing waters. Nowhere was there any break in the dense woods to suggest a habitation of any kind. Then suddenly he experienced an odd uncomfortable feeling that he was being watched and turned quickly, peering into the thick undergrowth. A gleam that flashed from a log caught and held his attention and he took a step forward.

"I told you not to follow me. If you come a step nearer I'll fire!"

It was the voice that had so startled him the previous night but more deliberate, more assured. His hand went to his cap.

"I beg your pardon! I have no wish to annoy you."

"You can prove that by leaving the island at once."

She rose to her knees with a lithe movement of her body and without for an instant relaxing her vigilance. She held a magazine rifle to her shoulder, its muzzle pointed at his head. She was dressed in khaki, in a suit similar to a boy scout's uniform, and wore a small wool hat pulled down low on the back of her head. The khaki bore testimony to hard usage and a part of the brim of the little traveling hat was torn away. Her shirt collar lay open exposing a throat as brown as her deeply tanned face. Her brown eyes exercised a curious hypnotic power upon him. It could hardly be possible that he was losing his senses but somewhere he had met the gaze of those eyes before.

"I'm waiting," she said calmly.

"Excuse me," he mumbled and turned to go; but he wouldn't leave her like a whipped cur slinking away in disgrace. He faced her again, his shoulders squared. "I'm sorry to have troubled you in this way. It was the sheerest chance that I ran into you last night. Believe me, I was as much surprised as you could have been."

"But why have you followed me here?" she demanded sharply. She had slipped the rifle into the hollow of her arm and without lowering her eyes she picked up a large field-glass for his inspection and dropped it again.

"I was watching you this morning and saw you talking to that other man over yonder."

"Well," he replied with a smile that he hoped would prove reassuring, "you couldn't take offense at that! That fellow was an utter stranger to me. I never saw or heard of him before. He gave his name as Gray and said that he was inspecting timber for a lumber company. My name is Tarleton, and I am camping by myself about thirty miles from here at a point called Arrow Head."

Her eyes narrowed for an instant with the stress of her thought.

"He's looking at timber, he told you? And his name is Gray?"

Her tremulous tone, the sudden fear in her eyes touched him, made him at once her partisan. He knew her now. The recognition gave him a sense of contact with an unsubstantial world. It was as though the phantom of a dream had crossed the threshold and become real at the moment of waking.

She was the girl of the photograph pinned to the wall of the cabin at Arrow Head; she was the daughter of George B. Shields, defaulter. The full force of this hit him hard; and with the trained faculties of a man skilled in collecting and co-relating facts, he was studying her problem.

"Yes; he accounted for himself very plausibly. I never saw him before and it would be no great loss if we never met again. Our talk was very brief as you saw if you held the glass on us. He asked me whether I had met a man and woman in this region and I told him no, which wasn't strictly true; because I had seen you or I would have seen you, if it hadn't been so dark in that place where you snagged your boat. I think he took my word for it. At any rate, he's gone farther north."

"Why did you lie to him?" she asked with frank suspicion.

"I owed him nothing and every man owes a little something to every woman. I judged that you were on some errand that was none of my business and quite as certainly none of his. I'd like to convince you that I have no thought of annoying you. I should hate to go away feeling that you thought I'd been spying on you."

She looked him over carefully and answered by resting the rifle on the log and stepping away from it.

"I believe you," she answered. [*Continued on page 41*]

A Study of a Man Who Couldn't Be Human
"Time Out for Granberry"
by Samuel Merwin

Slumbering Eyes, a Soft Voice — The Deadly Combination
"The Fog of Orleans"
by Holworthy Hall

Stronger Drama Has Seldom, if Ever, Been Put on Paper
"Gun Play"
by Arthur Stringer

February McClure's 15 cents

Pretty young geisha are most often dancers while those who are older are generally musicians

Sake, Geisha *and* Tea

Another Chapter of Japanese Impressions

by Julian Street

IT amused me to hear, a little while ago, that a party of our Congressmen, on a junket in Japan, had been implored by certain pious Americans over there, to avoid such sinful things as teahouses and *geisha*. No doubt the poor devils of Congressmen had fancied they would be able to lead their own lives five thousand miles from home and constituents. And evidently they proposed to do it, for they replied with uncongressmanlike boldness that teahouses and *geisha* were among the things they most desired to see. That pleased me not only because it showed that a Congressman can be spunky — even though he has to go to another hemisphere to do it — but because it showed a normal human interest in what is assuredly a very curious phase of life. I too was interested in teahouses and *geisha*, and I made it a point to find out as much about them as I could.

The first *geisha* I saw were in attendance at a luncheon for some forty persons — about half of them Americans — given by a Tokyo gentleman for the purpose of showing us what a purely Japanese luncheon was like. It was held at the Maple Club, a large, rambling Japanese-style building standing in charming gardens in the midst of one of the Tokyo parks — a Far Eastern equivalent of such Parisian restaurants as the Café d'Armenonville or the Pré Catelan.

As we alighted from our rickshaws a flock of smiling serving maids appeared in the doorway to greet us, indicating to us that we were to sit on the high door-step and have our shoes removed by the blue-clad coolies who were in attendance — each with the insignia of the Maple Club in a large design upon the back of his coat. (If you wish the coolie who draws your rickshaw or does other work for you to wear your crest you supply his costume and pay him a few cents extra per day.)

When our shoes had been checked and our feet encased in soft woolen slippers like bed-bootees, we were bowed into the building and escorted through a series of rooms with soft straw-matted floors and walls of wood and paper. Emerging upon an outer gallery of highly polished wood we followed it, looking out over the lovely garden as we moved along, and finally reached a flight of stairs, also of wood having a satiny polish, which led to the banquet hall. Our escorts on this journey were several little Japanese maids in pretty kimonos, who, though they spoke no English, talked to us in soft international smiles. No one without a sweet nature could smile the smile of one of these Japanese serving maids. They are called *nesan*, meaning literally "elder sister." This familiar appellation is generally used in speaking to a maidservant whose name one does not know, and in the term is revealed a hint of the beautiful relationship which exists in Japan between master and servant, whether in a private house or a Japanese inn. In the great cities this old relationship is to some extent breaking down as Japan becomes Westernized, but in Japanese hotels and country inns, and in prosperous homes one sees it still. Service is rendered with a grace and friendliness which makes it very charming. Even about the menservants in the houses of the rich there is nothing of the English flunkey spirit. The Japanese manservant generally wears silken robes which give him a fine dignity and make it difficult, sometimes, to differentiate him from members of the family. He is extremely polite, but not rigid. You feel that he is a self-respecting *man*. As for maidservants, they are like so many pet butterflies. Japan's strongest claim to democracy, it seems to me, is founded on the attitude existing between master and servant.

Those who have visited Japan, yet who do not agree with me as to the exquisite courtesy of the Japanese servant, will be those whose stopping places have been European-style hotels in the large cities. In such hotels the service is often poor and one occasionally encounters a servant who is surly and ill-mannered. I encountered one such in Kobé — said to be the rudest city in Japan. But by the time I ran across him I had seen enough of the real Japan to know what such rudeness signified. It showed merely that in this individual case, native courtesy had been worn away by contact with innumerable common foreigners.

But to return to our luncheon.

As a concession to American custom our host greeted us with a handshake, and his Japanese guests walked in and shook hands instead of dropping to their knees on entering and bowing to the floor according to the old national custom.

The room, which was large, well illustrated the elasticity of the Japanese style of building. Five or six private diningrooms usually occupied this section of the house, but for the requirements of the present occasion the walls forming these rooms had been removed making the entire area into one spacious chamber. It is a simple matter to remove such walls, since they consist only of a series of screens of wood and paper which slide in grooves and can easily be lifted out and put away in closets. And let me add that though the climate of Japan is very damp, the Japanese use such thoroughly seasoned wood, and work in wood so admirably, that I never once found a sliding screen that stuck in its grooves.

For the meal we squatted upon silk cushions laid two or three feet apart around three walls of the room. As the weather was chilly there stood beside each of us a brazier, or *hibachi*, consisting of a pot of live charcoal standing in a wooden box. The Japanese love of finish in all things is shown in the careful way they have of banking the ashes in a *hibachi*, and making neat patterns over the top of them.

In front of each of us was placed a little table of red lacquer about a foot high, with an edge like that of a tray, and on this table were sundry covered bowls of lacquer and of china, and little dishes containing sour pickles and a pungent, watery brown sauce. In front of every one or two guests squatted a *nesan*, presiding over a covered lacquer tub, containing boiled rice, which is eaten with almost everything, and even mixed with green tea and drunk with it out of the teacup.

Also, in attendance upon each guest, there was a *geisha*. Some of the *geisha* were women perhaps twenty years old, wearing handsome dark kimonos which they generally carried with a great deal of style, but others were little *maiko*, dancing girls in brilliant colored kimonos with yard-long sleeves such as only youth may wear. The youngest of these was perhaps twelve years of age, while the oldest may have been sixteen.

After luncheon the maiko danced. Kimichiyo (right) was the prettiest little dancing girl I saw in Japan At sixteen she had the poise of forty

The little Japanese waitresses in the tea-houses, though they spoke no English, talked to us in soft international smiles

As I afterward learned, there is a vast difference between various grades of *geisha*. Those present at this luncheon were among the most popular in Tokyo. They were truly charming creatures, sweet-faced, soft-eyed and gentle, with beautiful manners and much more poise than is shown by the average Japanese lady. For Japanese ladies are not, as a rule, accustomed to our sort of mixed social life, in which husbands and wives take part together, whereas *geisha* are in the business of entertaining men, and presumably understand men as women seldom do.

As very few *geisha* speak English, and very few Americans speak Japanese, we travelers from abroad are rather outsiders with the *geisha*, and our appreciation of them must be largely ocular. But a *geisha* can come as near to carrying on a wordless conversation as any woman can. Mine smiled at me, filled my shallow little cup with warm *saké* from time to time, and showed me how to use my chop-sticks. I found the lesson most agreeable, and was presently rewarded by being told, through the Japanese friend at my side, that for a beginner I was doing very well.

If you want to know what it is like to eat with chop-sticks try sitting on the floor and eating from a bowl, placed in front of you, with a pair of pencils or thick knitting needles. It is a dangerous business, and the risk is rendered greater by the fact that the Japanese do not wear napkins in their laps, and that to soil the spotless matting is about the greatest sin the barbarian outlander can commit. The Japanese napkin is a small soft towel which is brought to one warm and damp, in a little basket. It is used on the face and hands as a wash-cloth and is then removed.

Presently my *geisha* called one of her sisters in the craft to witness my progress with the chop-sticks. The new arrival was named Jitsuko — otherwise "truthful girl" — and she seemed to be quite the most fashionable of them all. Her kimono, with its dyed-out decorations and its five ceremonial crests, was very handsome and was worn with great *chic*, her *obi* was a gorgeous thing richly-patterned in gold brocade, and I noticed that she wore upon it a pin containing a very fine large diamond — a most unusual sort of trinket in Japan. Also she wore a ring containing a large diamond. Nor was this foreign note purely superficial. For, to my delight, Jitsuko spoke to me in English. She was one of Tokyo's two English-speaking *geisha*, and as I later learned, had the honor of being nominated as the *geisha* to entertain the Duke of Connaught at dinners he attended at the time of his visit to the Japanese capital.

Jitsuko and the other *geisha* talked together about me. Then Jitsuko paid me the compliment of saying that they agreed in thinking that I looked a little bit like a Japanese. I thanked her, and returned the compliment in kind, saying that I thought they also looked like Japanese, and very pretty ones, whereat they both giggled.

By this time we had established an *entente* so cordial that it seemed fitting that we drink to each other. Aided by the gentleman at my side and by Jitsuko, I learned the proper formalities of this ceremony. First I rinsed my *saké* cup in a lacquer bowl provided for the purpose, then passed it to Jitsuko. The preliminary rinsing indicated that she was now to fill the cup and drink. Had I passed it to her without rinsing, it would have meant that she was to refill it for me — for a *geisha* never "plies" one with *saké* but waits for the cup to be passed. When she had sipped the *saké* she in turn rinsed the cup, refilled it, and handed it to me to drink. Thus the friendly rite was completed.

I HAD heard that *saké* was extremely intoxicating, but that is not so. It is rice wine, almost white in color, and is served sometimes at normal temperature and sometimes slightly warm. It is rather more like a pale light sherry than any other Occidental beverage, but it lacks the full flavor of sherry, having a mild and not unpleasant flavor all its own. On the whole I rather liked *saké*, and I found myself able to detect the difference between ordinary *saké* and *saké* that was particularly good. While on this subject I may add that liquor of all sorts flows freely in Japan. *Saké* is the one alcoholic beverage generally served with meals in the Japanese style, but at the European-style luncheons and dinners I attended three or four kinds of wine were usually served, and there were cocktails before and sometimes *liqueurs* afterward. The Japanese have also taken up whisky-drinking to some extent. They import Scotch whisky and also make a bad imitation Scotch whisky of their own. But *saké* still reigns supreme as the national alcoholic drink, and when you see a Japanese intoxicated you may be pretty sure that *saké* — a lot of *saké* — did it.

In my evening strolls, particularly in the gay, crowded district of Asakusa Park in Tokyo — a Japanese Coney Island, full of theatres, motion picture houses, animal shows, conjuring exhibitions, teahouses, bazaars and the like, surrounding a great Buddhist temple — I saw many intoxicated men, but I never came upon one who was ugly or troublesome. Whether because of some quality in the Japanese nature, or in the *saké*, this drink seems only to make those who have taken too much of it gay, talkative and sometimes boisterous. I should not be surprised if the Japanese need alcoholic stimulants rather more than other races need them. For one thing the climate of Japan, except in the mountains, is enervating, and for another the Japanese nature is generally repressed and *saké* tends to liberate it.

I noticed this at another entertainment in Tokyo — a dinner of newspaper editors. Being the only foreigner there, and being enormously interested in the problems connected with relations between the United States and Japan, I launched forth, telling them my views in the hope of learning theirs. But although I sensed that they did not agree with all I said, their responses exhibited only the sort of polite tolerance that a courteous host will show a somewhat obstreperous guest. For some time I felt that I had acted like a bad boy at a party. But after the *geisha* had filled our cups with *saké* more than once, I got what I was looking for — an argument. It was a polite argument, but we had become friendly enough to speak frankly. *In saké veritas.*

This was a case of just enough *saké*, but so far as I was able to observe, even too much *saké* produces no very objectionable results. I shall never forget the young man, brightly illuminated with this beverage, who came up to me one evening on the street, in a small town, full of a desire to practise English on me, and to help me. He didn't care what he helped me to do. He would help me to buy whatever I wanted to buy, go wherever I wanted to go, or stay wherever I wanted to stay.

I explained to him that I was only strolling about while waiting for a train and that it was now time for me to return to the station.

"Wait!" he cried. "I like you. I am drawn to you. I have been in America. I can talk to you. We are friends. Wait!" He looked about him hurriedly; then darted into a near-by shop.

In a moment he emerged and came running toward me bearing in his extended hand a curious-looking object, resembling, as nearly as I could see in the dim light, a somewhat soiled popcorn ball. This he pressed into my hand with a generous eagerness which could not fail to convey to me the fact that his heart went with the gift.

"It is a present. It is for you. You will remember me. Another kind might be better, but you are in a hurry."

My fingers grasped something heavy but yielding and glutinous. As I thanked my new-found friend I examined it. It was a ball of rice somewhat larger than a baseball. Scattered through it were brown objects the precise nature of which I was unable to determine. I might very accurately have told the donor that I was "stuck on" his present, since the mass in my hand was held in form not merely by the cohesiveness of the rice, but also by some substance of the nature of molasses.

We parted. I moved toward the railroad station where my family and friends were waiting with Yuki, our invaluable maid. As I walked along I studied the object. Obviously it was intended to be eaten. Yet there were other purposes to which it might be put. It was a thing that a Sinn Feiner would like to have in his hand as Lloyd George passed by in a silk hat. Charley Chaplin would have known what to do with it. It was heavier than a custard pie and fully as dramatic.

My first impulse was to drop it as soon as I could do so unobserved; but the thought occurred to me that it was probably a Japanese delicacy, and that Yuki might like it; wherefor I carried it to the station.

When I offered it to Yuki she looked surprised. Her refusal was courteous but determined.

"Where Mr. Street get that?" she demanded.

"A man gave it to me. Here, you take it."

Yuki giggled and stepped back.

"But what the man give it to Mr. Street for?"

"A present. What's the matter with it? Isn't it good to eat?"

"Yes — good to eat."

"Why don't you take it, then?"

Giggling, she shook her head.

"But Yuki — I don't understand. What's the joke?"

Shaking with merriment she whispered to my wife. It developed that the *saké*-inspired Japanese had presented me with a tidbit specially prepared for prospective mothers.

All things considered it seemed advisable to get rid of it at once. I threw it on the railroad track.

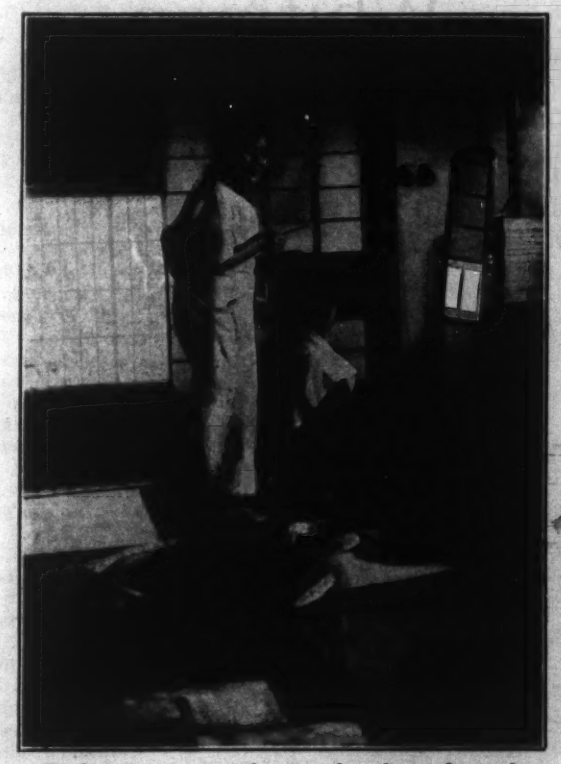
Coolies digging bamboo shoots for food. The porcupine-like garment is a straw raincoat

But our luncheon at the Maple Club will be getting cold.

As this luncheon was my first meal in the Japanese style I had not realized the volume of such a repast. I ate too much of the first few courses, and as a result found myself unable to partake of the last two-thirds of the meal. The amount of food was simply stupendous. I might have realized this in advance and governed myself accordingly, had I looked at the menu. But I failed to do so until driven to it by my surprise as course after course was served. This was the bill of fare:

FIRST TABLE

Hors d'œuvres — Vegetables
Soup — terrapin with quail eggs and onions
Baked fish with sea-hedgehog paste
Raw fish with horseradish and *eutrema* root
Fried prawns and deep-sea eels
Duck, fish-cake and vegetables in egg soup, steamed
Roast duck with relishes



Teahouse waitress having her hair dressed. It takes two hours to do the hair, but a coiffure lasts for several days

When this much of the luncheon had been served the *nesans* took up the little tables from in front of us and went trooping out of the room. As I had already eaten what amounted to about three normal dinners, I concluded that the meal was over, but not so. In they came again bearing other little lacquered tables of the same pattern as the first ones, but slightly smaller, whereupon, as it seemed to me, an entire second luncheon was served. The menu was as follows:

SECOND TABLE

Hors d'œuvres — Vegetables
Fish consommé
Grilled eels
Rice
Pickled vegetables
Fruits

I am told that indigestion is a prevalent ailment of the Japanese, and as regards prosperous persons who do no hard physical work I can readily believe it. The toiling coolie is the only man in Japan who might reasonably be expected to digest an elaborate Japanese meal, and he, of course, never gets one, but subsists entirely upon a diet of rice and fish.

Though some Japanese dishes are found palatable by Americans there are many things we miss in the Japanese cuisine. It lacks variety. Breakfast, luncheon and dinner are composed of about the same dishes. The divers well-cooked vegetables which form such an important part of our diet are entirely absent from theirs, nor do they have stewed fruits, salads, sweets or the numerous meats to which we are accustomed.

Of their best-known table delicacies it may be said that grilled eels with rice are very good; that the pink fish, the flesh of which is eaten raw, is pleasing to the eye and by no means unpalatable when dipped in the accompanying *shoyu*, a brown sauce not unlike Worcestershire, made from soy beans; that though they have no cream soups, some of their soups are pleasant to the taste, albeit they have the peculiarity of being either thin and watery on the one hand, or of the consistency of custard on the other; that bamboo shoots are rather tough, lily roots sweet and succulent, and quail eggs delicious. The Japanese, by the way, domesticate the quail for its eggs, regard the cow not as a milch animal but as a beast of burden, and cultivate the cherry tree not for its fruit but for its flower.

The diet of ancient Japan was even less varied than that of to-day, for more than a thousand years ago the Japanese became vegetarians, and for some centuries thereafter adhered scrupulously to the Buddhistic injunction against killing living creatures. For several hundred years they even abjured fish, but by degrees they have fallen away from the strict observance of the vegetarian doctrine, until to-day a Japanese who is at all sophisticated will thoroughly enjoy a dinner in the European style, beef and all. Indeed many of those who have traveled abroad and acquired a taste for foreign cookery make it a point to have at least one of their daily meals prepared in the foreign fashion.

Government officials or wealthy cosmopolitans who entertain on a large scale usually do so in the European manner. A banquet at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo is much like a banquet in New York, and one at the Bankers' Club is even more so, except that the meal itself is likely to be better than at our banquets. To dine with a large gathering at the Peers' Club is like dining at some great club or official residence in Paris; while as for the cocktail hour at the Tokyo Club, I cannot imagine anything in the world more completely and delightfully international.

An important part of the equipment for a meal in the pure Japanese style is a smoker's outfit, consisting of a tray on which stands a small urn of live charcoal, and a bamboo vase with a little water in it — the former for lighting the tobacco, the latter a receptacle for ashes. The native smoke is a tiny pipe, called a two-and-a-half-puff pipe, with a bowl as small as a child's thimble. Finely shredded Japanese tobacco is smoked in this pipe, which is used by men and women alike, and the constant refilling and relighting of it seems to figure as a part of the pleasure of smoking. The Japanese smoke cigarettes also, and cigars, but the tobacco industry of Japan, like that of France, is a government monopoly, with the result that, as in France, good cigarettes and cigars are difficult to obtain.

A visit to a government tobacco factory left me with the impression that, from the point of view of management, mechanical equipment, and perhaps also labor conditions, the plant would compare not unfavorably with some large tobacco manufactories in our own Southern States; but as to the product of this factory, the best of which I sampled, I can pretend to no enthusiasm. Japanese tobacco goes well enough in the little native pipes, but it does not make good cigarettes or cigars, and even the cigarettes made of blended tobaccos, or from pure Virginia or Egyptian leaves, would hardly satisfy a critical taste. Cigars made in Japan are uniformly poor, like the government-made cigars of France, but whereas in France it is possible to buy a good imported Havana, I found none for sale in Japan. One reason for this is that the duty on cigars is 355 per cent., so that only a millionaire can afford good Havanas.

Whether because the enormous luncheon at the Maple Club left me in a stupor, or because my mind could not adjust itself [*Continued on page 38*]

The tayu was clad in a brilliant robe of red satin, heavily embroidered. It was like seeing in the life a courtesan from a color print of Utamaro

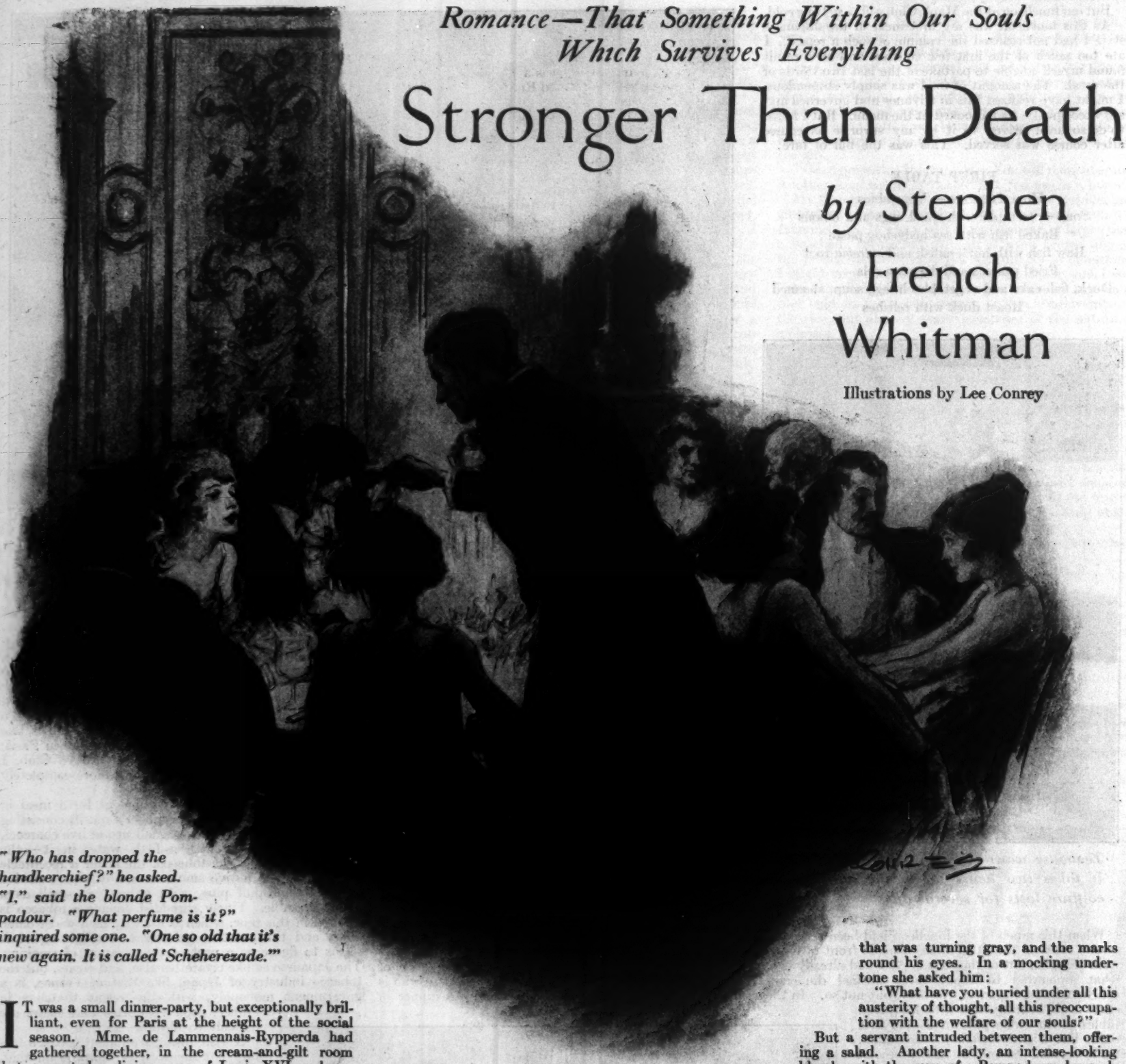
Prize-winning coiffures at a hair-dressing contest. Leading hair-dressers exhibited their skill on girls squatting on the stage before an audience

Romance—That Something Within Our Souls Which Survives Everything

Stronger Than Death

by Stephen French Whitman

Illustrations by Lee Conrey



"Who has dropped the handkerchief?" he asked. "I," said the blonde Pompadour. "What perfume is it?" inquired some one. "One so old that it's new again. It is called 'Scheherezade.'"

IT was a small dinner-party, but exceptionally brilliant, even for Paris at the height of the social season. Mme. de Lammennais-Rypperda had gathered together, in the cream-and-gilt room that suggested a dining-room of Louis XVI, a dozen persons, all interesting for one reason or another.

Among them was an American, Allan Balbian, a writer of contemporary history.

Was it possible that a writer of contemporary history could be an idealist?

"Yes, you are," said the lady on his right, in a sweet, fretful tone. "This morning I glanced through your book about our collapse into the moral *status quo ante*. At first, I thought, your scorn of us was almost in the manner of Isaiah. But gradually you descended from fierceness, through irony, to pity. In the end you seemed to feel that we would some day grow up to your stature, when your missionaries had done their work. Why are so many of you Americans like that? Is it a Messianic race, over there across the Atlantic? Are you really, in the end, going to change human nature?"

Allan Balbian smiled and replied:

"To give you a banal answer, it's only by contemplating ideals, or by being persuaded to do so, that we may hope to approach them."

"But do we attain them?" inquired Mme. de Lammennais-Rypperda from the end of the table. She explained:

"I'm not speaking of the regimentation of nations, but of personal experience. Do we often succeed, for instance, in changing the course of our lives by the contemplation of ideals? In most cases wouldn't our innate characters have driven us in that direction anyway? A man becomes a Napoleon not because he has held before him a Napoleonic ideal, but because, owing to the peculiarity of his nature, he can't help himself. In a word, it's fate."

"A word always useful when one wants to discomfit the conscience," interjected a satirical-looking old man with a gray, lustrous beard.

Another, who might have passed for a gentleman-in-waiting at the Vatican, remarked seriously to his hostess:

"You ignore the really remarkable changes of character that many famous persons have experienced."

"No," returned Mme. de Lammennais-Rypperda. "I merely doubt that they are often true changes of character. Perhaps the person in question has, till the change, repressed his real nature. Or else, at the change, he buries his real nature underneath a character assumed by him for one reason or another—for example, to escape some intolerable chagrin. Beneath this new character, however, may not the old one, the true, no matter how deeply he has buried it, still live to torment him, to demand release?"

The lady on Allan Balbian's right regarded him askance. She took note of his lean, sensitive face, his hair that was turning gray, and the marks round his eyes. In a mocking undertone she asked him:

"What have you buried under all this austerity of thought, all this preoccupation with the welfare of our souls?"

But a servant intruded between them, offering a salad. Another lady, an intense-looking blonde, with the eyes of a Pompadour, demanded of Allan Balbian:

"Tell me a few of those traits that one may abolish by effort of the will. Is one of them, by any chance, the inclination toward love?"

"I'm not quite sure of being understood," he returned, "but to the Anglo-Saxon love is sometimes believed to be capable of sublimation."

"Oh, I understand you," said the lady on his right, no less slyly than before, and in the same confidential tone. "Sublimation: an escape from the unhappiness of a personal love—into the love of humanity."

His face remained serene.

"And yet," she murmured, "I'd wager that once on a time you were not unromantic."

"You're flattering me."

They had all pricked up their ears to catch this verbal skirmish. The blonde Pompadour returned to her attack:

"So! no doubt you object also to romance?"

"At least I don't hope to abolish it to-morrow. The craving for romance is too deeply rooted throughout the western world, especially in the natures of women, children, and men of immature development——"

"Oh! oh!" cried the ladies.

"It is one of the great sicknesses of these days," Allan Balbian continued. "Urging us to a relaxation

of self-restraint and reason, it has done more harm, perhaps, than any other one thing to human progress. It is morally enervating, because it is individualistic, — not ethical."

"Ethical! Is your new world to consist of nothing but ethics?" wailed the blonde Pompadour. And she looked as if she saw in Allan Balbian an ogre who was threatening to imprison her in a dungeon.

"No fear," the satirical old gentleman assured her, smoothing his glossy beard. "That will not come to pass even in your day. Romance, that unethical ailment, will continue to make its delicious inroads upon your heart. And, perhaps, upon our hearts as well! Yes, maybe romance will not be extinct even when the ethical leaders of mankind have buried it — in the phrases of Mme. de Lammennais-Rypperda — deep beneath a new, fictitious character."

They were waiting for Allan Balbian's retort; but he failed them. They resumed their discussion of the new piece that was about to be presented at the Opera.

But the woman on his right asked Allan:

"What is that perfume?"

"Which one?"

"Not mine. Not that of Madame de Fortespée or of Madame Tchernaieff. Can it be yours? If so, I must know its name."

"Do I look to you like a man who would use perfume?"

"You look to me — Shall I really tell you?"

"Why not?"

She shook her head, perhaps intimidated. She pondered:

"It is strange, that perfume, yet indefinitely familiar, as if I had smelled it long ago in some crowded place full of the vibrations from many geniuses. It's a thick scent. I fancy that much of it would be intoxicating. It's a perfume of a rather exotic person; so I absolve you." She bent sidewise with a swift grace, peeped under his chair, exclaimed, "See, it is that handkerchief on the floor. Will you pick it up for me?"

He did so. Instead of taking it from him, she stared at him in astonishment.

He had turned pale.

She gave a silvery laugh, and called out:

"Who has dropped the handkerchief?"

"I," said the blonde Pompadour. Sending Allan Balbian one of her most glittering smiles she added melodiously, "Won't you please keep it for me till after dinner, Pasha?"

"But what perfume is it?" inquired the lady on Allan's right.

"A new one. Or one, at least, so old that it's new again. I found it only yesterday. It is called '*Scheherezade*.'"

"There seems to be magic in it," the other responded demurely. And to Allan:

"HAVE you ever considered the peculiar potency of odors? They are sometimes the keys that unlock sealed chambers of the heart, with amazing results. They can transport us from despair to an illusion of happiness; from calmness to the most profound agitation. It may be that our Tower of Ivory, which has withstood all other shocks, and in which we feel that we have made ourselves secure for life, is doomed to crash down at the touch of a mere zephyr freighted with some old scent. But pardon me for speaking in a strange tongue — in the enervating language of romance."

Maliciously unfurling before her bosom a feather fan, she turned to join in the discussion of the new opera.

The lady on Allan's left, a raven-haired Russian, who sat in her gilded chair as if her very bones were pliable, breathed at him, in her neurotic, flute-like voice:

"I can hardly wait for these first presentations. The opera is my great emotional vice. By the way, do you know that Vittoria Faliero is dying?"

The gentleman of the lustrous beard abandoned his satirical expression.

"Vittoria Faliero? Not dying?"

At the word "dying" there was a hush. All turned anxiously toward the black-haired Russian. A very old general asked, in sharp tones:

"Who is dying, Madame Tchernaieff?"

"Vittoria Faliero, the opera-singer."

In the general stir of relief, none observed that the face of Allan Balbian had taken on, itself, a look of death.

"Oh, Vittoria Faliero!" remarked Mme. de Lammennais-Rypperda, glancing round to make sure that every one had finished the last course. "But she has not sung for years."

"Yet she is still so young to die," the old general protested.

"AT least thirty-five now."

"Nevertheless, her beauty ——"

"No doubt that is gone, like her voice. What was the cause of her illness?"

"The article didn't say. It was merely a paragraph to the effect that she was dying in some Paris hotel."

"In Paris! What hotel?"

"I forget."

Still nobody observed that Allan Balbian was sitting there like a dead man.

"A name of ill-omen, Faliero," the hostess commented. "How did she come to choose it? But probably, being an American, she did not know that story. Or did she expect, poor soul, to offset 'Faliero' with 'Vittoria'?"

Rising, she led the gleaming train of women to the doorway. The mirrors of the salon reflected their irregular profiles, their serpentine silhouettes, their backs that were bare to the waist. Like moths to a light they gravitated to the golden piano. Here Allan Balbian drew his hostess aside.

"Forgive me if I slip away."

"Heavens! what has happened to you?"

"I shall be all right in the air."

"He forgot to give me my handkerchief," the blonde Pompadour pouted. But then, showing her dimples, "Perhaps he prefers to return it at a more romantic moment."

From a rainy street near the Madeleine, Allan Balbian entered the lobby of a small hotel, which smelled of sour wine and stale cooking. He approached the bookkeeper's desk. The bookkeeper, a stout woman with an incipient moustache, was upbraiding a waiter in a spotted apron, whom Allan pushed aside.

"Madame Faliero?"

The stout bookkeeper jumped at the sound of his voice and the sight of his face.

"She is very ill, monsieur. But there comes her physician now."

The door of a rickety lift swung open, and out of the lift crept a little, white-bearded man who looked like a poodle, even to the brown stains under his watery eyes. His mauve trousers, wet half-way to the knees, showed that he had walked on his visit. He was departing with a crestfallen air when the bookkeeper shouted at him:

"This gentleman wishes to ask about Madame Fallière — that is to say, Faliero."

The physician, after casting a timid look at the pink gardenia in Allan's coat-lapel, said:

"At your service, monsieur."

But Allan was unable to find his voice.

The old doctor stole another look at this gentleman, as wet as he from the rain, and nearly as haggard. He responded in a sympathetic tone to Allan's mute question: "There is no hope. Especially as the patient does not wish to live."

"Would it be inadvisable for me to talk to her?"

"It would make no difference. Just a few moments ago she was talking to me. 'Why do you come here, doctor?' she asked me. 'You know that when I am gone they may not pay you.' While saying this she fell asleep, before I could tell her that I want nothing, after all the pleasure she gave me when I listened to her from under the roof of the *Opera*."

"Surely she isn't all alone?"

"Her maid is still hanging around."

"What name?"

"Annette."

"I don't know her." Rousing himself, Allan said to the bookkeeper, "I will go up."

"Certainly, monsieur. The third floor, No. 90."

He ascended in the lift, which wheezed like a victim of asthma.

Alighting, he passed down a dim corridor. Through some of the doors came a sound of voices. Behind one door a man and a woman were singing a foolish song. Behind another door a child, or perhaps a young girl, was weeping. Through a third door burst the cry of an exasperated woman, "No! this time I have finished with you forever." And there followed a confused rehearsal of injuries, which died away as Allan hurried on.

He shuddered at the thought that she should have come to her last hours in such a place.

"Eighty-two, eighty-four, eighty-six ——"

He perceived, before the door of No. 90, a thin little boy with cropped hair and the face of a fox-cub. The door opened. A woman of middle age, clad in black, passed out to the boy a large valise packed to the bursting-point. She motioned him to be off with his burden. As the boy staggered down the corridor, the maid noticed Allan. She demanded:

"Well, monsieur, what is it that you want?"

"I am a friend of Madame Faliero's."

They went to rude little islands, lunched in cafés by the water — these relics from antiquity were now no more than means for the unfoldment of their love

"I know all Madame Faliero's friends; so there is some mistake."

"It is you who are mistaken. Stand aside."

A change came over her saturnine, crafty face. She began to exude humility, and to whisper:

"A thousand pardons. Before my time, no doubt. Ah, but monsieur will see what bad days have arrived! And where is the money to come from, for what has been done, and for what is still to do? In my devotion to madame — But I will not speak of that. Come in softly, monsieur. Madame is sleeping, I think."

The room was full of shadows. A night-lamp dimly illuminated a patch of old Turkey carpet, the corner of a shabby tufted chair, and the dangling red fringe of the bed-canopy, below which loomed the coverlet in the cavern of the alcove. Under this coverlet Allan saw the vague outline of her form. Her head on the pillow was invisible.

Trembling, he sat down in the tufted chair. The saturnine maid, her lips compressed, stood contemplating him shrewdly.

His thoughts had returned to the past.

His thoughts had returned to the time when she had entered his life in all the splendor of her young beauty and fresh renown.

It was in Naples. One evening, in the white hotel by the water, he heard people remarking to one another, "Vittoria Faliero is here. Vittoria Faliero arrived to-day." Then Wirdsmal, the operatic impresario, whom he met at the entrance of the dining-room, suggested:

"Would you like to meet Vittoria Faliero?"

"Thank you. A little later?"

And Allan, abandoning his previous intention, went to dine outside the hotel.

"Why should Wirdsmal bother me with his Vittoria Faliero?" Allan had asked himself irritably. He had never heard her sing. He was not even sure what she looked like. He knew only that she had recently been acclaimed in Paris as a great dramatic soprano, and that now New York was eager to praise her also. "No doubt she's a temperamental egotist, extravagant in her appearance, on the verge of stoutness, with a suggestion of all the provincial stages where she's trailed her costumes of a lyric soprano, while flirting with fame."

All night he sat holding her hands, in the same attitude, repeating the same prayer. At the gathering of a grey light between the curtains, she opened her eyes

After dining in a restaurant on the bay, he embarked in a sailboat for an evening under the stars. The young boatman could not prevent himself from singing scraps of love-songs.

Next day Allan did not see even Wirdsmal. That night he felt depressed.

The following evening Wirdsmal's voice, close beside him, exclaimed:

"Here you are! I want to present you to —— "

He was aware of something unprecedented: a commotion in the air round him, and, as it seemed, in his breast. He saw two lambent eyes, a lily-like pallor, a slowly-curving scarlet smile, as dazzling as if produced in front of a drop-curtain, above a sudden clustering of bouquets. At the same time he smelled her perfume, intense yet delicate, like the emanation of a nature at once fastidious and powerful.

Then he saw that she was tall and nearly slender. She revealed nothing professional except that strangeness which is frequently the aura of persons eminent in the emotional arts.

That evening she was delicately flirtatious, gayly provocative. She revealed, as it seemed to him, a Vittoria Faliero overquick in coquetry, too responsive to homage, too unstable perhaps, after all these various excitations, to be content with one. These impressions dissolved in shellfish swimming in saffron, on boiled beef sprinkled with rock-salt. At Sorrento they saw villas tucked amid orange-trees, like the nests to which characters retire from a fairy-tale, to live happily ever after. There a melancholy longing overshadowed her face. She murmured, looking across the eternally unstable sea:

"What is fame? Love, one love for a lifetime, that would be everything."

One afternoon, in the castle at Naples, when a guide unexpectedly showed them the mummified body of a man who had been strangled by Alphonso of Aragon, she recoiled into Allan's arms, with the cry:

"No, no! You and I mustn't look at death together! Although really I'm not superstitious —— "

But sadness followed her smile. She confessed to him that she had often felt a premonition of death. She believed that she would die young "That's why I'm so eager to seize the day."

She hurried out into the sunshine.

She would not return immediately to the hotel; so they drove to Solfatera. The sunset had filled the sky with flame. A sweetness of flowers was mingled with the volcanic fumes that issued from the earth. In the limousine, her perfume, too, was around her, like a rosy cloud. He kissed the palms of her hands through the tressed him. Did she finally perceive this distress, and understand its cause?

Next day she was a different woman for him.

She was now circumspect, gentle, almost timid. As Wirdsmal left them, to answer some telegrams, her gaze followed the impresario resentfully. She said:

"How tiresome he is with his shop-talk and professional familiarity! Let's run away from him. Let's take a motor-car to some ruined Greek temple in a field of violets. Let's find a fishing-village where we can talk to old men with silver rings in their ears, among the red nets."

So began their motor-rides.

Through the sunshine, beside the sea, they were whirled away into romantic landscapes that derived pathos from the past. But these sumptuous natural prospects, these relics from antiquity, were now no more than means for the unfoldment of their love. Each new vista added a new charm to her, revealed another aspect of her complex beauty. Yet now, in every circumstance, she remained as always, except on that first night — gentle, tender, discreet.

Sometimes they took boat for rude little islands near the coast, where they lunched, in cafés by the water, on the lurements and excitements of her profession, which seemed to him to be menacing, more and more, the life that they were to have lived only for each other. Now he discovered in her, in place of a desire for the renunciation of publicity, a rising fever for fame. He felt sure that she forgot him as soon as her thoughts went out to the opera-house. At last he understood that he must not hope to fill her whole existence.

And Wirdsmal was there, always in conference with her, odiously familiar. And there gathered round her other men, old co-workers, new admirers, some vulgar, some all too aristocratic. And at times there approached her a great personage whose admiration sent a chill to Allan's heart.

"So it must always be like this? Can I bear it?"

He became dismal and bitter. Step by step he descended into the inferno of jealousy, which was full of mistrust, of bizarre suspicions, of illogical animosities that extended even to her. As his abnormality increased, he suffered an excrutiating mental anguish. He realized that he had lost his reason, but could not regain it.

At last they had their first quarrel.

Greatly agitated by this catastrophe, she exclaimed: "Go away for a month or [*Continued on page 48*]

apertures of her gloves. Suddenly, leaning toward him, closing her eyes, she offered her lips.

"Forever! No one but you. I swear it, Allan."

"Forever," he repeated, his spirit caught up, like hers, into the flaming sky.

They were to be married in a month.

She returned to Paris. He quickly followed her. On that journey all his natural processes of thought were deranged. A continuous internal agitation seemed to be transforming his physical self, to its last atom, into a new organism. Or else, it was as if he had always been inert, half-dead, but now had come fully to life — to a degree of life so intense that body and mind were revolutionized.

He was possessed by an extravagant romanticism. He pictured a lifetime in which they should live only for each other, in some poetic spot glorified by eternal sunshine. He recalled her utterance at Sorrento, "What is fame? Why do we seek it?" So, in his egotism and exaltation, he came to believe that she would give up her career, which had furnished perhaps half the glamour that enveloped her for him.

In Paris, at his first avid look, he discerned something new in her beauty, or found something missing from it.

But immediately she was his again, dewy-eyed, tender, tremulous, fragrant with the perfume that had accompanied their love like the intrinsic spirit of a symphony. He had a moment of perfect happiness. Then:

"Why didn't you write?" he asked her.

"I've been so busy. But I thought of you constantly. It won't happen again. The new opera —— "

"So you're at work on the new opera," he exclaimed, suddenly downcast. Then she had not yet seen the need of renouncing his last rival, her art.

"You've no idea," she told him, "how hard I'm working, every waking moment."

"And our marriage?"

"Ah, I'll find time for that!"

And she gazed at him with the look that she had shown him in the limousine at Solfatera.

But that evening marked the beginning of his trouble.

Whenever he saw her, she had just returned from one of those activities which he dreaded, or else was on her way to one of them. Round her accumulated the al-

25 W. 44th Street
New York City
New York

Rolls House
Breams Building
London, E. C. 4
England

HERBERT KAUFMAN, *Editor*

Published Every Month
by McClure's Magazine, Inc.

McCLURE'S is committed by tradition to serve loyal, humane and just causes — and to keep its pages clean and wholesome and unafraid.

JANUARY, 1921

Indigestion — That's All

FROM 1914 until 1919, we were the only general merchants in active business. During that period the manufacture of all but necessities of existence was suspended across seas. Europe became a buyer in markets she had dominated as a seller. England, Italy, France, Belgium and the customers they had hitherto supplied, alike turned to us for types and quantities of merchandise which we had never before furnished.

To meet this demand and to cope with our own military exigencies, we enlisted fresh acreage, opened new mines, extended lumber operations, built and equipped thousands of new factories, and drained the very backwoods to man the Brodbingnagian machine war had invoked.

We made chains for Britain, socks for France, macaroni for Italy, shipped oils to districts from which we normally drew, exported canned stuffs to peoples who never before had subsisted on tinned rations, crowded the ocean with cargoes of fabricated steel — safety razors and howitzers, trowels and locomotives — erected a bulwark of bread and pork behind which the Allies maintained resistance, clothed their soldiers, washed them, filled their cartridge-belts, kept their ammunition dumps piled high and meanwhile butchered, baked, cobbled, tailored and carpentered for home folks.

We aren't so busy now.

The Kaiser, our star sales-agent, isn't producing any more such orders. Peace has beaten the trench-tool into a hoe head. Tommy and Poilu are back at their old tasks — in the garden, at the forge, before the lathe and loom — flocks are spreading the hills and the pastures are spotted with cattle.

Paris is getting domestic flour and London is boiling Southdown mutton. Bradford, Leeds and Manchester fabrics jam Liverpool docks.

Instead of drawing five uniforms and a dozen pairs of brogues *per annum*, demobilized millions are making out with one new suit and a pair of shoes per year.

War is a glutton with a regardless appetite — peace is a thrifty, calculating consumer.

War is a spendthrift with no sense of costs — peace is a penny counter and a canny judge of values.

War, pressed for time, bribes clocks with reckless wages and exorbitant profits and leaves the bill for peace to settle.

We're settling now.

The contracts made with emergency have expired and the polyglot throng that pressed against our counters has dwindled.

The world is shopping around. Instead of making terms, we are forced to meet them. Every wheel that starts abroad means that one must stop here. Every sack of grain grown over yonder keeps another on this side.

Our present plant is far beyond all immediate requirements. Seven-day weeks, and twenty-four-hour operation aren't in the picture. There's no work for the night shift.

Hoarding and miscalculation have produced surfeits to the tune of billions. Enormous supplies of wheat and leather and wool and copper must wait for absorption. Our mushroom commerce is withering and there's no substitute outlet for the extra facilities we organized to sustain it, except through the resumption of long-curtailed domestic consumption.

But America will not buy as usual until it buys at usual prices.

Ninety per cent. of us have been getting along with less of everything because the dollar isn't big enough to reach past standards of living.

Production will rise as fast as prices drop and prices cannot safely drop faster than costs.

Wherever labor uncompromisingly keeps wages up, concerns will inevitably close down.

Combinations in restraint of marketing won't restore crops to their recent sales levels. An inexorable law has decreed otherwise: the law of supply and demand beyond which there is no appeal. The community can't use more goods or service or provisions than its means afford — there'll be no relief for this congestion unless it is mutualized.

We've devoured so much opportunity lately that it has clogged our systems. We're simply suffering indigestion.

A little common sense, some sound Yankee judgment will cure the derangement. Stock-tickers and stock-taking to the contrary, we're not heading toward hard times, but emerging from *soft* ones.

America was never in sounder shape. We're still the strongest and largest going concern on the map. Half the ready cash of civilization is in our banks.

Nothing's wrong with the country — it's t'other way round — everything's coming right.

"The Perfect Scholar"

LITTLE ROLLO, the prize pupil, somehow doesn't set the world on fire. Perhaps it's because his head is so crammed with facts that there is no room left for fancies.

Letter perfection crowds out imagination.

History owes little to human filing-cabinets. A head full of books isn't worth more than the books themselves.

We encounter more "teacher's pets" on clerks' stools than in the seats of the mighty.

The bigger jobs go to the men with an idea or so that hasn't yet reached print.

When more instructors aim to develop individuality instead of two-legged phonograph disks, fewer college men will graduate from experience with an A. S. S. degree.

Geniuses have notoriously made their marks despite the predictions of pedants, so several prominent figures of history advise you not to worry because your lad isn't turning in 100 per cent. reports, among whom one might mention: Sir Isaac Newton, more or less well known, who chronically remained at the foot of his every class; Henry Ward Beecher, who couldn't learn his catechism yet managed to become a pretty fair preacher; Sir Walter Scott, a novelist of sorts, regarded as an utterly hopeless dunce at Edinburgh; a certain Darwin, whose tutors collectively agreed that a more stupid youngster never tried their patience; and Doctor Chambers who produced the best encyclopedia of his time despite the fact that he was a "damned numskull."

You can't always sometimes foretell.

America

AMERICA is not a standardizing mold, but a test for confidence — a laboratory where ability may discover itself — a game in which skill is free to assert its quality.

This country does not remake men — it merely permits them to remake themselves.

It cannot equalize citizens — it simply offers unrestricted chances for regeneration.

We are against extreme paternalism and communism because such doctrines tend to blunt exceptional gifts and rob progress of the precious quality of genius upon which it must exist.

To limit greatness, to stifle ego, to restrain purpose and to deny ambition would destroy all our hopes in to-morrow.

We know how rare and how priceless are the ferments of enterprise and vision, and how much the mediocre, uninspired, quickly discouraged bodies of peoples are dependent upon them.

We are resolved to sustain our type of government because it guarantees, as no other, the rise to power and control of the folk best fitted to direct the course of affairs.

Clyde Fitch's Lean Years

Clyde Fitch frequently wrote late into the night and on into the early morning hours

THERE is no dramatist who rang success from failure more assiduously than Clyde Fitch. Starting auspiciously with "Beau Brummel" and "Frédéric Lemaître", he began to strike what aviators call "air pockets" in his flight across the dramatic horizon; but, no matter what his obstacles, he rebounded with that exberuance which was given him in goodly quantity. People were prone to say, "Oh, he went up like a rocket, but watch the stick come down!" The press began to emphasize unduly the feminine characteristics in his work, and his agent, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, was often confronted by the remark, "I see you have sold another play by your pink tea author!"

To all of this opposition, Fitch turned a seemingly deaf ear; he went about his business with a resolve to learn from his defeat, and to ripen as quickly as he could in his technique. There was no gainsaying that, from his very earliest days in the theatre, he manifested a genius for stage directing: actors knew it, and were fearful of his comment until they had themselves mastered their conceptions. I have a note from Henry Miller, telling of the preparations for his appearance in "Frédéric Lemaître", about which he was as enthusiastic as Felix Morris, for whom it was originally written. "I almost wish you would not come until Monday night," he pleaded, "as I fear the performance tomorrow will be rather rough. Should you come, for God's sake do not let me see you, as I shall be nervous enough as it is!"

Robert Herrick, the novelist, recalls that he first met the playwright at the time he gave a masterly rendering of the little "one-acter"—"Lemaître." He says, "My first meeting with Clyde Fitch was one evening in '92 or '93, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, at a small club of Harvard men interested in the drama—'The Mermaid.' Professor Baker, so well known now for his course in playwriting and his books on dramatic technique, was the enthusiastic guide of the 'mermen', and, in his zeal to bring our somewhat remote and academic discussions of the drama . . . closer to actuality invited Fitch, who had produced a play, to talk to us. He read, instead, the Ms. of a short play ('Monsieur Lemaître', I think), and I can remember quite vividly the sensation he made in 'The Mermaid', by his dramatic rendering of his work, and his vivid, intense personality. We were gathered in a low-ceilinged room of the old house next to Christ Church, whose cracked chimes broke across the dramatist's emotional periods. I can see him as he was then, slight, dark, with black hair brushed back in a wave from his forehead, over which, in the tenser moments of delivery, he would pass his small hand. I can recall my thrill at the daring freedom and zest of his delivery. We did not read our papers at 'The Mermaid' in that way! . . . "

Those who were intimate with him during this uncertain period of his career, attest that, except for a shrug of the shoulders, and an exclamation, "This is a funny world," he would show nothing outwardly as to any failure he might have, but would go on planning and writing, and putting things away, if he could get no manager to heed him. There was about him a constant restlessness and excitement whenever a play was to be produced, which clearly revealed what a pressure theatrical life was having on his nervous makeup. If a contract was "hanging fire", he could do nothing until it was settled. But, as soon as the agreement was sealed, he would rush to work with all the enthusiasm he was able to muster.

AT first, managers used to smile at the particular care Fitch gave to details. They went to his rehearsals, and saw him assume all the parts in his play — male and female alike; and they used to join the actors, who at first could see nothing but humor in the strenuous manner in which the author tried to get into the minds of his players what the psychology of each character was. "It's foolish of you to bother so much about the little, useless things," they used to say to him. To which he always rejoined, "It's the little thing that quickest shows the lack of preparation, of study. Every blessed point should be watched, for details make up the atmosphere of the piece." So he went about his job, and won his reputation on the very points that were originally scored against him.

During these days his mind was continually on his work. If he heard a chance remark that made good dialogue, he would jot it down on the back of an envelope, scribbled in a hand that beggared interpretation. The rapidity of his mind directed the rapidity of his pen, and, in later years, it took an expert to read his letters. He never had a note-book, but stored

Modjeska, the tragedienne, whose encouragement was an inspiration to Fitch

The Life Story of America's Most Famous Playwright

by

Montrose J. Moses

"Pamela's Prodigy," one of Fitch's costume plays, was given by Mrs. John Wood, the noted English actress, in London

In England, Fitch's play, "A Modern Match", was given by Mr. and Mrs. Kendall under the title "Marriage — 1892"

away in his fertile mind whole scenes and complete pages of dialogue. While at the Sherwood Studio, and when he afterward moved to Carnegie Hall, he wrote late into the night, and on into the early morning, with the result that Antoine, the valet, used to tear his hair in an effort to get him up for breakfast. In later life, while he wrote at any time, and anywhere the mood struck him, he did most of his actual work in Italy.

But, like all artists, Clyde Fitch was temperamental — not inflicting his friends with his moods, but suffering himself more than he would tell. If there was a successful streak in his work, he shed his troubles and blossomed forth as a care-free boy; nothing pleased him more than to get appreciative letters from those who liked his plays, yet he welcomed letters of criticism, if they were well-intentioned. On the signing of a contract, he would rush off to tell his associates about it; if the first night showed a warm reception, he would cable abroad to an art dealer for some special object he coveted. He always read the newspapers — if he hadn't, it would have saved him many a disturbing moment; and, as though this were not enough, he awaited eagerly the Sunday reviews which he hoped might show maturer judgment. This constant keeping in touch with theatrical activity was indication to the managers that here was a man who knew what he was about, and, even in his early life, they allowed him to do with his plays what a young playwright to-day would not dare to try. Of course, when he was well established, Fitch was virtually the dictator as to his castes and scenery. But in these early years he likewise insisted that he have a hand at rehearsals.

"The only way to win is to persevere," he used to say. He followed his own dictum, and saw himself gradually gaining headway. He was undoubtedly getting his stride!

Nevertheless, it cannot be said that the seven years which followed "Beau Brummell" were failures. Looking over the list of seventeen plays which belong to this period, there were five substantial successes, with a few minor acceptances thrown in. There were, as well, several plays that, had they been nurtured, might have blossomed into a second life. Such an instance was the costume piece, "Pamela's Prodigy", which was given by Mrs. John Wood, the noted English actress, at the Royal Court Theatre in London. On his return from Europe, in 1891, Clyde wrote to a friend, "As for Pamela! I spent my whole summer rewriting it (3 times), and I feel now that each time was only another nail in the poor person's coffin. Helas!"

His first modern play was "A Modern Match", which was later given in England by Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, under the title "Marriage — 1892." Any one who has read his sprightly "Some Correspondence and Six Conversations", published in book form, must have predicted for him the ability to handle social satire for which he was afterward so renowned. Here for the first time he displayed his deftness in framing the bright, witty line, which so adds to the literary flavor of his dramas. An instance of his generosity toward actors is manifested in a letter to T. R. Sullivan, dated January 18, 1892, in which he says:

"Thank you for going to see 'A Modern Match', and for writing me so kindly about it. I think it is a great pleasure to have one's work (whose faults one is always fully aware of oneself) praised by those of whom one is fond, and in whom one believes.

"Seligman is certainly *great* in the play, and the conception of the part is her own. I had a much more serious woman in my mind, who wouldn't compare with Miss Seligman's interpretation."

It is rightfully said that Fitch was a maker of players. But he always worked with them from the inside out, giving them the hints, making them carve the meaning for themselves, and giving them light only where they confessed to darkness. He never boasted!

Henry Miller, Elsie de Wolfe and William Faversham—in "Bohemia", one of Fitch's translations

Leo Ditrichstein, for whose artistic ability Fitch had great admiration

It was about this time that Charles Frohman was looking for a play in which to star John Drew; the latter had heretofore won reputation, in company with Ada Rehan, under the guiding hand of Augustin Daly. But Frohman hoped not only to establish him on a different footing, but to make him the center of his own managerial interests. The question was, what play to select for this auspicious launching. Miss Elizabeth Marbury had recently handed him the manuscript of "The Masked Ball", by the French dramatists, Alexandre Bisson and Albert Carr, and he was looking for a translator. "I know the very man," suggested Miss Marbury. And that is how Fitch was brought into the scheme. It was a great success, not only for Drew and Fitch, but for another luminary in the dramatic field, Maude Adams, who was thus given her first real Broadway opening. In these prohibition days, it might sound out of place to say that she won reputation on a tipsy scene; but why take from stage literature the origin of those excellent antediluvian opportunities? Did not Louise Closser Hale win deserved applause in Shaw's "Candida" because of Prossy's triumphant champagne jag? Thus

"His Grace de Grammont," one of Fitch's biggest successes, was wisely entrusted to the skill of Otis Skinner

Fitch not only started John Drew on his brilliant career as a polished parlor comedian, but he brought Miss Adams within range of "stars" of first magnitude.

The Frohman contract was a fortunate thing for Clyde. He was, during the summer of 1892, much in need of money, and he was able to return home with a healthy pocket-book. His friendships were increasing; not only was he being asked everywhere, but he was making, with that genuine enthusiasm he always exhibited for sincerity, those lasting associations which did not die with him. Such loyalty sprang up between himself and Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of the inimitable "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm", and other stories of charming grace and wit. From his Carnegie Studio, on February 26, 1892, he wrote:

"My dear Mrs. Wiggin:

I think meeting and coming to know you has given me quite as much pleasure, on a perhaps more ætherial plane, as Carol gave the Ruggleses. I am grateful. It is good of you to remember and ask for the little song. If I had known you when I wrote it, I think I might have sung sweeter. Please keep yr gloves on in California. Don't let San Francisco take yr hand and hold it. New York has a wedding ring for you; and all of us (pen people) want to be bride's maids and ushers.

Yours always in fealty."

It was not many years afterward that Clyde was able to write Mrs. Wiggin congratulating her on her engagement to Mr. Riggs. He confessed to her later that when he heard the happy event was going to take place, he had had a tugging at the heart-strings, and that when he finally attended the wedding, he was deluged in tears, even though he had worn mackintosh and rubbers, and had brought an umbrella by way of precaution. His note of good wishes, dated November 30, 1894, well supplements the San Francisco warning:

"My dear Mrs. Wiggin:

I was so disappointed not to see you yesterday at 'Wave Crest.' I was all prepared to give up my 'drumstick' to you, and show you other little courtesies of the season! And I wanted to tell you what I don't know at all how to write—I want somehow to say how GLAD I am for the new joy that has come into your life. I believe myself that the Romance of life, which is love, is the best and most precious thing in it, supreme, most to be desired! That all the color and music of the world are in it, and its Throne the only one worth reigning on. And no one, I feel, will Queen it better there than Mrs. Wiggin. . . . I wish I could say more simply what I want to, but I can't, somehow. I congratulate Mr. Riggs with all my heart. He *is* a victor! And I congratulate you because, while not knowing Mr. R, that you choose him speaks volumes (Mrs. Wiggin's volumes) in his favor. But that isn't the point so much as—my joy *at* and *in* and *for* your joy. That it has come and is to be in your life. And I pray that on your wedding day there'll not be a bell in all the world but will ring sweetly, and if I *had* a magician's wand, even our cobblestones would burst out with orange blossoms.

"Yours ever, Clyde Fitch."

Inviting a friend to the opening night of "Frédéric Lemaître", Fitch had written: "*Will* you, and *can* you at this ninth hour fill your lamps with the enclosed oil, and join us at the wedding feast of M. Lemaître and Mlle. le Publique?" But, during 1893, Mlle. le Publique turned a deaf ear to his entreaties. One characteristic which marked him in later years was now manifest. He had five productions in 1893: "The Harvest", which afterward became the telling church scene in "The Moth and the Flame", "April Weather"—which was the only bright spot in his season and brought renown to the actor, Sol Smith Russell; "A Shattered Idol", taken from Balzac's "Old Goriot", and which never came to New York; "The Social Swim", which showed Fitch persistently playing about the social theme, and gave Marie Wainwright an opportunity of displaying herself in emotional stress; and "An American Duchess" for Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre—in the hope that this translation from the French of Lavedan would be as fruitful as "The Masked Ball." His plays used to compete with each other continually, but during this fateful year, they did not last long enough to give him any qualms. The press was against him, accusing him of sentimentality, and not encouraging him for anything. "It seems to me," he would say, "that the American way is to club you into success or failure." Had he listened to the diatribes against his introduction of children in the caste of "April Weather", we might never have had the inimitable scenes in Maxine Elliott's success "Her Great Match." He often said: "My policy is to deny nothing. It's the work, after all, that counts."

So he comforted himself, in the face of continuous failure, with the planning of future work. In May, 1893, "His Grace de Grammont" had been read to Edward H. Sothern, and was being considered by him. Fitch was then in the midst of rehearsing

Lily Langtry, for whom the play "Gossip" was translated from the French by Fitch and Leo Ditrichstein

Russell in "April Weather", and was having some trouble with that actor's taste for certain things that grated on his vision.

After the reception of "April Weather", which was cordially received, and won from the English theatre critic, Clement Scott, a mixture of the same praise he was wont to give to the English dramatists—Tom Robertson and J. M. Barrie—Clyde made preparations for his trip abroad, and there is a letter, dated September 7, 1893, written in a Venetian gondola, which gives the atmosphere of the time and place.

"My dear——,

It is a hot afternoon. The sky is a light porcelain blue, and the sun is blazing, but the curtains of the gondola keep it out; we are gliding along thro' all the little canals, most of them a dull green, with only the splash of the oar of our and some other gondola, the strange, dull cry of the gondolier at each turning to warn any one coming the other way, the sound of a bell ringing now and then, and the hum of people living behind the pink and grey walls, or leaning out between the green blinds, with only this in our ears! And it is Maud's wedding day. . . . My thoughts are all . . . going homeward principally, and no matter how beautiful or inspiring or heart-satisfying any place is, I should not want it for always, without—. . . I shall sail either the 20th or the 23rd, and I leave here day after tomorrow for London, stopping a day at Milan and a day at Paris. I have spent *all* my money. I am in a worry, but I think I shall scrape some up. There has been [*Continued on page 36*]

Viola Allen—one of the Empire Theatre Players—in a scene from "Bohemia", one of Fitch's translations from the French

Society Is Responsible for Each of These

The Man, The Tiger *and the* Snake

by Ferdinand Reyher

Illustrations by Pruett Carter

"That friend only is the true one who is by when trouble comes; words are air, a deed talks louder than a solo played on drums."

THE MAN in the person of Evans Lynn whom Cooper Comlough had known all his life, whom he had saved from jail by making good the money he had stolen, had betrayed him. He had stolen a bag from his friend which contained the secret plans for the organization by Comlough of the greatest oil and general industrial project of the day; he had used these plans for his own ends; the defeat of his friend was complete, temporarily at least.

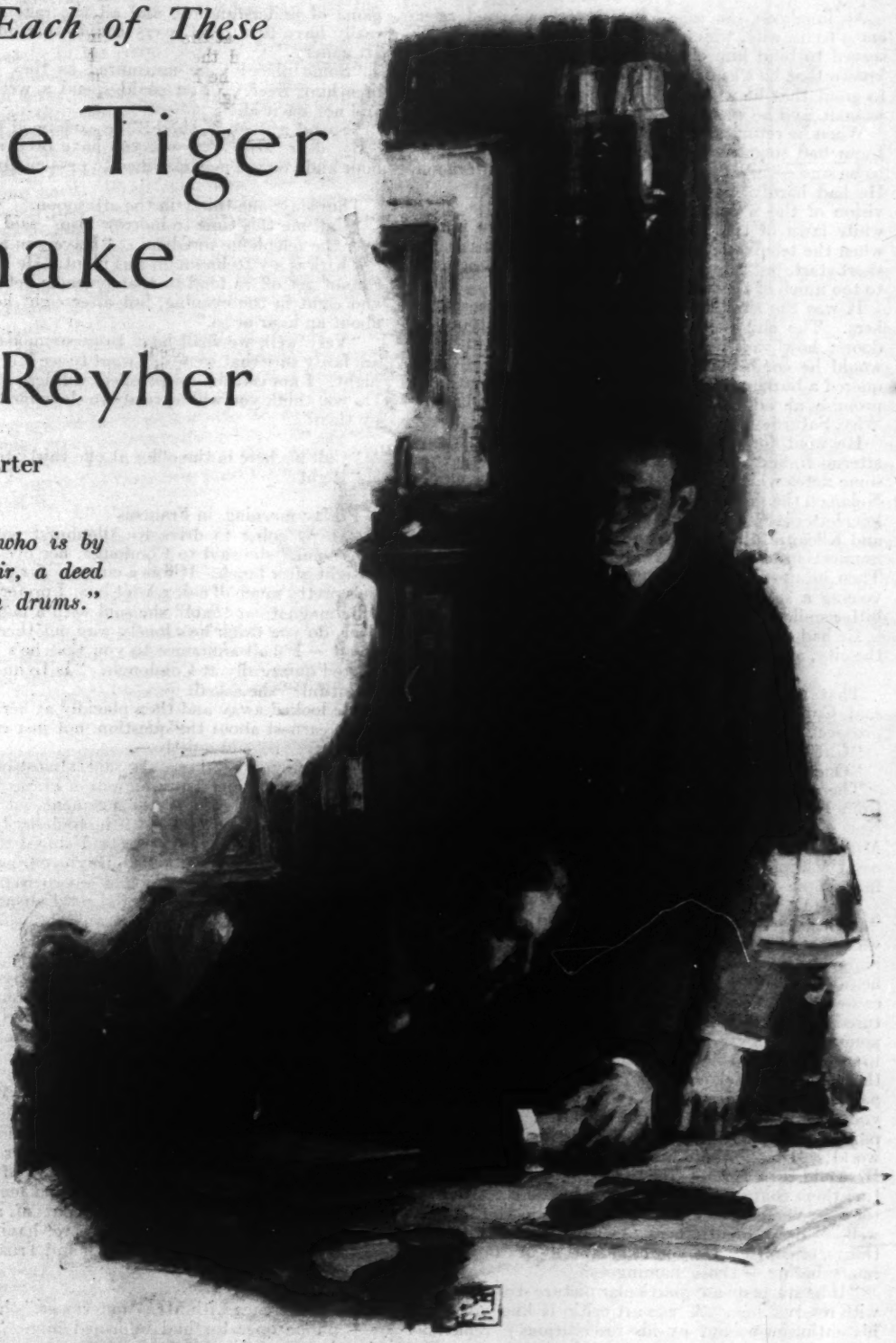
But Comlough did not give up easily. He planned to carry out his project and to crush Lynn at the same time. There was just one obstacle in his way — Mrs. Lynn, who had been Cooper's boyhood sweetheart. The thing must be done without crushing Marcia and he must not now disclose that he knew that Lynn had stolen his plans.

Lynn had had a new safe installed in his home recently; he had shown it to Cooper with great pride. In the midst of his troubles Comlough's mind went back to that safe; his plans might be there.

And then he thought of THE TIGER — Glenn of "The Mystic Fingers", a bank burglar who was trying to go straight and whom Cooper had saved from crooked detectives who tried to "frame" him. Glenn had promised to repay the service. Would he open the safe? Yes, he would, though if caught it meant imprisonment for life.

Next Cooper thought of Ethel Pearson the woman of the streets whom he had snatched from policemen who unjustly accused her. She had promised to repay him. Would she repay by making Lynn's acquaintance? Yes. And as Mrs. Arthur Warren Shevlin in search of advice on investments she did meet him and made a most favorable impression.

Thus the stage was set for the undoing of Evans Lynn, THE MAN who had repaid his benefactor by plotting his ruin.



Evans raised his head, staring vacantly. "You do love Marcia — you do — don't you?" he asked

THE next afternoon a messenger brought Mrs. Shevlin three sheets of memoranda upon Duryea and Pearce, and other financial suggestions. Also a note expressing hope that Mrs. Shevlin was quite well again, and expectant delight at her possible visit to Mr. Lynn's office the next day.

"Go," said Comlough that night. He examined the sheet of oil stock notes carefully. "You remember the names I gave you — DePinna, Magdalena holdings, Porter — Long Horn and Lone Star Railroad, Texcol Oil and Asphalt Corporation, and the rest? Ask him, if an occasion ever seems to make the question absolutely natural, 'What is this company I hear so much of — the United Americas Petroleum Consolidated?' Remember what he says of any of these things if talk of them occurs. Don't bring them up though. If they just happen — good! Never forget, he's a clever man."

He eyed her carefully, abstractedly, several minutes. She had never been able to break through his detachment. She was a little piqued at his aloofness — her failure to touch him as a being not a means. She found herself wondering what the other woman could be like — Lynn's wife? Curiously enough Comlough was thinking of Marcia then, too. He was thinking, what is there in men that can make one of them with the best sort of antecedents, who is bound by every chain of honor and loyalty and even self-interest, turn from a woman like Marcia to a woman like this woman? It wasn't a question of morals at all — merely one of fastidiousness.

"Start drawing back to Allenhurst to-morrow," he said. He looked at her closely, studying her. "Wear your blue silk to-morrow," he said at length.

He left her in the dining-room of Francois' where they met each day, as upon the first occasion.

"Friday night!" Comlough told Glenn over the wire that evening. It was Tuesday.

Mrs. Shevlin appeared in the office of the vice-president of the Clinton Loan and Trust Company in charge of loans at precisely eleven-thirty the following day. She had no trouble gaining admittance to Mr. Lynn's office. In fact, the vice-president in charge of loans rather hurriedly got rid of an old and valued client — such as Mr. Velte himself might have been — in order to go out and greet Mrs. Shevlin.

It was impossible not to look at Mrs. Shevlin that morning. A caressingly clinging blue silk gowned her. It was a simple seeming thing that frock; simple with all the Medean simplicity which all the ingenuity of a French gownster had designed through bitter hours of creative frenzy, in order to hide its real complexity. It moved with her in unrippled pliancy; its folds were undulations always, folds and creases never; marging sleeves and vestee, some creamy sheer fragility of delicacy beyond organdie or georgette.

She returned his greeting with unconscious, spontaneous, unfeigned heartiness.

"Why, it seems we are old friends, Mr. Lynn!" she exclaimed, as they sat in his office. "Yours is the only face I have seen twice in New York, I do believe. Oh, so beastly lonely — this town of yours!"

He glowed frankly at her now; inquiring almost anxiously how she felt; expressed his regrets that she could not come the day before, and in the counter-exchange of courtesies bordering on personalities, it was a drag to get back to oil, particularly as they were leaning toward each other so that he caught the subtle, provocative perfume which hung about her like the daintiest of mists. In fact, they didn't get back to oil. They went to luncheon together.

Just before they went out she said innocently:

"Are you married, too, Mr. Lynn?" with a commiserating loitering on the "too." It gave him just a little start.

At luncheon she made several other casual references to his wife, which Lynn did not relish; but which served to bind him closer to her than if she had not known that he was married. She seemed to be willing to grant that he was a lonely man as she was a lonely woman, and he was willing to let it go at that.

When he returned from luncheon with Mrs. Shevlin, Lynn had somehow become involved—pleasurably so to be sure — in a drive with her later in the afternoon. He had hardly sat down in front of his desk — the vision of the woman in blue seated across the short white lawn of the Waldorf table, still before him — when the telephone rang. It was Marcia. He gave a short start, but gripped himself at once. He was prone to too much of this starting lately!

It was the simplest of wifely greetings, this call of hers. The children were well; they loved it out-of-doors; how was he feeling? she missed him; when would he come out, Saturday or Sunday? He conquered a buzzing excitement in his mind. He couldn't promise ahead — but he would try. Try what? — Why, Saturday, of course!

He went for a long drive with Mrs. Shevlin that afternoon, first working feverishly until four o'clock on some notes which he sent to an obscure broker named Nolan on the shoddy end of Broad Street, and upon two long letters to a man named Courtelyou in Washington, and Kilcairn in St. Louis, and upon a third terse communication to W. R. R. Yerger, who was in Houston. Then he broke a dinner engagement with Comlough, voicing a series of pathetic excuses which brought a bitter smile to Comlough's lips.

He had dinner with Mrs. Shevlin at an inn outside of the city, and they parted at her hotel shortly after ten.

That night: "Call me at one-thirty to-morrow," said Comlough over the wire; "at my office. Our prospect is about to leave town for a short time."

"One-thirty, eh?" repeated Glenn.

"One-thirty," repeated Comlough.

The next morning Comlough went with Mrs. Shevlin from Francois' to that place which is the pride of all New Yorkers, who never go there. The Metropolitan Museum of Art. He took her through the galleries of paintings in something over an hour. He gave her a few simple instructions.

"Lynn's an art dilletante himself," said Comlough; "and what collection he has is closer to him than his waistcoat. Come here with him to-morrow. Don't tell him you 'love art.' Simply take it for granted that he, as a cultured man, is interested in painting, because — well, beccuse you are interested, being a cultured woman. Ask him no questions on art; answer none. Don't gush. Be reserved. Tell him you want to see only three things — that Chardin, that Diaz and that Winslow I showed you. You are never to call a painting a painting, but always 'a thing.' This is what you are to say of each. 'One Chardin — that frying pan and slice of ham — is worth all the Millets in the world!' 'Diaz — there was a philosopher of the brush! He could turn from a tree to a ballet girl without getting them confused!' 'Winslow — I didn't get him, as they say, exactly at first — but now — do you know — well —' draw breath here '— you know his Florida things, of course. Do you remember — or can you help remembering — those flamingoes?'

"If he starts on any particular picture strongly, agree with reservations. A true art critic is known not by his enthusiasms but by his reservations — remember that. Don't voice your reservations, however. Let him feel you've got a taste of your own merely. Never endorse praises of a whole picture, that's the safest way. Go up to one and pick out some spot or corner. The spot or corner that looks least interesting to you, is a conservative rule. Point to it — stand before it silently — step back and look at it through half-closed eyes and say in a low voice: 'Isn't that an extraordinary bit of color — just that bit there?' Look at it again for a minute and turn to him and say: 'But how many paintings are there really? Paintings, I mean, not just perfect corners or spots on paintings? Whole, completed paintings? How many are there after all?'"

He soberly instructed her in the jargon and had her repeat it to him. She was an apt mimic of human attitudinizing and a perfect actress for tones. As she stepped back from him and said: "But, Mr. Lynn — after all, how many paintings are there — real things, that is — not just exquisite corners and parts — ?" Comlough regarded her gravely.

"And you would have been satisfied with second-rate vaudeville!" he said solemnly. "What a waste!"

"Well," she said, "one always learns. I never thought I'd take a course in fine arts first, though, to get a guy loony about me. Weird stuff!"

"On the contrary, this is the last word in modernity, my dear," said Comlough gently. "This is what is known as æsthetic vamping. It is a variant of the old game of understanding, and all the rage now. You really have to suspect every couple that goes into an art gallery."

"Some place!" she murmured as they came out, breathing freer. "You could spend a week in there and not see it all!"

"Spend a week in there!" he exclaimed astonished. "My dear Miss Pearson, you have been in there an hour and you are now qualified to pass on art."

Thursday, one-thirty in the afternoon.

"Call me this time to-morrow also," said Comlough over the telephone to Glenn. "Have you any news?"

"Kirk is a watchman on this plant. He said that he cannot get off to tend to that business between seven and eight in the evening, but after eight he's free for about an hour or so."

"Very well, we shall have to accommodate him. I am fairly sure that we won't want to see him to-morrow night. I am certain our prospect will leave town then. Do you think you will be ready to show me those goods by then?"

"Yes."

"Call me here in the office at one-thirty to-morrow."

"Right."

Friday morning, in Francois'.

"He is going to drive to Allenhurst with me this afternoon," she said to Comlough, her eyes glittering. "Right after lunch. It was a cinch. Art did it. Say, he's pretty much of a dog, isn't he? I prefer my vaudeville magnate at that!" she said with a laugh. "Poor dear, do you think he's lonely way out there in Hollywood — I shall announce to you that he's not!" She looked quizzically at Comlough. "Is Lynn's wife very beautiful?" she asked.

He looked away and then placidly at her. She was quite earnest about the question, not just curious.

"Very," he said quietly.

"I hope you win her," she said, almost in a whisper.

For the first time they went out of Francois' together. She had to hurry to her engagement with Lynn; he had one with Hargreaves. As he took her to her taxi a man passing by stopped short and stared at them. He was stumpy and stout. His bushy eyebrows stood out like eaves over bulgy eye-balls — two round colorless eye-balls which had a kind of shrewd absorbent gleam in them. He turned abruptly away and walked on in a roly-poly fashion.

Where had he seen that fellow before? It puzzled Comlough and haunted him intermittently on his way to Hargreaves. As he entered the famous building of the bankers he suddenly recollected. He had passed the little roly-poly man one day on the threshold of Lynn's office — that day of the stolen bag. He was relieved at having placed him.

"We haven't got hold of this fellow Yerger yet," said Hargreaves. "But the figures of that man Courtelyou are not to be thought of. Ten millions!"

About the same time that Hargreaves was telling Comlough that Courtelyou's valuation of Texcol Oil and Asphalt was absurd, a short round man with protruding colorless eye-balls came out of a telephone booth in a Sixth Avenue cigar store, having failed to get Mr. Lynn, of the Clinton Loan and Trust Company, on the wire.

IN conference with Mr. Vandermeer," the bank telephone operator had informed him. "He will be free in a few minutes."

He was the obscure broker, Nolan. He knew Comlough well by sight, although the latter did not know him, and the woman he had just seen coming out of Francois' with Comlough, he had seen on two occasions recently with Lynn. He was one of the underground grubs of the Street and Curb. For all his distended girth and his roly-poly air he could make faster pace through the mold of intrigue after stray tips, cashable secrets and financial fodder of one sort and another, than the mole through the soil of a corn-field. Something in his instinct for intrigue told him now to inform Lynn that the stunning-looking woman — she was stunning, even Nolan could see that — was a friend of Comlough's. Lynn ought to know that. He had not been able to get Lynn on the telephone, therefore he would complete his business up on Thirty-seventh Street, which would only take a few minutes, go downtown again and tell Lynn personally.

When he came to the bank Lynn had gone.

"Mr. Lynn won't be back until to-morrow or maybe not until Monday," said the attendant.

Something like dismay took hold of Nolan. He roly-polied to his obscure office on the shoddy end of Broad Street. A message from Lynn was waiting for him.

"Will call you between seven and eight to-night at Greenpoint. Kilcairn wire R4-R7; R7a. See Courtelyou. In from Washington this afternoon."

It was from Lynn, although signed Yarnall. Nolan lived in Greenpoint. Lynn had recently found it convenient to talk to him there in the evenings. Nolan evidently understood what the submarinish items signified and began to act out orders. He shook his head dubiously. Where was Lynn off to at this time? He didn't like this business of the woman with Comlough and Lynn. He was shrewd enough to see the difference between Comlough and Lynn in regard to women. He thought Lynn ought to know right away that Comlough knew that woman. But he couldn't tell him right away, because he didn't know where he could reach Lynn. However, when he called up between seven and eight that night he'd tell him.

Nolan, methodical in his obscure way, made a note of it on his pad.

"Tell Y. of wom." he wrote down in his rolling handwriting, something like his roly-poly walk.

Just at this time Comlough, who had met Glenn in Whyte's at two o'clock, was leaning across the table toward his companion.

"To-night at eight then?" he said.

Glenn nodded.

"It looks easy to you now?" asked Comlough, eying him closely.

"I've seen the surest tricks fluke," said Glenn tersely.

"So have I," agreed Comlough soberly. "If I guessed wrong — if something slips up — there may even be fireworks."

Glenn met his look steadily, that was all. He was not a talking man, Comlough was heartened by that.

"Don't forget to get a pair o' gloves," was all Glenn said. "Thin silk's best."

Two men separated at the corner of Sixty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue shortly after eight o'clock in the evening. One walked with a loping stride rapidly east on the south side of Sixty-sixth Street. There was a slight bulge over his inner coat-pocket. The other man strolled leisurely up Fifth Avenue and east on Sixty-seventh Street. By the time he reached Madison Avenue the first man had twice passed a severe Colonial apartment house on the north side of Sixty-sixth Street next to a finely-mannered four-story brick dwelling with marble facings and two entrances. One was a deep, wide New England doorway, with a polished knocker, and threshold on the level of the sidewalk. The other was the servants' entrance, a half-dozen steps down, and narrower. The house was dark from top to bottom.

The second man came down Madison Avenue to Sixty-sixth Street, hesitated a moment, and walked west on the north side. An automobile drove up and a man and woman entered the apartment house. He struck briskly and diagonally across the street, and had almost reached Fifth Avenue again when the first man rematerialized out of the shadows on the south side, crossed the street also and quickly entered the apartment house, too.

The second man now sauntered down Fifth Avenue and walked east on Sixty-fifth Street, and presently he came round the block into Sixty-sixth from Madison again. A woman was hastening toward Fifth Avenue. Otherwise the street was dark, dignified and deserted. As he strolled west on the north side, just in front of the residence beside the apartment house his shoe-string must evidently have become untied, because he bent over as though to tie it. A thin sliver of light marked the threshold of the big wide door just for a moment. He suddenly straightened and in three steps was in the spacious shade of the portal. He pushed slightly against it. It gave noiselessly to his pressure. The next instant he was inside. The door shut silently behind him. Some one gripped his arm.

"Come back a bit — we don't want to use any light here."

"Anybody see you next door?"

"No. Hopped the fence — a cinch."

They came to a stairway. Comlough took the electric torch from Glenn and shot a peg of light on it.

"Up!" he whispered.

As they reached the top he gave a slight start. The Sèvres clock in the music-room chimed once for eight-thirty. Half a hundred miles away, in the house of Mrs. Roger Warren Shevlin in Allenhurst, New Jersey, the vice-president of the Clinton Loan and Trust Company in charge of loans was just hanging up a telephone receiver, after a short conversation with a gentleman in Greenpoint, Kings County, Greater New York, named Nolan. It had taken him almost an hour to get Mr. Nolan on the wire; less than a twentieth part of it to conclude his conversation with him. The sharp feminine ears in the next room trained on Lynn's part of the conversation heard little more than "Yes,— yes — no — no! Is that so?" He never held himself better in hand than in the first thirty seconds of that conversation.

"Nolan?" he had said.

"Yes — Mr. Yarnall?" In Greenpoint, Kings County, Nolan was looking at a pad in front of him.

"Mr. Yarnall, first I want to tip you off about something funny," he had said. "Where are you?" he suddenly asked.

"Out of town with some friends — Yes?"

"You know the other day I saw a woman coming out of your office."

Oddly something in Lynn's chest tightened.

"Yes?" he forced himself to say indifferently.

"She was a pippin!" volunteered Mr. Nolan gratuitously.

"Yes?" coldly.

"Well — this noon I saw her coming out of a place on Thirty-eighth Street with Comlough."

For a second Lynn did not answer. He was staring into a blindly dazzling spot ahead.

"Are you sure?" he asked slowly, steadily.

"Sure — say, d'ye think I'd ever mistake her? — More'n that, I went up there late this afternoon and inquired, and she's been meeting him there about every day."

LYNN was still staring fixedly ahead, but the dazzling spot had formed into a shining steel sphere about three feet in diameter, mounted on a solid iron base in his study.

"Thought I'd pass it on to you for what it was worth," Nolan said.

"Certainly — thanks." He focussed his attention nearer. "About that R4 — what's the news about that?" he forced himself to say.

There had followed a lot of unheard talk from Nolan, punctuated by curt meaningless monosyllables and terse meaningless phrases from Lynn. He had hung up the receiver. Far away in his music-room the Sèvres clock was chiming once for half-past eight. For a moment he stood motionless getting a grip on himself. He still saw his gleaming steel ball of a safe in front of him. He walked leisurely into the other room where Mrs. Roger Warren Shevlin, reclining lazily in a deep soft chair by the unlighted fireplace, looked enticingly up at him. He rubbed his hands with a quiet air of satisfaction.

"Now," said Lynn patteringly; "that's settled! Nothing, as they say in the Street when a lamb has been shorn, to do until the bear season opens."

"Sounds frightfully technical," she crooned.

He lowered himself luxuriously into another deep soft chair opposite Mrs. Shevlin, crossing his long legs and smiling contentedly at her. He clamped his hand suddenly to his side, as though he had a pain, and sat bolt upright.

"Oh, rot!" he muttered angrily. "Not a cigar! Cigars, of course, you haven't got, Mrs. Shevlin?" he asked hopefully, gazing across at the small table on which stood an alabaster box filled with gold-lettered cigarettes.

Mrs. Shevlin looked her regrets, a little taken back.

"So — sorry, Mr. Lynn! I thought you only smoked cigarettes?"

"Not — not in the evening. Well, that's something we've got to correct instanter. Care to walk down to the village with me?"

She smiled up at him languidly.

"Take the car — I'll be here when you come back — I won't run away from you," she purred coyly.

"But I might from you," he said.

Her eyes went sleepily up to his.

"Not a chance!" they said.

"Wicked, wicked Mr. Lynn to even say such a thing!" her lips reproved insinuatingly.

He bent over her, touching her shoulder lightly.

"Call me Evans!" he said. For a moment he stood bending over her, his face close to hers. He straightened abruptly and went out to get her car, and his cigars.

Unfortunately in his comprehensive instructions to her Comlough had failed to mention this now important trifle. Lynn never smoked cigars, day or night.

He reached the railroad station in her car at 8:43. In three minutes a train for New York was due. And now that profound perversity of luck which sticks deranging fingers into men's affairs and railroad schedules hit Lynn hard. Word came down the line from Bradley Beach that there had been an accident and the road was tied up. He felt a chill, despite the warm May night. The safe was still before his eyes. But his nerve held. He could make New York in three and a half or four hours in the automobile, he thought. Fortunately he knew the roads. But he could not leave his house unguarded that long.

He telephoned to Hempstead. He was lucky in getting the connection quickly, too. Marcia answered. Her voice steadied him, and then for the first time in his life Evans Lynn, like many another man who has dropped the gold of life to pick up the brass, was struck with a sudden sense of irremediable loss. He belonged to that extensive class of persons who never really understand any act of their own until they see the consequences of it.

"Send Martin to the house with the roadster," he said to Marcia. "Tell him to wait inside for me. Send him right away — dear!"

She asked him if anything was wrong. "No," he replied curtly, for the second time in his life, at least, unable to weave explanatory plausibilities — that ridiculous stall about the cigars haunted him. But always the picture of his safe put sand on his acquired glibness. He repeated simply that Martin should bring the keys and let himself into the house at once. He wanted some one in the house as soon as possible. He hung up and went out to the automobile. Irony! He was about to get into the car when a far whistle sounded through the lovely May night and down the line, its sardonic eye seemingly cognizant of the harrowing trick it had played on him, came the New York train! Savagely regretting having called up Marcia, he left Mrs. Shevlin's automobile unceremoniously standing, and boarded the later train, which should bring him to New York at about eleven.

COMLOUGH and Glenn worked round to the stairway leading to the second floor, the flashlight slapping its blue-gray shaft at the darkness.

"Up!" said Comlough.

They reached the third landing.

"Almost there," he whispered. He had no definite sensations. He was like a cool supercrust holding down a whole spasm of them. As they made their way through rooms the sudden soft splashings of the torch seemed to cast magic-lantern discs of revelation on grotesquely familiar surroundings. He had a sense of tingling — almost pleasurable. A sense of getting to an objective through danger. They crossed the soft library carpet and pushed through the portières into the room adjoining Lynn's study. The door of the study was shut. Comlough cast the torchlight on the knob.

"Wait a minute there!" said Glenn as he was about to grip the knob. "I've seen this fellow before. He's got an alarm attachment there." He took the light from Comlough. "I thought so," he said after examining it closely. "He's prob'ly got his safe alarm and his current on the same line. Wait here."

He moved away softly, the flashes of the torch against the carpet indicating his whereabouts until he passed through the door and out into [*Continued on page 58*]

Mrs. Shevlin, reclining lazily in a deep soft chair by the unlighted fireplace, looked up enticingly at him

Nature Finds a Way of Avenging a Wrong

The Wanderer *of the* Wasteland *by* Zane Grey

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

ADAM LAREY had chanced upon the strangest and most fatal situation in all his desert years. But was it chance? Straight as an arrow he had come across the barrens to meet a wonderful woman who was going to love him and a despicable man whom he was going to kill.

Magdalene Virey had been brought to Death Valley by her husband; he had installed her in a hut which an avalanche must crush sooner or later. He knew it; she knew it. Adam had rescued Virey who had been overcome by the poison of the Valley and then, despite the man's resentful attitude, he had remained in the hope of being of service to the woman.

For days he tried to persuade Virey to take his wife away from Death Valley—away from certain death. Virey was unyielding and Adam had made up his mind to kill him when Magdalene interfered.

"No," she said, "if you kill him it will undo all the good you have done for me. Because it was I who ruined him." Adam promised never to kill Virey—unless Virey killed Magdalene. But one day when Virey awoke her by waving a tarantula in front of her eyes, Adam lost control of himself; he smeared the remains of the spider over Virey's face and gave him a beating.

Virey's revenge was not long delayed. Ascending the slope above the shack one morning he began rolling stones in the direction of the shack. No longer did he seek to frighten his wife; he meant to kill her.

Adam, hearing the commotion, ran from his camp toward the Virey shack. Then a piercing split, as of rocks rent asunder, a rattling crash — and the lower half of the great gray slope was in motion. The avalanche! Adam leaped at the startling sound, and bounding a few yards to a huge boulder, high as his head and higher, he mounted it. He was too late! A pall of dust, a gray tumbling mass, moved down ponderously, majestically, to hide from Adam's sight the white form of Magdalene Virey.

ADAM was thrown prostrate. With all his might he clung to the boulder that rocked like a boat on choppy waves. In the thick smothering dust he all but lost his senses. Then with tremendous jolt the boulder stopped. Adam felt what seemed a stream of stones rolling over his feet.

As horror relaxed its grim clutch Adam began to realize that miraculously he had been spared. In the hot dusty pall he fought for breath like a drowning man. The heavier dust settled and the lighter drifted away.

Adam clambered to his feet. The huge boulder that had been his ship of safety appeared to be surrounded by a sea of small rocks, level with where he stood. The avalanche had spread a deep layer of rocks all over and beyond the space adjacent to the camp. Not a vestige of the shack remained. Magdalene Virey had been buried forever beneath a mass of stone. Adam's great frame shuddered with the convulsions of his emotion. He bent and bowed under the inevitable. "Oh, my God! too late! too late! . . . Yet I knew all the time!" was the mournful cry he sent out into the silence. Dazed, sick, horror-stricken, he bowed there above Magdalene Virey's sepulchre and salt tears burned his eyes and splashed down upon the dusty stones.

Suddenly he remembered Virey. The thought transformed him.

"He must have slid with the avalanche," muttered Adam. "Buried under here somewhere. One sepulchre for him and wife! . . . So he wanted it — alive or dead!"

A moving white object caught Adam's roving sight. His head, like that of a striking eagle, shot forward as he peered with piercing telescopic intensity. His desert eyes magnified that white object. An upright shape! A man! He was toiling over the loose stones.

"*Virey!*" burst out Adam, and with the explosion of the word, its amaze, its doubt, its ferocity, all of the desert stormed in him, and his nature was no different from the cataclysm that had scarred the slope.

Like a wide-lunged primordial giant, Adam lifted his roar of rage toward the heights — a yell that clapped fierce echoes from the cliffs. Virey heard. He began to clamber faster over the rocks and sheered off toward the right, where under the beetling steep slopes every rod was more fraught with peril.

Adam bounded like a huge soft-footed cat over the hummocky spread of the avalanche, and reaching its end, he took to the long bare slope. Swiftly he ran, and then, as the ascent steepened, he slowed to rapid stride, heading to the left, soon reaching another area of broken stones. Virey's only avenue of escape lay upward and to the left. Once Adam cut him off there he was in a trap — treacherous loose slides of rock all around him, and farther on a precipice.

To the right over the ridge small stones began to show, rolling and bouncing, then shooting like bullets off the bare slant below. Virey was out of Adam's sight now, but evidently still headed in the fatal direction. Like a mountain-sheep, surest-footed of beasts, Adam bounded from loose rock to sharp corner, across the wide holes, on and upward. Exertion and hot sun made him wet with sweat, loosened his joints, limbered his muscles. He surmounted that slope to the bench above.

Adam heard the faint cracking of stones. He hurried on, working away from the left, until he was climbing straight toward the splintered, toppling mass of mountain peak, a mile above him. All now, in every direction, was broken rock, round, sharp, flat, octagonal, every shape, but mostly round, showing how in the process of ages the rolling and grinding had worn off the edges.

At length he again espied Virey, far to the right, and half a mile farther up, climbing like a weary beast on hands and feet. By choice or by mistake he had gone upward to the most hazardous zone of all that treacherous unstable mountainside.

Adam strode on. He made short cuts. He avoided the looser slides. He zigzagged the steeper places. He would attend to safe stepping-stones for a few rods, then halt to lift his gaze toward that white-shirted man toiling up like a crippled ape. The mountain slope, though huge and wide under the glaring sun, seemed to lose something of its openness. The red battlements and ramparts of the heights were frowning down upon it, casting a shadow of menace.

Red, sinister, bare, ghastly, this smoky slope under the pitiless sun was a fitting place for Wansfell to get his hands on Virey — murderer of a woman. Adam thought of it that way because he remembered how Virey had been fascinated by the story of Baldy McKue. But mostly Adam's mind worked like the cunning instinct of a wolf to circumvent its prey.

But the time came when he halted. Placing his hands around his mouth he expanded his deep lungs and burst into a trumpet-like yell:

"VIREY!" The fugitive heard, turned from his toiling, slid to a seat on the precarious slope, and waited. "I'LL BREAK YOUR BONES — I'LL WRING YOUR NECK!"

A wild and frightful cry pealed down to ring in Adam's ears. He had struck terror to the heart of the murderer. And Adam beat down his savage eagerness, as he might have beaten a foe, so as to lengthen the time till Virey's doom. Not thus did the desert in Adam speak, but what the desert had made him. Agony, blood, death! They were as old as the rocks. Other animate shapes, in another age, had met in strife there, under the silent beetling peak. Life was the only uttermost precious thing.

Virey's progress became a haunting and all-satisfying spectacle to behold, and Adam's pursuit became

studied, calculated, retarded — a thing as cruel as the poised beak of a vulture.

Virey got half-way up a gray desolate weathered slant, immense in its spread, another fan-shaped waiting avalanche. The red ragged heights loomed above, and below a mountain-side as unstable as water hung, perhaps restrained, by a mere pebble. Here Virey halted. Farther he could not climb. Like a spent and cornered rat he meant to show fight.

Adam soon reached a point directly below Virey, some hundreds of yards — a long hard climb. He paused to catch his breath.

"Bad slope for me — if he begins to roll stones!" muttered Adam, grimly.

But neither rolling stones nor avalanches could stop Adam. The end of this tragedy was fixed. It had been set for all the years of Virey's life and back into the past. The very stones cried out

Adam began to climb the weathered slope, taking a zigzag course. Sliding stones only slightly retarded his ascent. He stepped too quickly.

Virey set loose a boulder. It slid, rolled, leaped, fell with a crack, and then took to hurtling bounds, starting a multitude of smaller stones. Adam kept keen eye on the boulder and paid no attention to the others. Then he stepped aside out of its course. As it whizzed past Adam, Virey slid another loose upon the slope. Adam climbed even as the rock bounded down, and a few strides took him to one side. Virey ran over, directly in line with Adam, and started another huge rock. Thus by keeping on a zigzag ascent Adam kept climbing most of the time, and managed to avoid the larger missiles. The smaller ones, however, could not all be avoided. And their contact was no slight matter. Virey tugged upon a large rock, deeply imbedded, and rolled it down. Huge, bounding, crashing, it started a rattling slide that would have swept Adam to destruction had it caught him. But he leaped out of line just in the nick of time.

Suddenly above the cracks and rattling clash rose a heavy penetrating sound. Mighty rasp of a loose body against one of solidity. Startled to a halt Adam gazed down at his feet. The rocks seemed to be heaving. Then a dreadful yell broke sharply. Virey! Adam flashed his gaze upward in time to see the whole slope move. And that move was accompanied by a rattling crash, growing louder and more prolonged. Virey stood stricken by mortal terror in the midst of an avalanche.

Wheeling swiftly, Adam bounded away and down, his giant strides reaching farther and faster, his quivering body light and supple, his eye guiding his flying feet to surfaces that were safe.

Then he halted to turn and see, irresistibly called to watch Virey go to what must soon be a just punishment. The avalanche, waving like swells of the sea, seemed slowing its motion Thin dust clouds of powdered rock hung over it. Adam again became aware of sound — a long-drawn, rattling roar, decreasing, deadening, dying. Suddenly as the avalanche had started it halted. But it gave forth grating ominous warnings. Only an upper layer of the loose rock had slid down, and the under layer appeared precisely like what the surface had been — rocks and rocks of all sizes, just as loose, just as ready to roll.

Virey could be plainly seen, imbedded to his hips in the loose stones. Writhing, squirming, wrestling, he sought to free himself from that grip of granite. In vain! He was caught in a vise of his own making. Prisoner of the mountain-side that he had used to destroy his wife! He was turned toward Adam, face upward. There seemed a change in him, but in the racking excitement of that moment, Adam could not tell what.

Then that desert instinct, like the bursting of a flood, moved Adam to the violence of strife, the ruthlessness of nature, the blood-spilling of men Madness of hate seized him.

"MY TURN!" he yelled, in voice of thunder, and bristling-haired, supple and long-armed, with strength and laugh and face of a savage he heaved a huge rock.

It rolled, it cracked, it banged, it hurtled high, to crash and smash, and then leaping aloft, instinct as if with mockery, it went over Virey's head to go on down over the precipice from whence it sent up a sliding roar. Adam heaved another stone and watched it. Virey grew motionless as a statue.

"AHA THERE, VIREY!" yelled Adam, waving his hands. "ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT I'LL ROLL STONES!"

Virey was mute. He was chained. He was helpless. He could not move, nor faint, nor die. Retribution had overtaken him. As he had chosen the most deadly and awful spot on earth to hide his wife and kill her, so the nature that he had embraced now chose to turn upon him. There was law here — law of the unknown forces in life and in the elements. At that very moment a vulture streaked down from the hazed heights and sailed, a black shadow of wide-spread wings across the slope. What had given this grisly-omened bird sight and scent illimitable?

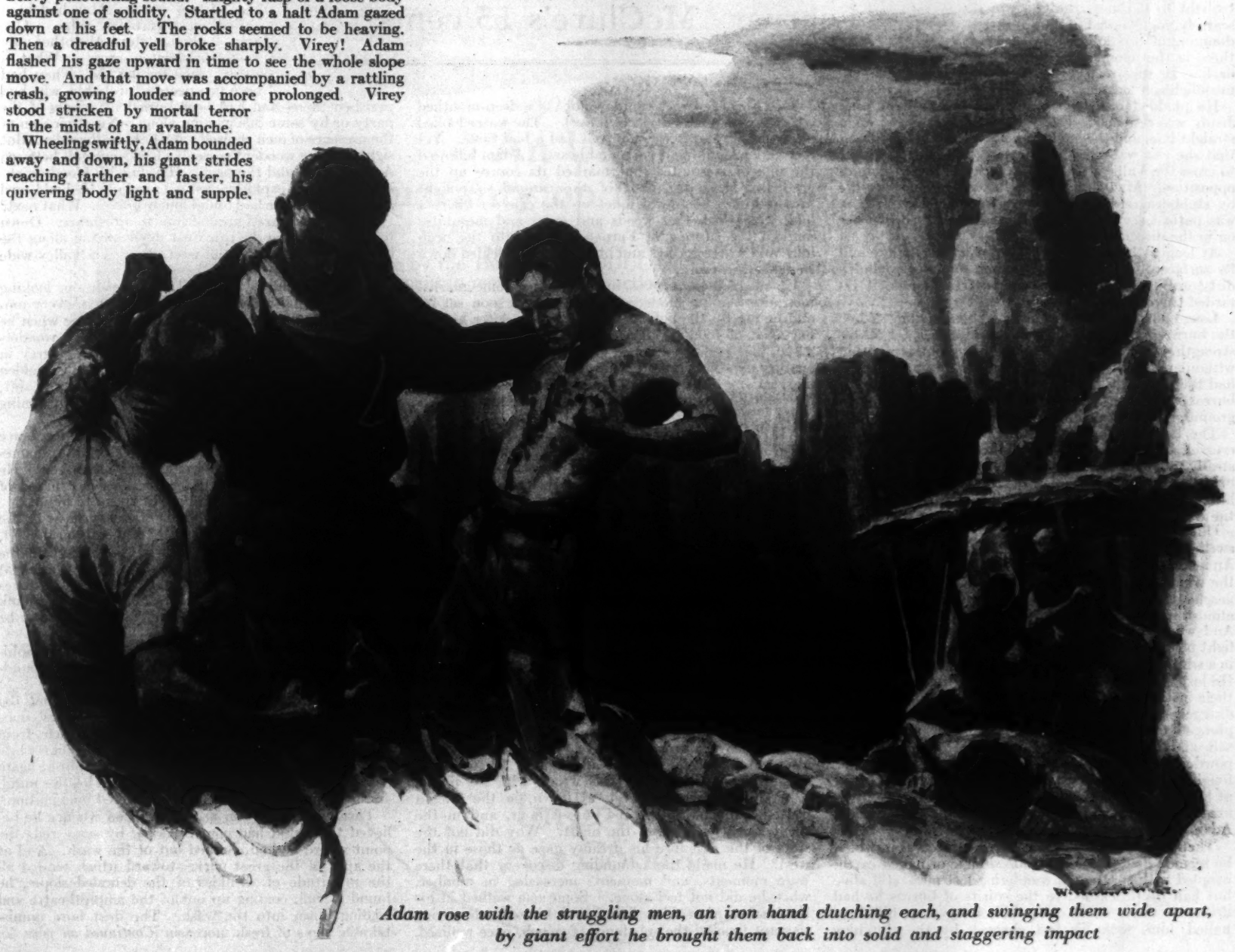
Adam did not soon tire at his gigantic task. The rolling stones fascinated him. From dead things they leaped to life. How they hurtled through space! Some shot aloft a hundred feet. Others split, and rolled, like wheels, down and down, the halves passing on either side of the doomed Virey. But Virey bore a charmed life.

A time came when Adam rolled his last stone. Like the very first one it sped straight for Virey and just as it appeared about to crush him it veered to one side. Adam stared grim and aghast. Could he never kill Virey as Virey had murdered his wife and tried to kill him?

"She — said I'd — never kill — you!" panted Adam. Then he took a stride downward, meaning to descend and finish Virey with his hands.

As he stepped down the avalanche below grated with strange harsh sound. It seemed to warn him. Halting, he gazed with clearer eyes. What was this greater change in Virey? Adam bent and peered. The man's hair had turned snow-white!

Adam made another and a longer stride downward. And that instant the slope trembled. Virey flung up his arms as if to ward off another rolling stone. It would never stop again on that slope. A shining red-tinged dust-cloud shrouded Virey. And then the avalanche, spilling over the declivity below, shocked



Adam rose with the struggling men, an iron hand clutching each, and swinging them wide apart, by giant effort he brought them back into solid and staggering impact

the whole mountain slope. Death Valley engulfed the hollow echo and boomed thunder across to the battlements of the Funeral Mountains. And when the last rumble wore away silence and solitude reigned there, pervasive and peaceful, as they had in the ages before man, with his passions, had evolved to vex nature.

How Adam descended that treacherous and baffling slope of avalanche he never knew. The thick red heat-haze and the infernal shadow seemed to have befogged his brain. His return to camp was as vague as one of his desert nightmares.

When Adam had packed his burros, twilight in the clefts of the hills had deepened to purple. He filled his canteens, carefully screwed them tight, and then drinking deep and full from the faithful spring that he knew he would never see again, he rose ready for departure. He started the burros down toward the gateway. Breaking camp had reminded him that he had not partaken of food that day, and ever thoughtful of necessity, even though he had no hunger, he munched biscuits as he walked along. The place behind him was as silent as a grave. Adam did not look back. He felt the gray obscurity close over the scene.

Down at the gateway he saw that the Valley was still light with the afterglow of sunset. Diagonally and far across the ashen waste he described the little dark patch which he knew to be an oasis, where the waters of Furnace Creek sank into the sands. It looked twenty miles away. And he marked it in line with a notched peak of the Funerals.

So he drove the burros from under the gloomy overhanging bulk of the Panamints out upon the open floor of Death Valley.

So gradual was the change from twilight to darkness that he would scarcely have noted it but for the dimming of the notched peak. Out there in the open valley it was not dark. It was really the color of moonlight on marble.

He plodded on, driving the burros ahead of him. Jenny was contrary. Every few steps she edged off a straight line, and the angle of her ears and head showed that she was watching her master. She did not want to cross the Valley. Instinct taught her the wisdom of opposition. Many a burro had saved its master's life by stubborn refusal to travel the wrong way. Adam was patient, even kind, but he relentlessly drove her on in the direction he had chosen.

At length the ashen level plain changed its hue and its surface. The salt-crust became hummocky and a dirty gray. Hard, brittle, sharp, treacherous, it retarded travel.

Long hours and slow miles passed behind him. When the burros broke through, Adam had a task for all his strength. Once he could not pull Jenny out of a pitfall without unpacking her. And the time came when he had the added task of leading the way and dragging the burros with ropes. Burros did not lead well on good ground, let alone over this scored and burst salt-crust.

The heat and oppressiveness and dense silence increased toward midnight; and then began a soft and steady movement of air down the valley. Adam felt a prickling of his skin and a drying of the sweat upon him. An immense and mournful moan breathed over the wasteland, like that of a mighty soul in travail.

Out here in the open, the hollow roar that had swelled and lulled through the canyons was absent. An incessant moaning, now rising, now falling, attended the winds on their march down the Valley. The gales accelerated Adam's progress, so that sometimes he was almost running. Often he was thrown to his knees. And when the midnight storm reached its height the light of the stars failed, the outline of mountains faded in a white whirling chaos, dim and moaning and terrible. He lost his direction, and clung to the burros, knowing their instinct to be surer guide than his. The burros dragged him on, and lower he swayed, oftener he plunged to his knees, ploughing his big hands in the salt and lowering his face into the flying sheets of powder. He gasped and coughed and choked, and fought to breathe through his smothering scarf. And at last, as he fell exhausted, blind and almost asphyxiated, the hot gales died away. The change of air saved Adam from unconsciousness.

Then followed a black and horrible interval in which he seemed hauled across a pale shingle of naked earth, peopled with spectres, a wandering lost man, still alive but half dead, leashed to the spirits of burros he had driven to their death. Up hill, always up hill they pulled him, with his feet clogged by the clutching sands A gray dawn broke, and his entrance into the light resembled climbing out of somber depths to the open world. The valley of the white shadows of death had been crossed. A green patch of mesquites and cottonwoods gleamed cool and dark out of the gray sands. The burros ran with bobbing packs, straight to the water they had scented. Staggering on after them, Adam managed to remove their burdens; and that took the remnant of his strength. Yielding to a dead darkness of sense he fell under the trees.

When he came to the day had far advanced and the sun, sloping to the west, was sinking behind the Panamints Adam stumbled up. His thirst told the story of that day's heat, which had parched him, even while he lay asleep in the shade. Hunger did not trouble him. Either he was weak from exertion or had suffered from breathing poisoned air or had lost something of his equilibrium. Whatever was wrong, it surely behooved him to get out of the lower part of the Valley, up above sea level to a place where he could regain his strength. To that end he hunted for his burros. They were close by, and he soon packed them, though with much less than his usual dexterity. Then he started, following the course of the running water.

Who Pays for Our National Waste and Rarely, if Ever, Murmurs?

"The Tolerant Tax Payer"

By Garet Garrett

The author, a recognized financial authority, gives many startling reasons why the tax payer should make a noise and a loud noise

February McClure's 15 cents

This Furnace Creek ran down out of a deep-mouthed canyon, with yellow walls of gravel. The water looked like vinegar, and it was hot and had a bad taste. Yet it would sustain life of man and beast. Adam followed the line of mesquites that marked its course up the gradually ascending floor of the canyon. Twilight caught him a couple of miles up the canyon where a long wide thicket of weeds and grass and mesquites marked the turning of Furnace Creek into the drab hills, and where springs and little streams trickled down from the arroyos.

Up one of these arroyos, in the midst of some gnarled mesquites, Adam made camp. Darkness soon set in, and he ate by the light of a camp-fire. After he had partaken of food he discovered that he was hungry. Also, his eyelids drooped heavily. Despite these healthy reactions and a deeper interest in his surroundings, Adam knew he was not entirely well. He endeavored to sit up a while, and tried to think.

GLOOMY and depressed, he rolled in his blankets. And he slept twelve hours. Next day he felt better in body, but no different in mind. He set to work making a comfortable camp in spite of the fact that he did not seem to want to stay there. Hard work and plenty of food improved his condition. His strength of limb soon rallied to rest and nourishment. But the strange state of mind persisted. It took effort of will to attend to any action. Dismukes must be in this locality somewhere, according to the little map, but though Adam remembered this, and reflected how it accounted for his own presence there, he could not dwell seriously upon the fact. Dismukes seemed relegated to the vague future. At night Adam walked under the stars and could not shake off the spell; and next day when in an idle hour he found himself walking again and again down the gravel-bedded canyon toward Death Valley, then he divined that what he had attributed to absent-mindedness was a far more serious aberration.

The discovery brought about a shock that quickened his mental process. What ailed him? He was well and strong again. What was wrong with his mind? Why did he face the west, at dawn, in the solemn white-hot noon, at the red sunset hour, and in the silent lonely watches of the night? Why did not the stars of the east lure his dreamy gaze as those in the west? He made the astounding discovery that there were moments, and moments increasing in number, when he did not feel alone. Some one walked in his shadow at noon-tide. He found himself whispering vagrant fancies, the substance of which, once realized, was baffling and disheartening. And at last he divined that a longing to return to Death Valley consumed him.

"Ah! so that's it!" he muttered, in consternation "But why?"

It came to Adam then— the secret of the mystery. Death Valley called him!

"Death Valley again — for me — I shall go mad," soliloquized Adam

At last his mind was slowly being unhinged by the forces of the desert. Some places of the earth were too strong, too inhuman, too old and too wasted for any man.

Suddenly, a cry pierced his dull ear. Sharply he sat up. The hour was near the middle of the forenoon. The day was hot and still. Adam's pulses slowly quieted down. He had been mistaken. The water babbled by his camp, bees flew over with droning hum. Then as he relaxed he was again startled by a cry, faint and far-off. It appeared to come from up the canyon, round the low yellow corner of wall. He listened intently, but the sound was not repeated. The insulating silence once more argued in favor of an imagined cry. Was not the desert full of silent voices? He set his grim face toward the east.

Around that yellow bend the canyon opened out wide, a gravel bed of stream in flood time, with a few gray sages and a few green greasewoods growing scantily. Adam went on, and climbed up the gravel bank on the left side to a bare slope and from that to the top of a ridge. It was hard, packed ground covered by many pebbles of uniform size and different color, all level and imbedded as if a heavy roller had passed over them. Almost before Adam could look up to see around and afar he espied at his feet two rude wooden crosses. He was astonished. Then he saw faint outlines of two graves. Men had been buried on this bleak ridge. One grave had a footstone, the other only a weather-beaten cross What a lonely place for graves! They had been prospectors, probably, who had perished there, and had been buried by others of the party or by some one passing along. No other sign of the presence of men showed anywhere on the ridge. But sight of these wooden crosses bridged some gulf between Adam's mind and the past. His sluggish blood quickened. The old exploring instinct awoke. He had heard a distant cry — he had found lonely graves. What next?

Then Adam gazed around him to a distance. Down toward the Valley he saw dust devils racing along the bare flats. Away to the west gleamed a valley-wide mirage, clear as a mirror.

Adam descended to a level, and strode on, looking everywhere, halting now and then to listen, every moment gaining some hold on his old self. Once when he stopped, he espied a wan little flower, smiling wonderfully out of the sand. It had low leaves, sage-gray in color with the fragrance of sage, and a tiny golden blossom. In the sunlight the leaves were very soft, veined and scalloped, with a fine fuzz and a glistening sparkle like that of a mullein.

Adam arose from the scrutiny of it and the fragrance of it with a strongly beating heart. Only a tiny nameless flower that few men would ever have seen! He went on and on, slow and sure, missing not a rod of ground, as if the very stones might speak to him.

Adam plodded along this wide gravel wash, with the high bronze saw-tooth peaks of the Funerals on the left, and some yellow clay dunes showing their tips over the bank on the right. At length he came to a place that suggested a possible sloping of these colored clay dunes down into a basin or canyon. Climbing up the bank he took a few steps across the narrow top, there to be halted as if he had been struck.

He had been confronted by a tremendous amphitheatre, a yellow gulf, a labyrinthine maze so astounding that he discredited his sight.

And then Adam, with breast oppressed by feelings too deep for utterance, retracted his far-seeing gaze, once more to look over the whole amazing spectacle, from the crinkly buff clay under his feet to the dim white bottom of the valley. And at this keen instant he again heard a cry. Human it was, or else he had lost his mind, and all which he saw here was disordered imagination.

Turning back he ran in the direction whence he believed the sound had come, passing by some rods the point where he had climbed out of the wash. And at the apex of the great curve, toward which tended all the multitude of wrinkles of the denuded slopes, he found a trail, coming up out of the amphitheatre and leading down into the wash. The dust bore unmistakable signs of fresh moccasin [*Continued on page 46*]

An Unlimited Guaranty on Motor Cooling

is offered on all Holmes Series 4 cars. This is the first real guaranty on performance ever offered on an automobile. It is made possible by the Holmes AERODUCT, "The greatest engineering development in motor car construction in ten years."

Notable Holmes Achievements

Denver to Pike's Peak—115 miles on low gear.

North Adams, Mass., to Boston—141.4 miles on low gear, towing 3550 pounds of dead weight.

Chicago to Milwaukee and return—198 miles on low gear.

Denver to Gunnison, Colo.—293 miles, average speed 31.15 miles per hour. Climbing the Continental Divide at 11,400 feet.

Chicago to Cincinnati—average speed 39.4 miles per hour.

Boston to Bretton Woods—average speed 39.5 miles per hour.

These records were all made in standard stock touring cars.

A Word About Price **Even with the present marked reductions** in price, the average increase over 1917 prices among the seventeen leading cars stands at present at 67%. Holmes prices today are only 31% over 1917 prices. The next lowest increase is 33%, and some cars still show as high as 114% increase. The Holmes offers not only distinctive service values not found in other cars, but in price it offers an exceptional money value.

126-inch wheelbase.
18-20 miles to the gallon of gasoline.
Better than 10,000 miles to the set of tires.

Holmes Automobile Company, Canton, Ohio

HOLMES

Improved
Air Cooled

Clyde Fitch's Lean Years — *Continued from page 28*

trouble about 'De Grammont', difficulty in arranging between Miller and Sothern, and so it is not sold to Sothern after all, and I had counted on the money! I've only enough to crawl to Paris on now! Venice is always fatal to me somehow. Last year I was penniless here, and I see so *many* things to buy! Every time I stir, I see *just* the thing for you and ——. I hope you will like what I *have* got. And I have some lovely things for Mumsy; for myself I've principally got silver for my table and old china. . . . I've some jolly old Empire pieces (silver) and some lovely old faience plates, etc. Won't it be fun showing them . . . ! Did I write you I wrote a whole new play for Russell at P——? And I think you will love it, and he will probably do it at Daly's the last of October. Frohman opens the Lyceum with 'The Duchess' wh I have worked a good deal on since I came away, and must make more changes after I get home,— the sort of work I dread and dislike — working around other people's ideas. O! we are up such a dear little narrow canal now. Well, good-bye. I shall see you in about three weeks, I hope. . . . How nice it will be to sit at the table with you all again, and have chicken on a Sunday and one of your *bonnes salades*, for which I am bringing — but there! I mustn't tell."

However much he might have disliked working over the ideas of others, most of his time was now spent in adaptation and translation, which he always did with more originality than was necessary. The way in which he watched the foreign stage made him catch the spirit of the French writers, and "The Social Swim", "An American Duchess", as well as "Mrs. Grundy, Jun."— all written about this time — while they were failures that never brought him anything more than contumely, trained him in brilliant dialogue and helped him toward that simplicity of plot which was one of his later excellencies. In the meanwhile, the original study he made of the time of Charles II for his play, "His Grace de Grammont", increased his love of decorativeness, while the play mentioned in the next letter, later to be discussed under its American title of "Lovers' Lane", continued the idyllic flavor of "April Weather."

"24 August, 1894.
55 Rossetti Mans., Chelsea.

My dear but sadly naughty, once friendly little playmate:

I can only send you a shortish note in answer to yr last charming letter, because tonight Jim and I (provided Jim gets back in time from Brighton, where he is now visiting his sisters) are going to Amsterdam, La Hague, Brussels, etc., etc., and Paris. We are only to be gone about three weeks. But that isn't my great news — I have sold 'The Parson' to George Alexander for both England and America!!! It couldn't be in better hands. In the first place he and his theatre are as popular in London as Irving and his, and Alexander does equally beautiful productions. And his theatre has been the place of the most successful modern plays, 'Second Mrs. Tanqueray', 'Lady Windermere's Fan', 'Liberty Hall', 'The Masqueraders', etc. All were produced by Alexander. He loves the play and will mount it on the stage most beautifully. He has a leeway of 18 months to do it in. But I *am* so glad, aren't you!! . . . And now I can bring you all presents!!! . . . I have not read the last three numbers of 'Trilby'; must wait now till the book is out. Our garden is full of sunflowers and hollyhocks; it seems a pity to leave them."

Too much stress cannot be laid on the way in which Clyde, wherever he was, infused his surroundings with the charm of his own personality. It was not alone the things he bought, which always made his rooms of interest, but, as some one has said, the manner of his own self as host which counted, and he always challenged his friends to show their most original side, whether at his evening parties, his luncheons, or his theatre-goings. He loved wholesome fun, he dreaded publicity, and, as his reputation increased and he was pointed out, he seemed more and more to avoid public gatherings, falling off in his "first night" attendance and slipping into the theatre when least expected. Now and again, when his mother came from her home in Hartford on a visit, he would have one of his friends to meet her, making of it an occasion no less flattering than it was sincere. To one such summons, Oliver Herford replied in his usual jocose vein:

"Dear Clyde:
I hasten to reply
That you may 'count on me', though I
Sincerely trust you do not mean
I am a 'figgering' machine.
For worlds I would not have your mater
Think me a lightning calculator,
Or what, if possible, is sadder,—
A nasty, horrid little adder.
And it would drive me to distraction
If she should watch my every action,
Fearing me guilty of subtraction
Among your costly bric-a-braction.
And worst of all if she — but why
Continue this; enough that I
Think it a most tremendous treat
On Friday next at lunch your sweet
Maternal ancestor to meet.
Yours,
Oliver.
P. S. Oh, my!
Don't think that I delayed reply
All yesterday and all last night,
This idiotic rhyme to write."

Mrs. Lily Langtry was now catered to in a play from the French of Jules Claretie, the first piece to be done in collaboration with the actor, Leo Ditrichstein, for whose artistic ability Fitch had warm admiration. They were to work together in many ventures; this one brought them no great success either in America or London.

"His Grace de Grammont", which finally was entrusted to the skill of Mr. Otis Skinner, was the next stage venture, and, while it did not come to New York at this time, waiting until a later revival, the critics of the middle west were high in praise of the good taste with which the dramatist extracted dramatic events from a page out of history. With the customary disregard people of the theatre have for records, Mr. Skinner now finds it difficult to draw from his scattered possessions any details of the preparation for this piece. He recalls how Fitch once met him after the performance, and Skinner deplored a certain actor whom the playwright had "wished" on him. In after years the tables were reversed. When Clyde attended a revival of "De Grammont", he rushed around to the actor's dressing-room, exclaiming, "Well, Skinner, we are *even* now! I wished Mr.—— on *you!* — but *now* you've wished Miss —— on *me!*"

Looking through the manuscripts of his plays, I am of the opinion that the act divisions of "De Grammont" are excellently illustrative of the Fitch of this period. They ran as follows:

Act. I. De Grammont meets Miss Hamilton, with Cupid present.
Act. II. De Grammont meets the King, with the Devil present.
Act III. The Little God and the Devil cross swords.
Act IV. The Little God wins!

That he passed quickly from one enthusiasm, as far as his play-writing was concerned, to another is shown by the following letter to Miss Marguerite Merington, the dramatist who wrote for Sothern his successful "Captain Letterblair", and with whom he was now on very friendly terms. The play he mentions was the one which afterward fell into the hands of Madame Modjeska, in whose reminiscences I find a comment which shows how eager she was to give encouragement to an American dramatist, and how much faith she had in "Mistress Betty" which, to her mind, despite the critical judgment, had many scenes of charm and dramatic effectiveness.

"154 West 57th Street, 8 May, 1895.

My dear Miss Merington:

I will come with pleasure on Sunday. I am so glad you are willing to 'Keep me up', because I have gathered from experience that I am an acquired taste, and uncertain at that.

I *wish* I had more of Betty, but I haven't touched the Ms. since you were here, in spite of the fact that yr friendly praise *tremendously* encouraged me. It made really the greatest difference in my feelings toward the lady. But there were imperative demands of silver, nickel and copper, and I was obliged to do some bread and butter dialogues wh *Life* is going to publish in a series. I'm just doing the last: The Impressionist and the Widow — Six Conversations. Do you think that a good title? They are nothing but frivol . . . "

He evidently took the manuscript with him to Europe, and from Dorking, The White Horse Hotel, he again wrote to Miss Merington on August 5, 1895.

"My dear Miss Merington:

It is very lucky you did not trust yrself to the tender mercies of my guidance! My country trip has so far been the most melancholy fizzle. I was *travelling two whole days* before I found a place, and finally came back to Dorking, after having discarded it, simply because I didn't know where else to go. It is certainly too much of a town. I persuaded a little woman to take me into her cottage, where she kept me two days, and then, her child falling ill, turned me out, and I was obliged to come to this hotel, where I pay a fairyland price. It has rained every day, is cold and damp, and today I am la[i]d up with a very bad throat, threatened with Quinzy! The one pleasant thing was *tea* with George Meredith — just ourselves — yesterday. He lives at Box Hill, an ideal spot nearby. Since I stopped travelling I have worked with a vengeance. Have finished 'April Weather' (with the August weather very much in sympathy) and today have finished Act II of Betty, i. e., temporarily finished; it must be thoroughly gone over and repaired. But I wd give anything now to have yr advice about it. It is — I *think* — *very* strong, stronger than I expected — but I wonder if it is *truly convincing*, and that worries me! I wdn't by any means take my oath upon it that it was right.

There are some very bilious pigeons near my window, seeking shelter from the *hellements*, wh adds to my melancholy, and I think I will 'lay down my pen! . . .'

It was after the production of "Mistress Betty"— which Modjeska had planned to add to her repertory, but which her husband, the Count Bozenta, thought might be deferred because of the Polish actress's bad health, that Fitch began to turn his attention to American historical subjects, not knowing that several of them would bring him added fortune. It will be noted that even after several years of "April Weather" on the stage, he was touching it up; and we will meet again with "Mistress Betty" under the title of "The Toast of the Town." But, as illustrative of the continual urge of drama in the mind of Clyde, the next letter shows that he was beginning to turn over, creatively, material for future work. He would do this all through his life, and suddenly splurge forth with a rapidly mounting series of what the critics called "new plays", when, as a matter of fact, they had been pondered over for several years beforehand. He wrote, on December 19, 1895, from the Carnegie Hall studio:

"Dear Stranger:

Will you come and lunch with me *tomorrow* at *one*, and I will promise to give you something to eat. Do come, because I am going away for Xmas, and it is so long since I've seen you. I have been and am 'dreffully' busy. And trying to sell and write plays by the dozen, job lots at Xmas time! What ones I don't dispose of, I intend to send around as New Year's cards! . . . Taber is coming to hear 'Andre' read (this however is a *secret*) at 3, so come early.

I am going to write Nathan Hale for Goodwin. I hope you like the idea. I don't quite remember if you did or not, and I'm afraid you didn't.

Hope *hard* to see you tomorrow.
Yours ever & ever."

On December 22, another letter to Miss Merington describes the attitude of the Tabers — it will be recalled that Julia Marlowe was then married to Robert Taber — and illustrates that a playwright often hangs upon the daily temperament of his players. It runs:

"My dear M. M.:

I thought perhaps you might like to hear the result of this afternoon. I was so angry they hadn't time to hear the whole play. I only read one act. But they liked that so much, I told them the rest of the play, and read the last act. They *said* they liked it very much and wanted to consider it, but (BUT) they didn't think *her* part sufficiently important, and they were afraid, all of wh I took for a polite *congé*.

I can't tell you how much yr criticisms improved it. I realized it so thoroughly as I read, I almost cried with gratitude (and the Tabers thought it was emotion at the *sad parts!*). Also I have cut *more* in Act I. It really was ever so good and *comradery* of you, and I hope you believe I am very, very grateful, because I am, more so.

The Tabers *both* said such charming and nice (and *true*) things of you! Why don't you do something for them? You'd get both yr leading parts well played, instead of *one* only, then. I feel awfully sorry at the shabby way you were treated today; kept a whole half hour waiting, and speeded so at the end. But I hope — and know — you understand and forgive. But to tell you the truth you are so *easy* to talk to and with, and so splendid to listen to, tho' I don't do half enough of that, because I am always so selfishly garrulous on my own account. That's your only fault, you *allow* me to talk too much, and *yes, you can* help it, too!! . . .

I wish you a *very merry* Xmas, you *treasure* of a friend."

The mere chronological list of Fitch's plays shows activity enough for one dramatist, but such letters as the foregoing clearly indicate that he was always forward looking, always working ahead, always reaching out for the good of some special player. Frohman was regarding him as a sort of official translator, and the next piece of work ordered by him was a paraphrase of Barrière's drama, "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême", which afforded the young Empire Theatre players, including Henry Miller, Viola Allen, William Faversham, Elsie deWolfe and Ida Conquest, an opportunity to disport themselves under the guise of "Bohemia." As a similar potboiler, though with not the originality displayed in the Frohman piece, he also translated from Bisson's French "The Liar" in which Katherine Florence and Fritz Williams were given the leads. In the meantime, during the summer of 1896, he was again abroad, and I find this letter, dated July 23, which begins in this fashion:

"On the train going to Wales — where the Fitches (Fytches) originally came from! — Do you think there are just as good Fitches in the Wales still!

My dear Mr. Popsy:

. . . Today I start on my journey home to you all. For altho' I don't anticipate arriving in N. Y. before Sept.,—or October, I am on the way, all the same, as I shall be 'on the move' from this time on, till I reach the *land* where they keep liberty outside in the harbor! Now a week in Wales with Maud Robertson and family, then a night in London — another in Ostend, and then a week in Bayreuth for the 'Nibelungen Ring.' Then — I don't know — Austria and Hungary (Vienna and Budapest) or Italy (Venice and Florence) or by chance *both!* then a ten days in Paris — more of the same in London — seven days *perdue* on the *sea*, and then, please God, dinner *chez* G. . . .

I am glad to be leaving London — and city life. I am hungry to *write* and think. I am full of ambitious ideas of things I want to do,— and London and Paris in their season give you no time. You can't write in white kid gloves, nor think *long* in a high hat! Not that I wish to sound ungrateful. I have had a lovely 2½ months . . . and I have met many new and brilliant people, and have seen the sights I love, small among which was the royal wedding yesterday. But all this is the decoration of Life, and when night comes one wishes to strap tired life to its body and let it rest as God made it. So, now I am off

to the country — where the air for breath is not second hand."

It will thus be seen how completely happy Clyde was when he turned his face homeward, how responsive he was to the spirit of New York, whose dramatist-laureate he was. His slim volume, "Some Correspondence and Six Conversations", is measure of the care with which he observed the flow of life along its streets, the cleverness with which he used the current topic and condition. Take such a passage as the following from this book:

"As if it weren't enough to have you in my heart I had you 'on the brain' too. Everywhere I went I saw only Mrs. Peggy, and myriads of her! Think of myriads of Mrs. Peggys, when there is really only one in the whole wide world, only could be one, and she besides is more than two-thirds heavenly. When I boarded a street-car it seemed to me that Mrs. Peggy rang the bell and inside there were rows and rows of her, and every strap had another man than me hanging on it all down the aisle. Even at lunch, she was with me, the *Carte du Jour* was *à la* Peggy. And all my business letters were signed with her name big and vanishing. Every store I passed on Broadway belonged to you, and Sarony had no one else pictured in his windows. The violets the men sold on 23rd Street smiled like your eyes, and lily-of-the-valley tears hung sympathetically for me beside them. I couldn't stand it any longer! I glanced up at the Fifth Avenue Hotel clock,— it was Mrs. Peggy minutes past Mrs. Peggy! and I came on to my Club."

This is a picture of New York in the "rural nineties", before Fifth Avenue streamed with motor cars, before 23rd Street was forsaken for 34th and 42nd Streets. One can read this for the days when the old Brevoort House was in its glory. And, like a costume designer, Fitch was able to paint the dress of a day,— giving it life, softness, valuation. Note this, for instance:

"She's beautiful; the kind of hair I like: she doesn't dress it in the fashion, and yet it never seems out; there's no William Tell effect on top, or a bath bun or bustle at the back or Dolly Vardens at the side, it's just coiled away somehow, somewhere, sort of parted in the front, and half-way wavy, without being crimpy or fancy, and is darkish — you know the kind I mean."

The little volume of "Correspondence and Conversations" was a sort of a prospectus of the rich store of observation he was to bring to artistic fruition in later social dramas. What matter the failures he had just had! As he once wrote to William Dean Howells, "I have an individual trait that one sees in children; I can't be guided, I must learn to walk in my work alone. Tumble after tumble does not discourage me. I want to 'get there' through my own experience, from my own point of view, even at the risk of being bow-minded!"

In February McClure's, Montrose J. Moses will continue his interesting series on "The Life of Clyde Fitch"

Superstition — *Continued from page 15*

ascertain the laws governing that force.

A jumping bean presents a curious puzzle, until it is explained by the contortions of a larva inside it. Even then its motion requires a little elucidation. Still, it is biologically and mechanically quite explicable.

So will it be with the singular table movements often narrated as experienced in séances, now being studied under good auspices by Dr. Crawford of Belfast. Such movements have often happened before, but they have been regarded as incredible because no scientific explanation seemed to be forthcoming. Their place in the scheme of nature has not yet been found. It may be some time before we fully understand them, but we can get some idea about them and can weigh and measure the forces in action, can locate them and so gradually reduce them to law and order.

The object of a scientific investigator is to bring order out of chaos. So long as chemicals were mixed haphazard, how weird and unexpected were some of the products! Yet now, in the light of the atomic theory, they are all illustrations of the basic laws of chemistry. Their theory is understood, and compounds can be made at will.

If the forces to be studied are biologic, if they depend on live things, and especially if they are complicated by the intrusion of free-will — then the laws of psychology must be employed to elucidate the phenomena, as well as the laws of biology and mechanics. But there is nothing new in that. To explain the existence of a great structure — a cathedral, say, or a Nile dam — not only the machinery employed in its construction must be emphasized, not only the labor of the multitude of artisans and hand-workers, but the mind of the designer must be brought into account; it is the outcome of a definite conception, and the whole is then seen to be a triumphant example of the influence of mind on matter.

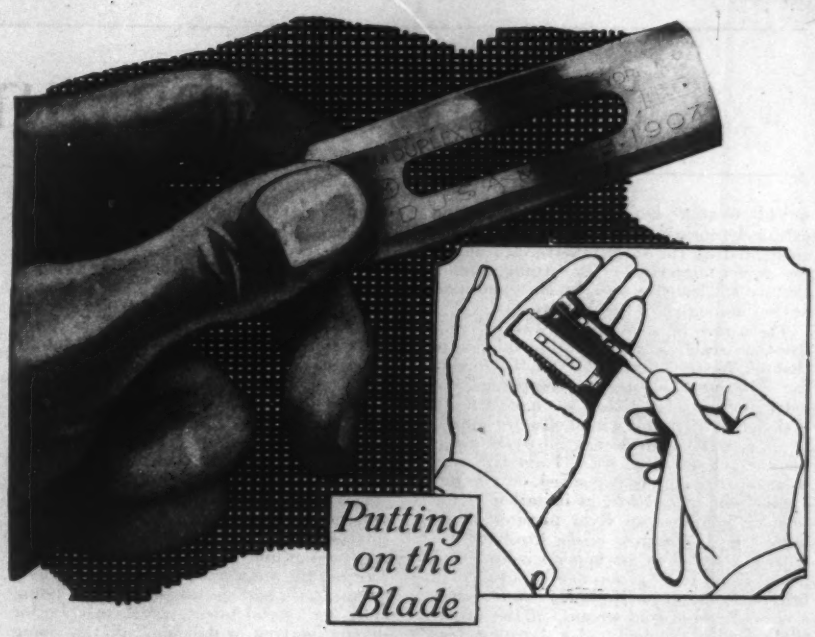
If, then, movement without any apparent kind of contact ever occurs, rest assured that the laws of mechanics are not abrogated. The acting cause may be hidden for a time — it may be operating through some medium, perhaps the ether, which makes no direct appeal to our senses; but that does not prove its unreality, or relegate it to the regions of superstition. Every clue must be pursued, every fact recorded, every variety of experiment tried; and in the long run we shall find a vindication of our faith in the reign of law and order, and shall be able to point to the unseen agents and their mode of action as clearly as we can now be sure that the pyramids and every such structure were erected in accordance with the laws of mechanics and in obedience to the dictates and supposed needs or desires of men.

Surely the same thing *mutatis mutandis* must be said about the creations of Nature. They too are full of obvious indications of design. Carried out in accordance with natural law, most certainly, with none of the artificial peculiarities and features which mark the creations of man, but with a character all their own and with the manner of execution to some extent displayed. Not indeed displayed with any obviousness, but with clear evidence to the initiated of the working of the laws of evolution, gradual improvement and continuity. There is no superstition in tracing Divine wisdom in the working of natural law. To say that things are worked in accordance with an ascertainable scheme is not anti-theological; rather the contrary. The Universe is permeated with mind; scientific explorers are only seeking out what is already in operation.

"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." That is the text prefixed as a motto to all the volumes of his Collected Works by that greatest of mathematical physicists, Lord Rayleigh. Trust the instincts of these great explorers, and do not listen to the jargon of the camp-followers of science; these last take but a purblind view of existence, and seek to bind their own bandages upon our mental and spiritual eyes. The Universe is greater than our perceptions, greater and more magnificent than anything we can conceive. We did not bring it into existence; we do not know what is possible or impossible; we cannot limit the realities of existence by any preconceived opinion; all we can do is humbly and reverently follow truth whithersoever it may lead, keep our minds open to facts, and always be ready to admit mistakes. So may we ultimately be permitted, not perhaps to build any portion of the Temple of Truth, but to clear away some of the superstitions, the alien growths which have too long disfigured it, and leave its massive beauty to shine out clearly to our successors.

The official custodians of the building, both lay and clerical, cry out at the tearing off of the vegetation of centuries; and sometimes, it is true, the operation disturbs creeping and flying vermin and raises a dust of controversy; but the cleansing operations are inevitable if the architecture is to be displayed, and the responsibility for the temporary ugliness lies not with the cleansers but with those misguided people who allowed the edifice to be disfigured with so dismal a mass of ecclesiasticism and superstition.

The downfall of the one is no prelude to the overthrow of the other. Priests may think that it is, but the common sense of mankind, its yearning for a knowledge of the truth, will help it in the long run to recognize the grandeur of existence, when given a glimpse of it, and will lead it in the end to where beyond these voices there is peace.



So easy to use!

You will like the Durham-Duplex because it is so simple and safe to use. No fussy parts. Nothing to learn. The blade automatically drops into its place over the guard and a single motion fits it to the razor. Convenient; easy to clean; sanitary.

DURHAM-DUPLEX

A Real Razor-made Safe

Dealers know that every time they sell a Durham-Duplex Razor they make a permanent customer. Men form a lifelong friendship for the famous double-edged, detachable Durham-Duplex blades and keep coming back for more. For real shaving comfort there is nothing like them at any price.

STANDARD SET—ONE DOLLAR COMPLETE

Made and sold in Canada at same price

Razor, safety guard and 3 oil-tempered, hollow-ground, detachable, two-edged blades (6 shaving edges) all in handsome American ivory case. Other sets $2 to $12.

Additional Blades 50 cents for package of 5

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
Jersey City, New Jersey
FACTORIES
JERSEY CITY, U. S. A. SHEFFIELD, ENG.
PARIS, FRANCE TORONTO, CANADA
Sales Representatives in all Countries

Saké, Geisha and Tea

— *Continued from page 21*

quickly to appreciation of an unfamiliar and extremely curious art, I did not find myself enchanted by the shrill falsetto chanting of the *geisha* musicians, or the strange sounds they evoked from the *samisen*, fife and drums, as they accompanied the dancers.

The native Japanese music, with its crude five-tone scale, is demonstrably inferior to that of Western peoples. To the foreign ear it is unmelodious, even barbarous, and yet I must say for it that the more I heard it the more I felt in it a kind of weird appeal — an appeal not to the ear but to the imagination. Even now, when I am far away from Japan, a note or two struck on a guitar, a mandolin or a *ukelele*, in imitation of the *samisen*, conjures up vivid pictures in my mind. I see a narrow *geisha* street, with a musician seated in an upper window, or I get a vision of a *geisha* dancer arrayed in brilliant silks, posturing, fan in hand, against a background of gold screens, in the exquisitely chaste simplicity of a Japanese teahouse room. The sound that evokes the picture is not harmonious, but the picture itself is harmonious beyond expression.

One thing that sometimes makes the stranger in Japan slow to appreciate the dancing of *geisha*, is the very fact that it is called dancing; for the term suggests to us a picture of Pavlowa poised like a swiftly-flying bird, or Genee looking like a bisque doll and spinning on one toe. Dancing, to us, means, first of all, rhythm. We look for rhythm in a *geisha* dance, and failing to find it — at least in the sense in which we understand the meaning of the word — we are baffled. It is only one more case of preconception as a barrier to just appreciation.

MANY travelers, and at least one author who has written a book on Japan, have made the mistake of confusing *geisha* with prostitutes. This is a gigantic error. The error is kept alive by rickshaw coolies who, understanding that it is a common mistake of foreigners, often use the term "*geisha* house" as meaning an establishment of altogether different character. A *geisha* house is, in fact, simply a house in which *geisha* live under the charge of the master or mistress to whom they are bound by contract or indenture. *Geisha* are booked through exchanges and meet their patrons at restaurants or teahouses. When not on duty they are private citizens, and it would be considered the height of vulgarity for a man to call upon a *geisha* at the *geisha* house, however innocent the purpose of his call.

A further reason for the erroneous idea of what a *geisha* is, lies in the fact that Western civilization has no equivalent class. *Geisha* correspond more nearly to cabaret entertainers than to any other class we have, yet even here there is no real parallel. It is not customary in Japan — except in foreign style hotels — to dine in public. If a man be alone in a hotel he dines by himself in his room, save that the little *nesans* who serve him will try to make themselves agreeable and that the proprietor may do the same. Or if a man gives a luncheon or a dinner party at a restaurant he will have a private room. Therefore, under the Japanese system, there is never a general assemblage of persons, strangers to one another, who may be entertained as a body while they are dining. Thus the *geisha* is a private entertainer, and in order that the most desirable *geisha* may be secured it is customary to make arrangements for a luncheon or dinner several days in advance. This is usually done through the proprietor of the restaurant, who is told the names of the *geisha* the host desires to summon, and who notifies them through the local *geisha* exchange.

Men who lunch and dine out frequently naturally become acquainted with many *geisha*, and have their preferences; and if a host knows that one of his guests particularly likes a certain *geisha* he will generally try to arrange to have her at his party.

There are three classes of *geisha*. Those of the best class frequently have good incomes. They are often given large presents by their wealthy patrons, and many of them are the mistresses of men of means, who sometimes take them off on week-end outings and spend a great deal of money on them.

However this may be, a *geisha* of the first-class is a creature of exquisite refinement of manner, and there is about her not the faintest suggestion of coarseness. She will be friendly, even pleasantly familiar, but never, in public, is she guilty of the slightest impropriety. I have been to many gay parties in Japan, but I have never seen a *geisha* or her patron behave in a way that would shock the most fastidious American lady. Naturally the situation is somewhat different among low-class Japanese and the *geisha* they patronize. There are vulgar *geisha* to entertain vulgar men. But even a low class *geisha*, if sent for in an emergency to entertain a man of taste, will often be sufficiently clever to adjust herself to the situation.

During the meal the *geisha* will sit before or beside the gentleman she is designated to entertain, chatting with him, amusing him and serving him with *saké*. Afterward she will join the other *geisha* in giving an entertainment, the part she takes in this depending upon her special talent, which may be for singing, playing or dancing. Pretty young *geisha* are most often dancers, while those who are older are generally musicians. Also there are some *geisha* who are merely bright and pleasing and who succeed without other accomplishments. The host, making up a party, selects his *geisha* with these various requirements in mind, so that his whole company of *geisha* will be well balanced.

Foreigners are generally most taken with the little dancing girls, or *maiko*, who are mere children, and who with their sweet, bright, happy little faces, and their bewitchingly brilliant flowered-silk costumes, are altogether fascinating. Once at a party in a great house in Tokyo I saw a score of these little creatures scampering down a broad flight of stairs, making a picture that was like nothing so much as a mass of autumn leaves blown by a high wind.

These children are in effect apprentices who are being schooled in the *geisha's* arts. Often they are in this occupation because their parents have sold them into it as a means of raising money. With the older *geisha* it is frequently the same. The Japanese teaching of filial piety makes it incumbent upon a daughter to become a *geisha*, or even a prostitute, to relieve the financial distress of her parents. In either case she goes under contract for a term of years — usually three.

A girl who is refined, pretty and talented can raise a sum in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars by becoming a *geisha*, but if she is not sufficiently talented or attractive to be a *geisha*, her next resource is the "Nightless City." The opening to women of professional and commercial opportunities should tend to improve this situation.

I am told that *geisha* and the little dancing girls are generally kindly treated by the *geisha*-masters, and the gaiety they exhibit leads me to conclude that this is true. The little dancers want but slight encouragement to become as playful as kittens.

The way to see *geisha* and *maiko* to the best advantage is at small parties where the guests are well acquainted and formality can be to some extent cast off. I was much pleased when I learned enough of the ways of teahouses and *geisha* to be able to give such a party.

MY first essay as host at a Japanese dinner was not entirely independent, since I had the help of a Japanese friend. It occurred at the charming Maruya teahouse, in the ancient town of Nara.

It was at the Maruya that I first began to feel some real understanding and appreciation of *geisha* dancing, and I think the thing that assisted me most was the fact that the little *maiko* executed several Japanese folk-dances, the action of which, unlike that of most *geisha* dances, was to a large extent self-explanatory. One of these dances represented clam-digging. In it the dancers held little trays which in pantomine they used as shovels, going through the motion of digging the clams out of the sand and throwing them into a basket. The dance was accompanied by a song, as was also another folk-dance in which two of the *maiko* enacted the rôles of lovers who were obliged to part because the mother of the girl was forcing her to marry a rich man. I was interested to notice in this dance that the gesture to indicate weeping — the holding of one hand in front of the eyes at a distance of two or three inches from them — is not taken from life, but is copied from the gesture of dolls in the marionette theatre. That is the gesture for a man. When a woman weeps she holds her sleeve-tab before her eyes, for it is a tradition that women dry their tears with their sleeve-ends. When, in Japanese poetry, moist sleeves are spoken of, the figure of speech signifies that a woman has been weeping.

THE girls who executed the last-mentioned folk-dance were respectively thirteen and fifteen years old, and they were evidently much amused by the passionate utterances they were obliged to deliver. The one who played the part of the youth — a fetching little creature with a roguish face — was unable at times to restrain her mirth as she recited the tragic and romantic lines, and her rendition of them was punctuated by little explosions of giggling, which though they cannot be said to have heightened the dramatic effect of the sad story, her audience found most contagious. Then with a great effort she would pull herself together and try to live down the mirthful outburst, lowering her voice, to imitate that of a man, and assuming a tragic demeanor which, in a creature so sweet and childish, habited in silken robes that made her like a butterfly, was even more amusing.

People who follow the arts, or have a feeling for them, seldom fail to appreciate *geisha* dancing after they have seen enough of it to get a feeling of what it is. This, I think, is because they generally have a sense of form, and as *geisha* dancing is a sort of animated *tableau* feeling, a sense of form is the one thing most essential to an appreciation of it.

Indeed I will go further and proclaim my belief that to a visitor who would really understand Japan a sense of form is a vital necessity. Japan is all form. In Japanese art even color takes second place to form. Nor does the Japanese feeling for form by any means stop where art ends. It permeates the entire fabric of Japanese life. The formal courtesy of old French society was as nothing to the formal courtesy of the Japanese. The whole life of the average Japanese is so regulated by form that his existence seems to progress according to a sort of geometrical pattern. The very nation itself is organized in such a way as to suggest a compact artistic composition. Not only every class, but every family and individual has an exact place in the structure. A friend of mine who knows Japan as but few foreigners do, goes so far as to say that the shades of difference between individuals are so finely drawn that no two persons in Japan are of exactly the same social rank, and that the precise position of every man in the country can be established according to the codes of Japanese formalism. Though this may be an exaggeration it expresses what I believe to be essentially a truth. I visualize the social and political structure of Japan as a great pyramid in which the blocks are families. At the bottom are the submerged classes — among them, down in the mud of the foundation, the *eta*, or pariah class. Then come layers of families representing the voteless masses, among which the merchant class was in feudal times considered the lowest. Next come the little taxpayers who vote, and these pile up and up to the place where the more exalted classes are superimposed upon them — for in Japan it may be said that there is practically no middle class. I am told that there are now about a million families who are descended from *samurai*. This is where the aristocracy begins. So the pyramid ascends. Layers of lower officials, layers of higher officials, layers of ex-officials, high and low, layers of those having decorations from the government, layers of army and navy families, and so on to where, very near the summit, are placed the *genro*, or elder statesmen. Above them is a massive block representing the Imperial Family, and at the very peak is the Emperor, Head of all Heads of Families.

My party in Nara having given me confidence, I gave a luncheon at the delightful Kanetanaka teahouse which overlooks a canal in the Kyobashi district of Tokyo.

I cannot claim much credit for the fact that this party was a success, since Jitsuko was there to help me. I have said that she spoke English, yet I cannot go so far as to say that her English was quite perfect. Nor would I have had it so, for I enjoyed teaching her.

"Naughty boy!" was one expression that I taught her, and I showed her how to accompany the phrase with an admonitory shake of the finger, with results which altogether charmed the American gentlemen at my luncheon.

One of these gentlemen, a new arrival in Japan and consequently entirely unfamiliar with Japanese fare, asked Jitsuko about a certain dish that was set before him.

"What is this?" he demanded, looking at it doubtfully.

"That fried ears," said Jitsuko.

"Fried ears!" he cried. "Not really?"

"Yes, really."

But it was not fried ears. Jitsuko had the usual trouble with her *l's* and *r's*. She had meant to say "fried eels."

Besides Jitsuko I had at my luncheon six of the lovely little *maiko*. One of them, an intelligent child called Shinobu — "tiptoes" — was picking up a little English. She sent for ink and a brush and wrote out for me the names of her companions. Later I had the names translated, getting the meaning of them in English — for *geisha* generally take fanciful names. They were: Kokinoyou — "little alligator"; Akika — "scent of autumn"; Komon — "little gate"; Shintama — "new ball"; and Kimichiyo, whose name was not translated for me, but who was the prettiest little dancing girl I saw in all Japan.

Though the Japanese idea of female loveliness does not generally accord with ours, I think Kimichiyo was an exception and was as lovely in native eyes as in those of an American, for she seemed very popular, and was at almost every Japanese-style party I attended in Tokyo. Moreover, though she could not have been older than sixteen, she carried herself with the placid confidence of an established belle. I have met many a lady twice or three times her age who had not her aplomb.

AFTER luncheon the *maiko* danced for us while Jitsuko and another *geisha* played. Then, as my guest of honor had not yet acquired a taste for *geisha* dancing, the programme was changed and Jitsuko set the little *maiko* to playing games. First they showed us how to play their great game of *ken*, but though we learned it we could not compete with them in playing it. They were too quick for us. We pitched quoits with them — and were beaten. We played bottle-and-cup — and were beaten. And finally they introduced us to a Japanese version of "Going to Jerusalem", which they play with cushions instead of chairs, with the *samisen* for music. Of course they beat us at that. Who can sink down upon a cushion with the agility of a little Japanese girl? All in all the Americans were beaten at every point — and thoroughly enjoyed the beating.

I could tell a story about the president of one of the greatest corporations in America. He was at my luncheon. He is a very dignified and formidable man, and is considered able. But he can't play *ken* worth a cent. Kimichiyo herself said so. She told Jitsuko and Jitsuko told me.

"In America he is a great man," I said.

"He is very slow at *ken*," Kimichiyo insisted, unimpressed.

"In business he is not slow," I told her.

"Perhaps. But any one who is really clever will be quick at *ken*."

I decided to avoid the game of *ken* in future. It shows one up.

Between the *geisha* of the various great cities there exists a gentle rivalry. Kyoto, for example, concedes a certain vivacity to the *geisha* of the five or six leading districts of Tokyo, but it insists that the Kyoto *geisha* have unrivaled complexions, and that the famous Gion *geisha* of Kyoto are more perfect in their grace and charm than any others in Japan. This they account for by the fact that the Gion *geisha* have a long and distinguished history, and that there is a *geisha* school in Kyoto, whereas the Tokyo *geisha* have no school but are trained by older *geisha* under the supervision of the

master of the individual *geisha*-house to which they are attached. Similarly the Tokyo *geisha* consider those of Kyoto rather "slow", and regard the Yokohama *geisha* as distinctly inferior. Once I asked a Tokyo *geisha* to give a dance of which I had heard, but she replied with something like a shrug that the dance in question was given by the Yokohama *geisha*, wherefor she and her associates did not perform it.

So far as I know there is not to be seen in Tokyo or Yokohama any large *geisha* show, resembling a theatrical entertainment, such as one may see in Kyoto in cherry-blossom season, or at the Embuyjo Theatre in Osaka every May. These exhibitions are delightful things to see, the Cherry Dance of Kyoto, in particular, being famous throughout Japan. The buildings in which they are held are impressive. The one in Kyoto was built especially for the Cherry Dance, and the interior of it, while in a general way like a large theatre, is modeled after the style of an old Japanese palace. The *geisha* dancers and musicians are splendidly trained and the costumes are magnificent.

RAPID changes of scene are made in these theatres by means unfamiliar to American theatregoers. As in our playhouses, flies and drops are sometimes hoisted upward when a scene is being changed, but quite as frequently they sink down through slots in the stage floor. Also, in the dimness of a "dark change" one sees whole settings going through extraordinary contortions, folding up in ways unknown in our theatres, or turning inside-out, or upside-down. One feels that their stage is generally equipped with less perfect mechanical and lighting devices than ours, but that a great deal of ingenuity is shown in the actual building of scenery. One of the most astonishing things I ever saw in any theatre was the sudden disappearance of a back-drop at the Embuyjo in Osaka. The bottom of this drop began all at once to contract; then the whole funnel-shaped mass shot down through a small aperture in the floor, like a silk handkerchief passing swiftly through a ring.

The most perfect illusion of depth and distance I ever saw on a stage was in one scene of the Kyoto Cherry Dance. From the front of the house the scene appeared to go back and back incredibly. Nor could I make out where the back-drop met the stage, so skilfully was the painted picture blended with the built-up scenery. When the performance was over I inspected this setting and found that the scenic artist had achieved his result by a most elaborately complete contraction of the lines of perspective, not only in the painted scenery but in objects on the stage. A row of tables running from the footlights to the rear of the stage had been built in diminishing scale, and rows of Japanese lanterns, apparently exactly alike, became in reality smaller and smaller as they reached back from the proscenium, so that the whole perspective was exaggerated. The stage of this theatre was not in fact as deep as that of the New York Hippodrome or the Century Theatre.

At the *geisha* dance in Osaka I asked what pay the hundred or more *geisha* musicians and dancers received, and was told that they are not paid at all. There are two reasons for this. First, it is regarded as the duty of all *geisha* to celebrate the spring with music and dancing; and second, they consider it an honor to be selected for these festivals, since only the most skilful members of their sisterhood are chosen.

Geisha, you see, are not entirely mercenary. When two or three of them go off for a little outing together, or when they shop, they spend money freely; and there are stories of *geisha* who pay their own fees in order to meet their impecunious lovers at teahouses.

In Japanese romances the *geisha* is a favorite figure. A popular theme for stories concerning her is that of her love affair with a student whose family disown him because of his infatuation. The *geisha* sweetheart then supports him while he completes his education. He graduates brilliantly, securing an important appointment under the government, and rewards the girl's devotion by making her his bride. Or if the story be tragic — and the Japanese have a strong taste for tragedy — the student's family is endeavoring to force him into a brilliant match, wherefor the self-sacrificing *geisha*, whom he really loves, takes her own life, so that she may not stand in the way of his success.

There was a time a generation or two ago when Japanese aristocrats occasionally took *geisha* for their wives, much as young English noblemen used to marry chorus girls. But those things have changed in Japan and it is a long time since a man of position has made such a match. The plain truth is that, however justly or unjustly, the *geisha* class is not respected. They are victims of the curious law which operates the world over to make us always a little bit contemptuous of those whose occupation it is to amuse us. Moreover, *geisha* are not as a rule highly educated, and it is said that this fact makes it difficult for them to adjust themselves to an elevated place in the social scale.

Thus it comes about that when *geisha* marry their husbands are as a rule business men or merchants on a modest scale.

Our treasured Yuki had a friend who became a *geisha*, but who retired from the profession through the matrimonial portal.

"She smart girl," said Yuki. "She too head to be *geisha*."

"Why did she become a *geisha*, then?" I asked.

"Her family have great trouble. Her father need fifteen hundred *yen* right off. Must have. So she be *geisha*. But after while she meet rich man in teahouse, and he pay for her, so she don't have to be *geisha* any more, and they get married."

Some excellent people I met in Japan — Americans imbued with the spirit of reform — objected strongly to the *geisha* system, contending that it is a barrier to happy domesticity. They felt that so long as there are *geisha* in Japan, the average Japanese husband will have them at his parties, and will continue his present practise of leaving his wife at home when he goes out for a good time. I suppose this is true. Undoubtedly, to the Japanese wife, the *geisha* is the "other woman." And as is so often the case with the "other woman", in whatever land you find her, the *geisha* has certain strategic advantages over the wife. Like good wives everywhere, the Japanese wife is concerned with humdrum things — the children, housekeeping, the family finances — the things which often irritate and bore a husband if harped upon. But the circumstances in which a husband meets a *geisha* are genial and gay. Her business is to make him forget his cares and enjoy himself.

THE expense of the *geisha* system is also urged against it. To dine at a first-class teahouse, with *geisha*, costs as much, or more, than to dine elaborately at the most expensive New York hotels. It is well for strangers in Japan to understand this, since they often jump to the conclusion that the Japanese teahouse, which looks so simple — so delightfully simple! — by comparison with the gold and marble grandeur of a great American hotel dining-room, must necessarily be cheaper. I remember a case in which some Americans, newly arrived in Tokyo, were entertained in the native manner by a Japanese gentleman, and felt that they were returning the courtesy in royal style when they invited him to dine with them at their hotel. Yet in point of fact their hotel dinner-party cost less than half as much per plate as his Japanese dinner had cost. While one does not value courtesy by what it costs, it is important not to undervalue it on any basis whatsoever. If a friend has gone to great expense to entertain one it is best to be aware of it.

There is, of course, a great variation in the cost of meals in teahouses and restaurants, and the fact that those which are inexpensive look exactly like those which are expensive helps to confuse the stranger. A great deal may be saved if one does without *geisha*. Also there are very agreeable restaurants in which the guest may cook his own food in a pan over a brazier which is brought into the dining-room.

This chafing-dish style of cooking is said to have been introduced by a missionary who became tired of Japanese food and formed the habit of preparing his own meals as he traveled about. Now, however, it has come to be considered typically Japanese.

To be more specific about prices, I gave an excellent luncheon of this kind for four, at one of the Suihiro restaurants, at a cost of about four dollars and a half, whereas a luncheon for the same number of persons, with *geisha*, at a fashionable teahouse, which looked just about like the other restaurant, cost nearly twenty-five dollars, and a dinner for eight, with *geisha*, came to forty.

Adversaries of the *geisha* system informed me with the air of imparting scandal, that one-sixth of all the money spent in Japan goes to *geisha* and things connected with *geisha*, presumably meaning restaurants, teahouses, *saké* and the like.

"A reformer," says Don Marquis, the Sage of Nassau Street, "is a dog-in-the-

The Stick with the Cocoa Butter Center

THAT cocoa-butter center which runs through the Safetee Stick from end to end is an added shave easer to an already perfect soap. As a beard softener and skin soother, cocoa butter has no equal — and combined with rich, quick-lathering Safetee Soap, it h lps your safety razor to give you the best shaves of your life.

SAFETEE
SHAVING SOAPS
FOR SAFETY RAZOR USERS

Safety Shaving Cream is another product endorsed by the leading safety razor manufacturers, and by a world of safety razor users.

A pearly cream which lathers *instantly*, which saturates and softens the toughest beards, and which *cannot* clog up your safety razor.

30c everywhere

Ask your dealer to supply you

Safetee Soap Corporation
Jay and Johnson Streets,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Big Trial Offer

Send 10c in stamps for big Trial Size Safetee Stick or Safetee Cream. Not Sample sizes. 20c if both are desired.

A Glorious Face Powder!

Its fragrance is glorious, Madame!

Its texture is glorious, too — soft and light as powdered velvet.

Its result is glorious — it is a powder that blends with the most delicate skin and adds a final note of charm to the most charming woman.

LA VIE

Made by

Ricksecker

La Vie is the new French fragrance created by *Ricksecker* — the Dean of American Perfumers. It may be had in the Extract, in La Vie Toilet Water, La Vie Talcum, La Vie Face Powder and Rouge Compacts — which come in dainty gilt vanity cases with mirror and puff — and in La Vie Toilet Soap.

Preparations La Vie are indispensable assets to the dainty and discriminating woman. Their quality is assured by the name of their maker — *Ricksecker.*

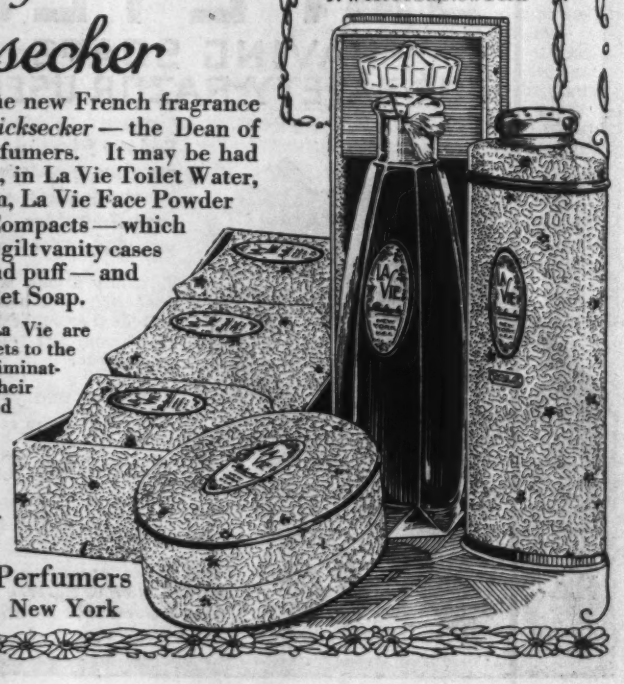
At Your Dealer

Ricksecker–Perfumers
47 West 34 St., New York

Our Special Offer, Madame!

Know the charm of La Vie and La Vie Face Powder! Send 10c for test sample of powder or 20c for the perfume — 30c if both are desired

Ricksecker
47 West 34 St., New York



manger who won't sin himself and won't let any one else sin comfortably." That is a terrible thing to say. I wouldn't say such a thing. It is always better in such cases to quote some one else. But I will say this much: If I were a reformer I should begin work at home — not in Japan. I should join the great movement, already so well started, for making the United States the purest and dullest country in the world. I should work with those who are attempting to accomplish this result entirely by legislation. But instead of trying, as they are now trying, to bring about the desired end by means of quantities of little pious laws covering quantities of little impious subjects, I should work for a blanket law covering everything — one great, sweeping law requiring all American citizens to be absolutely pure and good, not only in action but in thought. I assume that if such a law were passed everybody would abide by it, but in order to make it easier for them to do so I should abolish restaurants, theatres, motion-pictures, dancing, baseball, talking-machines, art, literature, tobacco, candy and soda-water. I should put dictographs in every home and have the police listen in on all conversations. Light-heartedness I should make a misdemeanor, and frivolity a crime.

Then, when our whole country had reached a state of perfection that was absolutely morbid, I should consider my work here done, and should move to Japan. But I should not stop being a reformer. Assuredly no! I should start at once to improve things over there. Take for instance this report that one-sixth of all the money spent goes to *geisha* and such things. I should try first of all to remedy that situation. One-sixth of the national expenditure represents a vast amount of money. Think of its being spent on good times! Such a lot of money! Still, it isn't quite enough. A quarter or a third would be better than a sixth. It would make things perfect. Not being a Japanese wife, I should advocate that.

I see but one serious objection to this plan. Should Japan become any more attractive than it now is, the Japanese might feel forced to pass exclusion laws. If they were to do so I hope they would not discriminate against people of any one race. I hope they would bar out everybody — not Americans alone. Because if they were to bar us out and at the same time allow the riffraff of Europe to come in, that might hurt our feelings. It isn't so hard to hurt our feelings, either. We are a proud and sensitive race, you know. Yes, indeed! It is largely because we are so proud and sensitive that we treat the Japanese with such scant courtesy. That's the way pride and sensitiveness sometimes work. Of course the Japanese are proud and sensitive, too. But we can't be bothered about that. We haven't the time. We are too busy being proud and sensitive ourselves.

Some Americans are horrified because commercialized vice is officially recognized in Japan. The thought is unpleasant. But I am by no means sure that, since this form of vice does exist everywhere in the world, the policy of recognizing and regulating it is not the best policy.

The Japanese work, apparently, upon the theory that, as this evil cannot be stamped out of existence, the next best thing is to stamp it as far as possible out of the public consciousness. This is done by segregating the women called *tayu* in certain specified districts, and keeping them off the city streets.

WHATEVER may be said for or against this system it enables me to say of Japan what I am not able to say of my own country or any other country I have visited: namely, that in Japan I never saw a street-walker.

The Tokyo district called the Yoshiwara is entered by a wide road spanned by an arch. Within, the streets look much like other Japanese streets, save that they are brightly lighted and that some of the buildings are large and rather ornate. First we went to a teahouse within the Yoshiwara, and I was readily able to see that the *geisha* in this teahouse were of a lower grade than those I had hitherto seen. Their faces were less intelligent, and they lacked the perfect grace and charm of their more successful sisters.

From the sounds about us it was apparent that a Yoshiwara teahouse is a place for drinking and more or less wild merrymaking.

Proceeding down the street from this teahouse we passed through orderly crowds and presently came to the district's most elaborate establishment. It was a large three-story building of white glazed brick, with an inner courtyard containing a pretty garden. To enter this place was like entering a very fine Japanese hotel.

In the corridor hung a row of lacquered sticks each bearing a number in the Chinese character. There were, I think, about thirty of these sticks, and each represented a *tayu*. The number-one *tayu* was the most sought-after, number-two ranked next, and so on. We were shown by the proprietress and some maids to a large matted room on the second floor, where *saké*, cakes and fruit were served to us. Then there appeared three *geisha* of a most unusual kind. They were women fifty-five or sixty years of age, rather large, with faces genial, amusing and respectable. These I was told were *geisha* with a great local reputation for boisterous wit. My Japanese friends were thereafter kept in a continual state of mirth, and though I could not understand what the old *geisha* were saying, their droll manner was so infectious that I, too, was amused. Presently they were joined by a man with the face of a comedian. He was described to me as a "male *geisha*." That is, he was an entertainer. He sang, told comic stories and showed real ability as an actor.

This entertainment lasted for the better part of an hour. Then the mistress of the house came in with the air of one having something important to reveal. At a word from her the entertainers drew back and seated themselves on cushions at one side of the room. There was an impressive silence. Then, slowly, a sliding screen door of black lacquer and gold paper slipped back, moved by an unseen hand. We watched the open doorway.

PRESENTLY appeared the figure of a woman. She did not look in our direction, but moved out into the room as though it were a stage and she an actress. Her step was slow and stately, and she was arrayed in a brilliant robe of red satin, heavily quilted, and embroidered with large elaborate designs. This was the number-one *tayu*. Her costume and bearing were magnificent, but her face was expressionless and not at all beautiful.

When she was well within the room the number-two *tayu*, dressed in the same style, moved in behind her, and followed with the same stately tread. In procession they walked across the room, turned slowly, trailed the hems of their wadded kimonos back across the matting and made an exit by the door at which they had entered. Then the door slipped shut.

The chatter began once more, but after a few minutes we were again silenced. For the second time the door opened and the two women appeared. They were now arrayed in purple kimonos, quilted and embroidered like the first. Again they made a dignified progress across the room and back, and again they disappeared.

That was the end of the inspection. By now we should, in theory, have been entranced with one or the other of the *tayu* we had seen. It was time to go. But as the Japanese gentleman whom I had asked to bring me to this place was a man of consequence, an especial courtesy was shown us ere we departed. In ordinary circumstances we should not have seen the two women again, but now they unbent so far as to come in and kneel upon the floor beside us — for we had checked our shoes at the entrance, and were seated Japanese-fashion upon silk cushions.

My Japanese friends attempted to chat with the *tayu*, but evidently the latter did not shine in the arts of conversation. The talk was grave and unmistakably perfunctory, and after a little while the two arose, bowed profoundly, with a sort of grandeur, and trailed their wondrous robes out of the room. It was like seeing in the life a pair of courtesans from a color-print by Utamaro. As they went I wondered whether, in the beginning, they had striven to be *geisha* instead of *tayu*, but had been forced to the Yoshiwara by reason of their lack of talent for music and conversation.

Before we left I was shown some of the other rooms of this huge house, including those of several of the women. The woodwork was like light brown satin and the matting glistened almost as though it were lacquered. There were some *kakemono* and fine painted screens with old-gold backgrounds, and in the women's rooms were cabinets and dressing-stands lacquered red and gold. The dressing-stands were of a height to suit one squatting on the floor. It was as though the top section of one of our dressing-tables were set upon the floor — a mirror with small drawers at either side.

The mistress and her maids accompanied

us to the street door when we departed. They made profound obeisances, and the mistress declared her appreciation of the great honor we had paid her by visiting her establishment. My Japanese friends replied in kind. The whole affair was conducted with a fine sense of ceremony.

As for the three elderly *geisha*, they took another way of complimenting us. Instead of making ceremonious speeches they continued to be gay and amusing, but they did something which, when *geisha* do it, is considered a mark of high respect. They left the place with us, accompanying us as far as the gate of the Yoshiwara. One of them, a jolly old creature, with a fine, strong, humorous face, linked arms with me as we walked along, and conversed with me in English. Perhaps the word "conversed" implies too much. Her entire English vocabulary consisted of the words, "All right", but she repeated the expression frequently and with changing intonations which gave a sort of variety.

It was a strange evening, and the strangest part of it was the absence of vulgarity. I had seen nothing that the most fastidious woman could not have seen.

As to what treatment is accorded the *tayu* themselves I cannot say. Certainly they did not have the air of being happy. Almost all of them are there because of poverty, and it is said that all live in the hope that some man will become fond of them and buy them out of the life of the *joroya*. This I believe occasionally happens. It should be added that, under the Japanese law, contracts by which women sell themselves, or are sold by others into this life, are not valid. It may further be added that all authorities on Japan seem to be in accord with Chamberlain who says that "the fallen women of Japan are, as a class, much less vicious than their representatives in Western lands, being neither drunken nor foul-mouthed." They also have a high reputation for honesty.

The name Yoshiwara is not a generic term, though strangers sometimes use it as though it were, speaking of "a Yoshiwara." Similar districts in other cities are known by other names — as, for example, the historic Shimabara, in Kyoto, which dates back about four centuries.

Like the Yoshiwara, the Shimabara has been moved from time to time, with a view to keeping it away from the heart of the city. History records that Hideyoshi caused the district to be uprooted and transplanted, and Ieyasu, the first Tokugowas *shogun*, did the same, on the ground that it was too near the palace and the business center.

I find some odd items in a history of the Shimabara which I own. It is said that in the old days only *ronin*, — *samurai* acknowledging no overlord — were given charters to operate resorts in the Shimabara, and that court gentlemen visiting this quarter were required to wear white garments. There is also the story of a city official who used to meet now and then upon the streets of Kyoto a beautiful woman riding in a palanquin. It was his custom to salute her respectfully, for he thought her a court lady. But one day, upon inquiry, he learned that she was a courtesan, whereupon he became indignant, and caused the Shimabara quarter to be again removed, placing it still farther away from the city's heart.

There is some evidence that in feudal Japan the most admired courtesans were persons of more consequence than those of today. In olden times, for example, the Shimabara women were considered to rank above *geisha*, whereas now the situation is decidedly the reverse.

The stories of certain famous women of the ancient Shimabara are still remembered, and are favorites with writers of romances. However, I have noticed that in Japan and all other lands, romantic stories making heroines of courtesans have to be dated pretty far back. The living courtesan is but rarely regarded as a romantic figure. She is like a piece of common glass.

But a piece of common glass, buried long enough in certain kinds of soil, acquires iridescence. This iridescence is not actually in the glass, but exists in a patine which gradually adheres to it. Under a little handling it will flake off.

I suspect that it is much the same with famous courtesans the world over. When, after having been buried for a hundred years or so, they are, so to speak, dug up by novelists and playwrights, there adheres to them a beautiful iridescent patine.

It is best, perhaps, to refrain from scratching the patine lest we find out what is really underneath.

Mr. Street's "Japanese Impressions" will be continued in March McClure's

What Would You Do?

[*Continued from page 18*]

"Gray rather gave me the impression that he knew you and your companion and was hoping to fall in with you. If he's not a friend or you have any reason to fear him —— "

"I don't know him," she answered quickly, "and I don't want to meet him. If he should find us —— "

She had not previously referred to her companion and her face denoted consternation as the plural slipped from her. He saw tears in her eyes. He walked slowly toward her and stood quietly before her.

She drew her sleeve across her eyes and lifted her head impatiently. There was a great weariness written on her face. The large eyes, ready to flood again, surveyed him with the look of a sorrowing child, half-persuaded, half-unwilling in its misery to trust proffered aid.

"I wish I could make it plain," he said with all the kindness he could put into his voice, "that I should be glad to serve you. You have only to command me."

"Thank you," she faltered and then was silent for several minutes pondering deeply, nervously breaking a twig into bits.

"It's my father who's with me. He is an invalid; he's very, very ill. We came here last winter and that seems years ago. He wasn't so sick then and we fixed up an old log hut we found over yonder. It was horribly cold and he suffered terribly. He's been getting worse of late and last night when he was helping me draw up the boat he fainted and for a little while I thought —— "

She buried her face in her arms and wept passionately. If this was indeed Shields' daughter, and Tarleton's belief that she was strengthened as he studied her face and weighed the circumstances in which he had found her — then for three years she had shared his fugitive life. He was touched with a great pity for her, a desire to ease her burdens and shield her from injury; but to disclose that he knew of suspected her identity could hardly fail to alarm her.

"You should have a doctor or perhaps we could move your father to Pepperton or even a larger place."

"No! No!" she cried fearfully. "He would never hear to that."

She did not demur when he asked to see the sick man, but warned him to be careful not to arouse his animosity as his illness had made him suspicious of strangers.

In the dim light of the hut Tarleton slowly made out the figure of a man on a cot in the corner. His unkempt white hair and beard and deadly pallor gave the visitor a distinct shock.

"That you, Millicent?" the sick man called feebly.

"Don't be troubled, papa; I've brought some one who wants to help us."

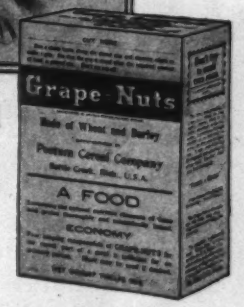
"Some one has come?" he cried in a shrill pipe. He brought himself resolutely to his feet but fell back with a groan, clutching at his breast.

"Please don't excite yourself," urged Tarleton; "you're sick and need help your daughter can't give you. I happened to be passing along and want to help — anything I can possibly do."

"All I need is rest and peace — peace!"

He repeated the last word several times, gasping it with pitiful eagerness. He was fully clad in a weather-beaten suit of corduroy and though a fire smouldered in the fireplace his hands and face were icy cold. Tarleton gently urged him back on the cot, and smoothed out the coverings. His pulse fluttered uncertainly and his hands opened and shut convulsively in time to his quick sharp breathing.

Healthy and happy on
Grape-Nuts
and cream
"There's a Reason"



How to Reduce Your Weight

YOU CAN do it in a dignified, simple way in the privacy of your room and surprise your family and friends.

I know you can, because I've reduced 45,000 women from 20 to 85 lbs., and what I have done for so many I can do for you.

Don't reduce by drugs or diet alone. You'll look old if you do. You should have work adapted to your condition.

No women need carry one pound of excess fat. It's so simple to weigh what you should, and you enjoy the process. My cheerful letters and your scales keep you enthusiastic.

I build your vitality, strengthen your heart and teach you how to stand, walk and breathe correctly, as I reduce you.

If you send me your height and weight, I'll tell you just what you should weigh. No charge — and I'll send you an illustrated booklet FREE, showing you how to stand correctly. Write me! I will respect your confidence.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 95
215 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

Vapo Cresolene

The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

Established 1879

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the *first* indication of a *cold* or *sore throat*, which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

It is simple to use, as you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night, *making breathing easy*, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for **Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh.** Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection against these epidemics.

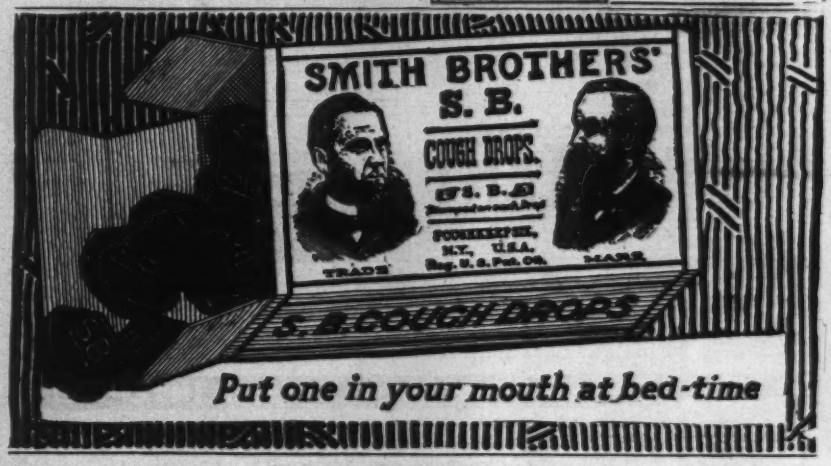
It gives great relief in **Asthma.**

Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past forty years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

Sold by Druggists
Send for Descriptive Booklet 15

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c in stamps.

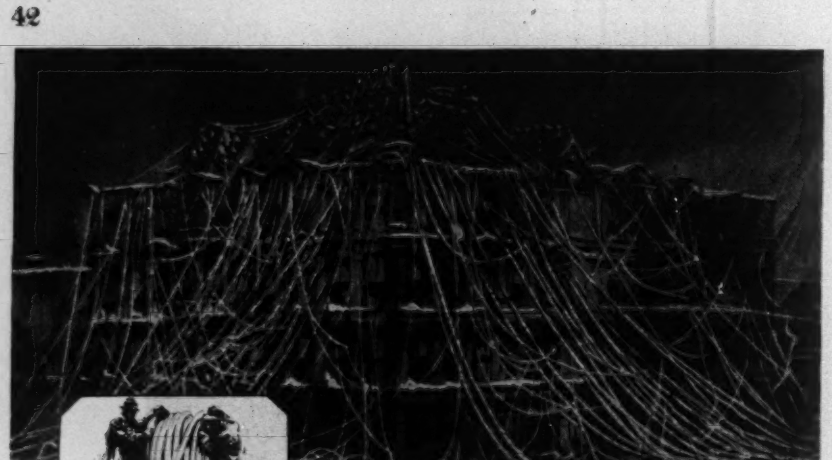
THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building
Montreal, Canada



Put one in your mouth at bed-time

Notice to McClure Subscribers

Beginning with the January issue the price of McClure's Magazine will be 15 cents per copy, $1.65 per year. Those persons who subscribed at the 1920 price of $3.00 per year will be given a credit on our books equal to the difference between the former 25 cent price and the present 15 cent price, and their subscriptions will be extended accordingly.



The Contributions of Science

The greatest material benefits the world has received have come from the laboratories of the scientists. They create the means for accomplishing the seemingly impossible.

Science, after years of labor, produced the telephone. From a feeble instrument capable of carrying speech but a few feet, science continued its work until now the telephone-voice may be heard across the continent.

In February of 1881 a blizzard swept the city of Boston, tearing from the roof of the Bell telephone building a vast net-work of 2,400 wires. It was the worst wire disaster the Company had sustained.

Now through the advance of science that number of wires would be carried in a single underground cable no larger than a man's wrist.

As the fruit of the effort of science greater safety and greater savings in time, money and materials are constantly resulting.

And never before as now, the scientist is helping us solve our great problems of providing Telephone service that meets the increased demands with greater speed and greater certainty.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*
And all directed toward Better Service

PANDICULATE FOR HEALTH

BE WELL YOUNG STRONG

Booklet Free

Fifteen glorious minutes on Pandiculator better than two hours in gymnasium. Refreshes, rejuvenates. Helps retain youth, energy, vigor, vim. Wonderful results. Doctors recommend it. No electricity, no discomfort; delightfully restful. Write today.

PANDICULATOR CO., 1550 Advance Bldg., Cleveland, O.

SEXOLOGY

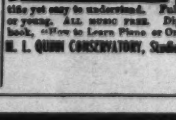
by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.
imparts in one volume:
Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.
Illustrated. All in one volume, $2.25 post'd
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents
Puritan Pub. Co., Dept. 756, Central. Philadelphia, Pa.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants command big salaries. Thousands of firms need them. Only 2,500 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many are earning $3,000 to $10,000 a year. We train you thoroly by mail in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary to begin. The course is under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois; Director of the Illinois Society of Certified Public Accountants, and of the National Association of Cost Accountants, assisted by a large staff of C. P. A's, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for information.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 156-H Chicago
The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

FREE BOOK

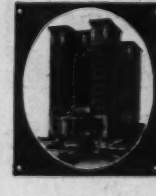


Learn Piano!

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, AT ONE-QUARTER USUAL COST. Dr. Quinn's Famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords AT ONCE and complete piece in every key, WITHIN 4 LESSONS. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully Illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. ALL MUSIC FREE. Diploma granted. Write today for 64-page free book, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

H. L. QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio H. A., 598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25 Mass.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST



OUR banking by mail system bridges the gap between the most distant communities and this strong, conservative institution. Miles make no difference. 4% interest.
Send for booklet "D."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 70 MILLION DOLLARS. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $8,000,000.00

At times during the winter, the girl said, when they had gone outside to confer, her father's condition had been seemingly as critical as now. There was no medicine; the heart stimulant she had bought the previous fall before they established themselves on the island had long since been exhausted.

"There's a doctor in a camp I passed on my way up. I'll bring him. Your father needs medical care immediately."

"Oh, I don't dare!" she cried with a sob in her throat. "I trust you; I don't know why, but I know you will not take advantage — not do anything to bring trouble upon him. There are reasons why it is better for him to die here and now if the end must come."

"It's our duty to get help if we can. You speak of reasons ——"

Her dependence upon him was so complete, so poignantly expressed in eyes and voice, that a great tenderness surged in his heart. He must not wound her when her young heart was already so torn with anxiety and suffering; but it would be kinder to tell her now that he knew her.

"I hope you believe that I wouldn't injure you or bring any harm to your father. We must work together for your sake and for his. I must understand everything and having said this I'm going to tell you what I suspect," he raised his hand with a conciliatory gesture as she lifted her head proudly and a defiant light flashed in her eyes. "We are friends," he said gently, "and we've got to meet this thing together. You — you are Millicent Shields."

She sprang away, throwing herself defensively against the cabin-door. The look she bent upon him was that of some wild animal brought to bay by a ruthless hunter. She drew herself up rigidly, lips compressed, hands tightly clenched.

"You still believe in me?" he questioned. "That makes everything simpler."

She glanced into the hut before answering. "It doesn't matter now; nothing matters except that I want to do everything I can for my father's comfort. Do you think — do you think this is the end?"

"It may be," he replied gravely, "but if he has rallied before, he may do so again."

She was calm again, asked where he had met the doctor and how long it would take to make the journey. With relief and gratitude she sent him off, urging him to make haste.

Luck favored him. A smart wind made it possible to sail all the way to the point where he had fallen in with the physician and his friends. He came upon Carrington and Riggs in a rowboat trolling, and explained his errand.

"I know I'm dealing with gentlemen," Tarleton said. "The case has its perplexities and calls for discretion. There's some mystery about this man and his daughter being there — something it's not my business to pry into."

Dr. Carrington nodded.

"Lawyers, ministers and doctors see enough trouble in the day's work at home without looking for it on their vacations. From what you say the man suffers from a dilated heart and there's not much to be done. Luckily I have an emergency kit and stethoscope. We'll get it and be off. I'll trail a canoe so you won't have to bring me back."

IT WAS late in the afternoon when they reached the island. Carrington, a man of forty, with kindly brown eyes, ignored the unusual circumstances of the visit and made his diagnosis with the thoroughness of the experienced practitioner. The sick man stared at him dumbly, seemingly beyond the point of protesting against the invasion of his solitude by a second stranger. Carrington gave him a shot from his hypodermic and left the instrument with instructions as to its use.

"There are things that might be done to prolong his life," he said to Millicent. "He might even have a comfortable year, but it's a long way to the nearest hospital and he's not equal to the journey. His heart's all pulled out of shape. I'm leaving you a restorative that will possibly tide him over for a day or two. A broth if he can take it; that's all. Very likely he will appear stronger in a little while, but don't be deceived by this. I'm sorry, but it's best for you to know the truth. He will never be well again."

"A sad business but I thought it best to deal frankly with the girl," Carrington said to Tarleton when they left the hut. "I think you said they were strangers to you? Well, you'd better stand by for a few days. That poor child's going to need help. I'd stay now if it would do any good, but I'm leaving all the medicine that can possibly be of any use. We'll be moving our camp farther north to-morrow, within a mile of you. I'll come up again to-morrow night after we settle."

By night Shields was easier, as Carrington had predicted, and drank the bouillon Tarleton heated.

"I'm much better; very much better," he said. "There was a doctor here? It was very kind of you, sir, but you needn't bother about me any further. It's just a passing illness. The boat was heavy and I couldn't have Millicent doing all the hard work. Millicent ——"

Tarleton cooked supper and afterward he and Millicent sat on the bench outside the cabin while the pines whispered consolingly.

"It isn't right to keep you here. You must have things to do," she said after a long interval.

"Nothing that's troubling me. My only business is to help you. You've got to think a little of yourself; what you will do — afterward?"

"Yes," she replied slowly. "I've got to think of a great many things. You know — you understand about father."

"Yes; I know enough. Don't bother to tell me anything. Your father is George D. Shields and you've been sharing his hardships these years in which he's concealed himself."

"IT'S horrible — horrible!" she whispered bowing her head in her hands. "When we went away I thought it was only for a pleasure trip. He was always so kind and we were together a great deal after my mother died. I didn't suspect anything until we had gotten away up in Canada and I read it in a New York paper I picked up one day. We've lived only in wild places, moving about whenever he suspected that we were followed and watched. Last summer he got the idea that it would be safer to cross the border; that they would be less likely to look for him on the American side and we traveled through the woods until we reached here."

"You've nothing to regret. Your devotion has been splendid; no one could have done more."

"I tried all winter to persuade him to give himself up and end it all but he said he would never do that. Then came long periods of depression when he wouldn't speak for days and I was afraid sometimes."

He filled in her lightly sketched outline of their wanderings, the misery and fear in which she had lived. In summer when she could pass for a camper seeking supplies, she had gone into settlements and bought provisions to store against the winter's need. It was Shields' idea to minimize his danger by hiding food in widely-separated places. She had several times drawn upon the stores secreted in the cove on the mainland while the lake was frozen, dragging them on a sledge across the ice. Always the fear of apprehension hung over them. When winter itself threw a protecting arm around the islands they had not been afraid that their smoke would betray them; but when spring came and lake traffic was resumed they made no fire by day.

She talked simply, uncomplainingly, speaking of her father with unfailing kindness, as though his crime were the act of an irresponsible child.

"When it's all over, after he goes away, I shall want to straighten out his affairs at home."

"With the state, you mean?"

"Yes, I've kept account of every cent we've spent. It hasn't been much, just enough to live on as we've gone from one hiding place to another. Papa had some money of his own and we've used very little of the state funds. I've held on to that when I had to throw away food to carry it."

In her wretchedness she had clung steadfastly to the thought of restitution. Shields' original plan had been to bury himself in Central or South America and live a life of ease; but once his act of plunder had been accomplished, his courage failed him. He was afraid to risk showing himself in any port from which he could take passage; and had crossed the Canadian frontier only to become a wanderer who found no joy in his exile.

"It's incredible he ever believed he'd get away with it! You're sure the money's safe?"

"It's in that little bay where you saw me, in a trunk pushed into a hole I dug out of the cliff. If anything should happen to me ——"

"Nothing will happen to you," he said, and clasped her hand, her pathetic little hand roughened by toil.

Wrapped in his blankets he lay all night outside the cabin door.

The next day he took turns with Millicent watching the sick man. In the afternoon he urged her to rest and she flung herself on the cot and slept the profound sleep of a weary child.

Tarleton was aware that Shields was studying him carefully.

"I'm all in," whispered the defaulter hoarsely. "That's what the doctor said?"

"It's a matter of days," Tarleton answered, feeling that no purpose would be served by deceiving him.

"I've known all winter that I was done for. I shouldn't care but for the little girl, and now I'm sneaking out of it like a coward and leaving her with a heritage of disgrace."

"We all make mistakes in this world. I know enough about you to make me anxious to do everything in my power to aid and protect your daughter."

The sick man's eyes blurred with tears and his hand sought and rested on Tarleton's knee.

"Do you mean that? I'm a bad lot but I've learned what honor means. I'm putting her as a trust in your hands; you will not betray a dead man."

"I've given my promise to her and I repeat it to you. You may rely on me."

"That money — you understand? — must be paid back. She knows where it is. It's in the same shape in which I took it — only a few thousand dollars short."

He seemed vastly relieved by Tarleton's assurance that the plunder would be returned. He exacted from Tarleton a promise to accompany Millicent to the state capital and assist her in delivering the stolen funds direct to the governor.

"Rawlins was my friend. He helped me to get the nomination for treasurer. He had all the confidence in the world in me. He didn't know I was yellow. My God! I never was square with anybody in my life, and now I'm leaving the little girl to bear it all."

Tears of contrition and weakness coursed down his cheeks. Tarleton admonished him to calm himself, telling him that he knew the governor, had seen a good deal of him when Rawlins was a member of Congress.

When Millicent woke, Tarleton took her field-glasses and rifle and made a circuit of the island. He had accepted a high commission, to which death itself had all but set the seal; and he tried to plan the steps necessary when Shields lost his feeble hold on life.

He swept the lake with the glass feeling that Gray might be passing southward at any time. It was about four o'clock when he espied a speck on the water. Concealing himself behind a clump of bushes he watched it intently until its nearer approach satisfied him that it was Gray. While Shields lay on his death-bed the hand of the law groped for him. Gray's return — the care with which he was studying the shore — was ominous. He landed now and then, scanned the beach and continued his journey.

THE hope of permitting Shields to die in peace, confident that the stolen money would be returned, would be jeopardized if Gray should land on the island. To frustrate justice was no small thing; but, leaving Shields out of the matter, the daughter who shared his perils and hardships was entitled to make restitution in such fashion as she pleased.

Gray had landed again, this time where a black patch indicated the spot where Tarleton camped the night he found Millicent. The detective drew his canoe far up the shore as though he meant to remain some time and Tarleton saw him sweep the water and the islands with his glass. Then he climbed the shelving bank and disappeared. Tarleton found a canoe concealed where Millicent kept her boat, and taking her rifle he paddled boldly for the mainland.

His immediate object was to protect the stolen money, and to get as close to it as possible he drove the canoe through the little stream to the hidden pool. Even in daylight it was a dark and forbidding place. The farther bank in which the treasure was concealed rose to a height of seventy or eighty feet and was covered with a dense growth of vegetation.

A few strokes brought the canoe to the prostrate tree where Millicent's boat had lodged and Tarleton waited, thinking that if Gray made no sign by nightfall he would return to the island.

Save for the lapping of the dark water and the occasional cry of a bird, silence held the windless air. An hour passed when for the thousandth time scanning the banks, the swaying of a cedar brought Tarleton sharply to attention.

Without lowering his eyes he reached for the rifle and instantly, as though the act had been a signal, Gray thrust his head out of the tangle and fired, the shot booming hollowly over the pool.

Before the roar died away Tarleton's thoughts ran nimbly round the whole situation and he decided against giving battle. Gray's gun covered him ready for another shot. The man perched in the hollow of the bluff above him was an officer of the law while his own rôle was that of a protector of a fugitive from justice. Without proof that he was implicated with Shields, Gray had taken a shot at him, but if he were to kill or wound the officer it would go hard with him. It was of Shields' daughter that Tarleton was thinking and he flung up his arms, caught a bough and drove the canoe out where his every movement could be plainly watched.

"You're just a little quick on the trigger, Mr. Gray. I thought you were a lumber inspector, not an assassin."

"Pick up that rifle and throw it overboard," commanded Gray, showing himself more clearly. "I've got you covered and if you make the wrong motion I'll bore a hole right through you."

Silently Tarleton obeyed, the rifle falling into the water with a loud splash.

"YOU lied to me about Shields," Gray continued. "Why didn't you tell me you knew he and his daughter were around here? You are a fool to mix up with them. I guessed somebody had been helping them from the smooth way they've slid round me for two years. They're on the big island out yonder and you knew it when I met you."

"All right; I'll agree to anything you say," Tarleton assented with an assumed cheerfulness. "If you know where Shields is why don't you go and get him?"

"Don't be funny. I suppose your game is to get the money and then the girl. A smooth proposition, that girl! It's been her brains I've been working against, not her crook father's."

Tarleton reasoned that if Gray knew the fugitive was on the island he would have gone there and seized Shields first of all. He must keep his head and play for delay. If only he could distract Gray's attention, he could grasp the paddle and risk a dash for the open. Save for his gun, Gray would be at a disadvantage if he made such a move, as he would have to climb the bank before beginning pursuit.

"You've got the papers for Shields' arrest?" he asked in a businesslike tone.

"Everything I need to land him in jail," Gray flung back.

"Fine!" Tarleton ejaculated, "out, of course, you wouldn't leave without the money. It wouldn't add a bit to your reputation to pinch Shields without his loot."

"So you know where it is, do you? I've found a woman's tracks on the cliff that lead right here. It'll go easier with you if you tell me where they planted the stuff."

"If you really want to know," Tarleton drawled, "it's stowed away in the cliff right behind you."

Gray in his astonishment turned his head; the pistol wavered in his hand. Tarleton seized the paddle, swung the canoe round and drove it with a long sweep toward the outlet. The booming of Gray's gun came a second later but he was still unharmed. With paddle poised for another stroke he looked back as Gray flung himself forward for a better aim. The shot came; but close upon it a yell that rose to a shriek mocked the roar of the discharge.

Already at the outlet Tarleton stayed his flight and looked back. Gray had lost his footing and was falling down the cliff clutching wildly for support. His descent was arrested by a sprawling shrub, but for an instant only he hung there; then his frail support yielded and he fell backward with arms and legs sprawling helplessly, until his head and shoulder struck a boulder that flung him off into the pool.

Tarleton was already driving the canoe toward the spot but he saw nothing, heard nothing but the resentful commotion of the disturbed water. He thrust down his paddle but the pool was like a deep well and only a listless ripple marked for a moment the place where Gray had been swallowed up in oblivion.

Tarleton continued to circle about, thinking that the body would come to the surface, but after half an hour he decided that the man, stunned or killed by his fall, had sunk at once to the bottom.

Hurrying back to the island Tarleton found Shields suffering from what Millicent said was the severest attack he had experienced. His face showed relief when Tarleton returned.

Make This Test

Watch how your teeth respond

This ten-day test has shown to millions the way to whiter, safer teeth. It is a free test—you should make it. No other method known can do what Pepsodent does for teeth.

To end the film

The object is to fight the film, which dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles. Dental science has worked years to do that.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not combat it satisfactorily, so brushing leaves much of it intact.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus all these troubles have been constantly increasing, despite the tooth brush.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found ways to combat film. High authorities have proved them by clinical and laboratory tests.

The best dental opinion now approves these methods. Leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption. Millions of people, as a result, now employ them daily.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10 Day Tube is offered free, so all who will may quickly know how much it means to them.

Five Much Desired Effects

One ingredient of Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest the starch deposits which cling and form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Pepsodent combines the best that modern science knows to combat the great tooth destroyers. It has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch it act

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

You will see several new effects, and the book we send will tell you what they mean. This is too important to forget. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes

Watch them whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how they whiten as the film-coat disappears. Cut out the coupon now.

Ten-day tube free

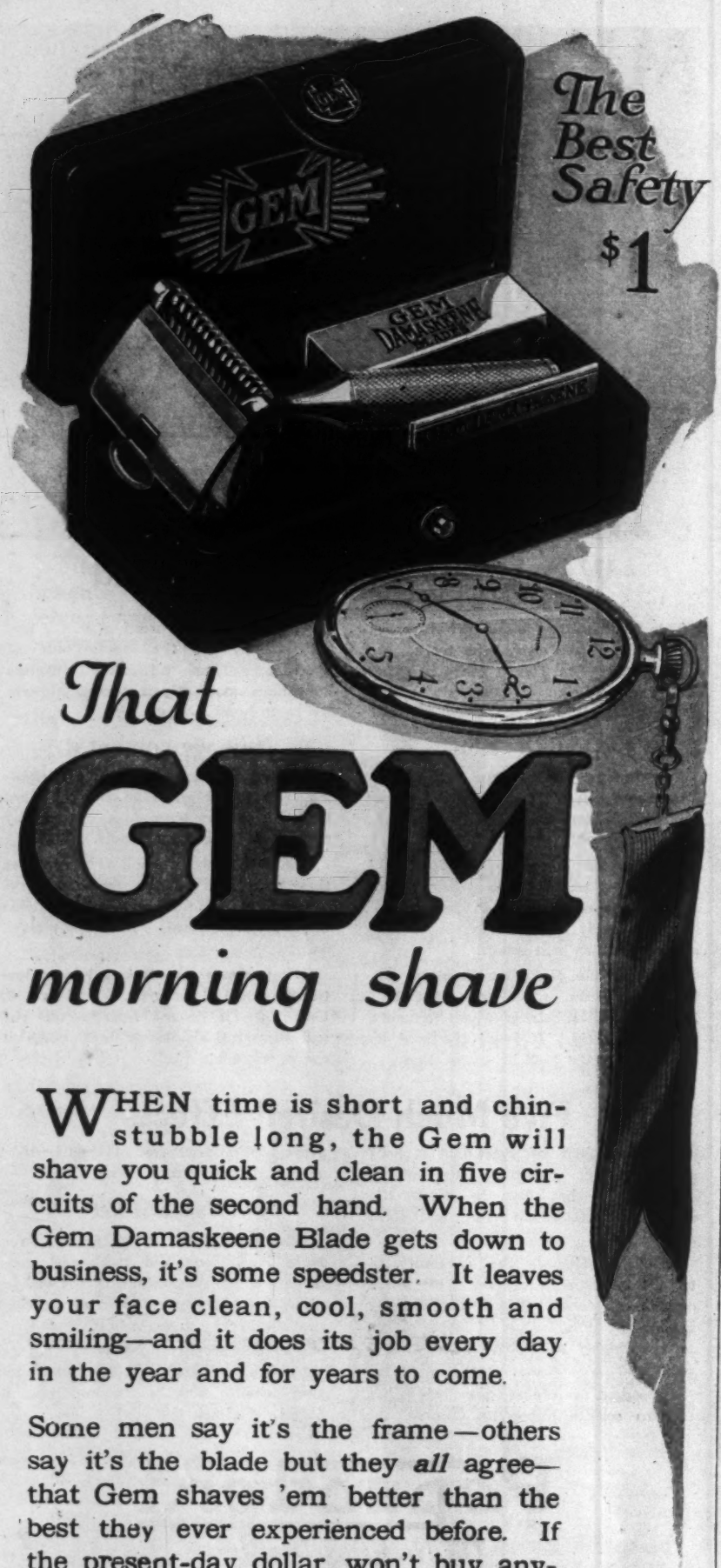
477

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 177, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family



The Best Safety $1

That GEM morning shave

WHEN time is short and chin-stubble long, the Gem will shave you quick and clean in five circuits of the second hand. When the Gem Damaskeene Blade gets down to business, it's some speedster. It leaves your face clean, cool, smooth and smiling—and it does its job every day in the year and for years to come.

Some men say it's the frame—others say it's the blade but they *all* agree—that Gem shaves 'em better than the best they ever experienced before. If the present-day dollar won't buy anything else, it *will* buy shaving joys, and the Gem outfit proves it. Sold and used the World Over.

Gem Damaskeene Blades
7 for 50¢

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
62-76 Lawrence St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I'm trusting you," he said. "You've given me your promise. I've been thinking—trying to think of everything. I want to make a statement—something to protect you and Millicent when you go back."

Tarleton was trying to comfort him when Carrington's knock interrupted him.

The physician laid his ear to Shields' heart and looked at Tarleton meaningfully.

"There's something our friend wants to say— it ought to be put into formal shape," Tarleton explained.

"We must make haste," the physician whispered. "Riggs and Barton are waiting outside. Barton can take his statement."

Millicent found ink and they left Shields alone with Barton, who presently called Carrington and Riggs as witnesses to the confession the fugitive dictated.

A little later Shields became unconscious. Half a dozen candles lighted the hut. Millicent knelt by the cot weeping softly. Just before the end Riggs, standing at the foot of the cot, uttered a prayer.

GEORGE B. SHIELDS was dead and the things that are to be done when life has gone out of a man the four men did in the best way possible. On the second day they buried him in the box they had fashioned themselves, digging his grave on an eminence near the cabin.

Tarleton told the trio the story of Gray's death, neglecting no detail. It was a nice question, the lawyer said, as to whether the matter should be reported.

"I should hold that, in assuming you to be an ally of Shields and firing at you without warning, he acted without warrant of law."

Carrington and Riggs supported this position, the more strongly because they saw the matter was troubling Tarleton.

"It was hideous— horrible!" muttered Tarleton. "I can't get it out of my mind."

"You would have saved him if you could," said the minister. "I'm sure you would and he would just as certainly have killed you, feeling that Shields was close at hand and that you were likely to frustrate his plan of seizing him single-handed. His death was due to his own folly. I give you absolution with a good conscience."

"Don't tell Millicent," the lawyer added. "She's borne enough, and this would only add to her misery. It will help you to forget if you remember that you were trying to help her, and God knows what she would have done without you."

The trio shifted their camp to the island and invited Tarleton to join them. They spent the day digging the treasure trunk out of the cliff and transferring it to the island. Millicent needed time to adjust herself to the changes wrought by her father's death. She dreaded the journey home and the publicity that awaited her when she returned to the capital where her girlhood had been spent, and at Riggs' suggestion they lingered for a week.

"I can never thank you for all you've done. Your vacation is spoiled," she said to Tarleton as they loitered through the woods. "If you'll take me to the nearest railroad I'll be all right."

"I should certainly hate myself if I did that. Those three men who've been so fine about helping would think pretty badly of me if I deserted you and I promised your father to stand by you."

He refused to allow her to discuss her future, talking of himself, of his newspaper work, of the work begun at Arrow Head and now well-nigh forgotten.

"If you hadn't gone there to write your book I should never have known you; I should have had to face all this alone. I don't know yet how you knew me?"

"It's all so wonderful! I'm afraid to tell you about it. I didn't know you until you challenged me that second time. You'd never believe that anything could happen as this did. I had no idea we should meet; it was the unlikeliest thing in the world. A newspaper friend questioned my ability to draw a woman character and jokingly gave me a picture of you which he thought might serve the purpose as an inspiration."

They gained the summit of the island and he paused, staring across the water. She was still wearing the boy's costume— she had no other, having discarded some of her clothing whenever it had been necessary in her wanderings to care for the money. Her crumpled hat was thrust under her arm and the sun glinted upon the bronze of her hair.

"Well," she said, uttering the word without coquetry, diffidently and with averted gaze.

"I found myself relying on your picture. It ceased to be a picture. You became my companion and helper at Arrow Head. I talked to you, just as though you had really been there. When I chanced upon you it wasn't like meeting a stranger."

"I'm glad you felt so," she said simply. "But you will go back now and finish the story and when I read it I shall be looking for myself, but maybe — maybe," she smiled for the first time since the burial under the pines— "maybe you didn't make me nice or—good?"

"Oh, the girl in the story's not equal to the original. If I meant to go on with the story I should want to change it a lot."

"You don't mean to finish it!" she cried. "Is it because you've lost so much time helping me?" The tears welled in her eyes.

"I've lost nothing; but I've gained a great deal. I've learned many things in these few days— loyalty and self-sacrifice from you, and from those three friends of ours I've got a new idea of what it means to help and serve."

They were to have supper on the beach with Carrington, Riggs and Barton and it was time to go.

"My mother used to say," she said pensively, "that when there's a great need in any one's heart God will find a way of meeting it. I know now she was right."

She stood up slim and straight, staring out over the water as though trying to penetrate the mists that hid the future. He rested his hands lightly on her shoulders and drew her around until he looked into her eyes.

"It must be together that we go back into the world. We must meet all our needs together and mine are many. I loved you before I ever saw you, Millicent. I mean that you shall never know another sorrow if I can prevent it. I want to serve you all the rest of my days."

And as a child that has suffered and wept its heart out responds to a kind touch and takes heart of hope again, her arms stole around his neck.

"The disgrace — you haven't thought of that!" she whispered. "What papa did will always follow me. I would only be a burden."

"That's all behind us now; and to-morrow is all our own," he said and kissed her and they went hand in hand through the pines to the shore.

Partlow looked up absently and then rose with an exclamation as Tarleton entered.

"Good Lord! I was just thinking of you. It's almost like seeing a ghost. Queer the association of ideas! Remember that Shields' girl's picture? I cursed the hour I gave it to you yesterday when the story was flashed that Shields was dead and the money paid back — the original package, so to speak. The poor fool never had a chance to blow it."

"I read the *Courier's* story," replied Tarleton soberly. "It's all right except as to one fact. I married Shields' daughter after she turned the money over to the governor and she's here in town with me now."

HE told it all — the story of Shields' exile and death in the north that never got into the newspapers.

"The governor out there's a very decent chap and gave the papers only a few bald facts. He was glad enough to get the money; it scores heavily for his administration, and thanks to those good fellows we met up there every possible contingency's taken care of — proof of his death and that sort of thing. So the incident's closed. The money was all there except about two thousand dollars, and Carrington and his friends advanced it until I can make it good."

"And your novel — what about that?"

"I burned my manuscript when I stopped at Arrow Head to pick up my traps. I decided I didn't know as much about life as I thought I did. And I might add that I'm not so keen about making people suffer as I was. I don't mind saying I've suffered a trifle myself."

"Undoubtedly you have," Partlow assented, "but you've taken into your keeping a bruised, starved soul that deserves love and cheer, and you've got to be equal to the responsibility. What are you going to do now?"

"I want a job — that's all!"

"Bully! The *Courier* needs a man in the Far East — a roving commission to watch things. I'll stretch a point in your case and be generous about expenses so you can take your wife along. Both of you dine with me quietly to-night and we'll discuss the details. I can't help thinking, Tarleton," he added quizzically, "what a bully story you could make out of your adventures in the lakes."

"Possibly," Tarleton replied gravely, "but in the newspaper game we all strike a lot of good stories we never can write."

IT SEEMS TO ME

by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Staving It Off

YOU have said, "I don't mind dying so much as I do getting old!" Yes, you have — whether you are male, female or write fashion articles for gentlemen.

That's the way most people feel when they think about it. The philosophical thing is not to give it a thought. But it isn't human to be philosophical all the time. For instance, if somebody nonchalantly shuts three or four of your best fingers in a taxicab door, does philosophy compare in any way with a blood-curdling super-sacrilegious curse at the top of your powerful lungs — with curtain calls if necessary? I should say not. But I may be prejudiced, as I enjoy cursing.

Philosophy has its place — at the very end. When you have achieved permanent tonsillitis from blasphemy then take to philosophy. Philosophy is an anesthetic; when life gets a bit too thick then one saturates a wad of cotton batting with philosophy and holds it to one's nose and inhales.

Age is a movable beast. When you are a little child everybody in the world any older than you is OLD — in other words, different.

When you are a boy of thirteen another boy of seventeen is older and more wonderful than your father or your uncles. Up to the age of about thirty you look up to your elders — that is, of course, if they are fairly decent and don't wear belts and suspenders at the same time or trim their nails with a patent clippers on top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Then gradually you begin to

learn that they aren't very much wiser than you are — but that they are just a little flabbier in the biceps.

When Booth Tarkington wrote his wonderful stories of "Seventeen", they were so true that most of us felt that he had invented that particular age and then patented it. The most amusing aspect of his achievement was that no boy or girl of that age could find any pleasure in the stories. They sniffed contemptuously at them. There was absolutely nothing of either truth or humor in them! Which was but another symptom of what Stevenson called "the disease of being seventeen."

By the same token no age recognizes itself in a mirror. No age can or will believe what another age says of them. A grown dog might accuse a young one of being a puppy. "Not so," says the puppy, "it is only that you are — an old hound!"

"Staving it off" is woman's greatest indoor sport. A goodly number of men nowadays "let" the barber try to stave off Death's Uglier Brother, Old Age, by kneading lard into their fat purple jowls with a rubber riveter!

The male is every whit as sensitive about his age as the more deadly. I know this from personal experience in making portraits. Any man past his youth hates to be portrayed a year older than he is and is childishly happy if the alleged likeness makes him look younger.

Some men say, "Pooh! Tut! I don't mind getting old a bit!" Liars all! One minds everything getting old — except millionaire aunts and wine — and as Jack Barrymore's sister's imitators say. "There isn't any more!"

Of course the unknowable sex is the most conspicuous in its campaign of "staving it off", and their efforts are extremely commendable. If more of them would realize that, when they go through the torture of having their faces "lifted" — the skin drawn taut like a drum, ripped and hemstitched out of sight under their ear muffs in order to obliterate the gullies and dewlaps, the illusion which has cost them so much in agony and cash is completely destroyed when their gnarled, weathered and puff-veined hands and arms shriek to the world, "We are nearly sixty years old! But please forget us and believe from the chin up!"

There is a stupid "tradition" in Movieland that in order to register that a girl's female parent is her mother they must have a corrugated, furrowed old pelican of at least ninety-eight play the part — one who would be in real life at least the girl's great-grandmother. But that is passing.

When some old fox who has filched millions from credulous widows and orphans reaches eighty years interviewers flock around the venerable rascal and beg him to tell the world his secret for keeping young and vigorous at his age. He knows he's lying when he sententiously proclaims it is because he always rose at five o'clock in the morning or he always took icy baths or because he faithfully observed the Sabbath or some such flapdoodle.

Another type of octogenarian, with a sense of humor and no millions (they always go together!), who, upon being asked the same question, says he owes his heartiness and longevity to the constant abuse of red liquor from the age of thirteen.

The first lies about it and the second jokes about it. Neither of them really know — nobody knows. It's a talent like being able to write wonderful music or fall out of a second-story window without being hurt and it is sheer nonsense for any one to pretend there is a recipe for keeping young.

It seems to me that there is at least one quality in humans — the general run of them — that proves their divine origin, and that is their glorious cheerfulness and gayety and seeming nonchalance in facing the unshakable and perpetual tragedy of approaching decay!

You may say, "Oh, most people don't think of it!" Most people must think of it if they think at all. It is a reaction that is going on continually under their noses — in every form of living thing. The most poignant proof is themselves! The clouding vision, the loss of hearing, the sagging tummy, the gentle falling of the teeth and hair, the lessening of activity — I won't say the loss of illusions because no one ever loses any real illusions, (pardon the bull!) and goes on living — it can't be done; all these signs — inevitable, disgusting, and too many more to enumerate, forcing their ugly acquaintanceship upon us all — and yet, by gosh! we laugh — we smile — between the twinges of pain and sorrow and rebellion — perhaps because we have a private hunch that age and senility and decay are the great illusion.

Now you may lean back in your Looey Katorz chair, flick the ash of your cigarette on the upturned innocent visage of your Pekinese and say, "Well, what is all this bunk?"

It's just an ancient idea, old thing, that if you want to weigh the importance of anything, put it to the test of whether it is REAL or not! And the foolish ancient idea is that NOTHING is actually real that can CHANGE. A thing to be real — and not an illusion — must forever remain the same — unchangeable — and, of course, nothing that is MATERIAL can stand the test! That's the silly old joke! Now laugh!

Being Rich

by

Fred C. Kelly

NOT long ago I chanced to get into conversation with a man who had been sleeping on a park bench in New York — because he had no other place to sleep. The next evening, as it happened, I was at the Long Island home of a multi-millionaire who also keeps a town house on Fifth Avenue, a yacht, a shooting lodge in North Carolina, a winter house in Florida and a rather elaborate bungalow in the Adirondacks. At his Long Island place, he has a $40,000 garage and a high-art greenhouse in charge of a horticultural expert who gets a salary of several thousand dollars a year.

On my way back to town I thought about the man on the park bench and about the man with the estate on Long Island. Neither one of these gentlemen, I reflected, has entirely solved the problem of a sensible way of living. One has a scheme that is a bit too simplified; the other's plan is much too complicated.

If the man on the bench had one nice little room that he could call home, he probably would be happy. And if my Long Island acquaintance had one comfortable little home, just large enough to fill the actual living requirements of his family, he would be perhaps not happy but at any rate much nearer happiness than he is now. At the present time, his various dwelling places actually require more of his thought than his business. He has so many servants, and such an elaborate landscape layout, that it takes a real executive head to keep everything running smoothly. His house is so large and so isolated — in order to give it the proper air of luxurious privacy — that it is lonely for his wife. The remedy, therefore, is to have an almost continuous house-party. So, most of the time they are worried over the big task of looking after the comfort of a crowd of guests, and they lead much the same life as the manager of a resort hotel — only that the regular hotel manager has a little more leisure, because he doesn't have to be in such personal contact with his guests.

Now, the surprising thing is that neither this Long Island man, nor his wife, cares much about entertaining, or pheasant culture, or any of the things that go with a big estate. They lean by natural instincts toward the simpler things of life. Why, then, do they lead the life they do, and take on so many needless cares and responsibilities? Just because it is customary for people of great wealth to do so. If they lived quietly, somebody might talk about them and wonder why they didn't put on any more "dog." People might even begin to doubt if they had enough money to live sumptuously. So they are obliged to do a lot of unnecessary things because rich folk are expected to do such things. Most rich people seemingly haven't the moral courage to buck against custom, and therefore, when they acquire a fortune, they feel almost a sacred duty to put up a big dwelling house about the size of Machinery Hall, at the Chicago World's Fair. The fact that the children are all married and gone from the parental home, so that a five-room bungalow would represent the acme of housekeeping comfort, makes no difference. They must have a big house as a sort of monument to their ability to have such a house. And having acquired the house, they must adopt a mode of life in keeping with it.

The man earning, say, $4,000 a year, can have just as good food, just as comfortable a bed, and just as much fun as the man with a million dollar income — and he enjoys the wonderful advantage of not having to conform to any particular scale or standard of living. He can do as he pleases. But when he gets to earning $10,000 a year, he is likely to be thrown with people who are earning twice that much, and he may feel that he ought to do the same things that his higher-salaried friends do. For some reason, the more money a man has, the more obsessed does he become with the notion that he must do whatever is done by other men of corresponding wealth. People often depart from natural desires and take up this Proper-Thing-To-Do cult before they realize it.

The truth is that the rich are not kidded enough. It is really too bad that the masses of the people do not get more good laughs at the expense of the rich. Every time I see a man riding by in an automobile with two men on the driver's seat — the extra man alongside of the chauffeur being of not the slightest use — I feel as if it would be a great joke to have a gang of amateur comedians with me, and point our fingers of ridicule at the man, and laugh at him so uproariously that he would feel somewhat silly. To have a liveried man on one's payroll to open a door for us and perform similarly useless chores as if we were a race of cripples, is not much more absurd than it would be to have an eight-hour shift of men with us wherever we go in case we required somebody to fasten our shoes or offer us a match. One of the great ends of all achievement is public approval. anyhow, and when public opinion frowns on too much magnificence instead of applauding it, a lot of nonsense will be stopped. So that it comes down to this: Whenever even the humblest person slaps his thigh and laughs in genuine amusement at a millionaire spending his money in a selfish and wasteful manner, that person is performing a genuine public service.

Some fine day, perhaps, a big fortune will be a symbol of disrepute unless the possessor can show that his money has, on the whole, been for genuine good. Once a man finds himself laughed at when he has two men in livery on the box, or a larger house than he needs, he may seek other outlets for his money. We should have a public opinion which would make every multi-millionaire rack his brain for some great good that he could point to with pride as a kind of alibi for his riches.

In the long run, you can kid a man out of more money than you can tax him out of. Tax it away from him and he becomes soured and disgruntled — almost a foe to his government; but keep telling him what a great philanthropist he is, thus getting him to loosen up, and he is not only pleased with himself, but with nearly everybody else.

On the other hand, because rich people often lose their perspectives and make asses of themselves, there has been a tendency to regard poverty almost as a badge of honor. We often hear the old saying that poverty is no disgrace. Now, the truth is that poverty *is* a disgrace, and the sooner we get away from a lot of maudlin sentimentality about it, the less poverty there will be. Poverty is a disgrace not only to the individual, but to the whole community. Many cases of poverty are traceable to causes a generation or two back. But in a surprisingly large number of instances, the cause — whether laziness, shiftlessness, drunkenness, immorality, or what not — is to be found right in the individual who is suffering the poverty. Whenever we pat poverty on the back and glorify it, saying it represents exceptional honesty or morality, we help to postpone the end of it.

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[*Continued from page 34*]

tracks, of hobnail boots, and of traces where water had been spilled. The boot impressions led down and the moccasin tracks up, and, as these latter were the fresher, Adam began to follow them.

The trail led across the wash and turned west toward where the walls commenced to take on the dignity of a canyon. Bunches of sage and greasewood began to dot the sand, and beyond showed the thickets of mesquite.

He came upon a spot where the man he was trailing — surely an Indian — had fallen in the sand. A dark splotch, sticky and wet, had never been made by spilled water. Adam recognized blood when he touched it, but if he had not known it by the feel he surely would have by the smell. Probably at that instant Adam became fully himself again. He was on the track of events, he sensed some human being in trouble; and the encroaching spell of Death Valley lost its power.

The trail led into the mesquites, to a wet glade, rank with sedge and dank with the damp odor of soapy water.

A few more hurried strides brought Adam upon the body of an Indian, lying face down at the edge of the trickling little stream. His black matted hair was bloody. A ragged, torn and stained shirt bore further evidence of violence. Adam turned him over, seeing at a glance that he had been terribly beaten about the head with a blunt instrument. He was gasping. Swiftly Adam scooped up water in his hat. He had heard that kind of gasp before. Lifting the Indian's head Adam poured water in the open mouth. Then he bathed the blood-stained face.

The Indian was of the tribe that had packed supplies for the Vireys. He was apparently fatally hurt. It was evident that he wanted to speak. And from the incoherent mixture of language which these Indians used in conversation with white men Adam gathered significant details of gold — of robbers — of something being driven round and round, grinding stone like maize.

"*Arrastra?*" queried Adam.

The Indian nodded, and made a weak motion of his hand toward the trail that led to the yellow wilderness of clay, and then further gestures which, with a few more gutturally whispered words, gave Adam the impression that a man of huge bulk, wide of shoulder, was working the old Spanish treadmill — *arrastra* — grinding for gold. Then the Indian uttered, with a last flash of spirit, the warning he could not speak, and falling back, he gasped and faded into the unconsciousness that meant death.

Adam stood up, thinking hard, muttering aloud some of his thoughts.

"*Arrastra!* . . . That was the way of Dismukes — to grind for gold. . . . He's here — somewhere — down in that yellow hole. . . . Robbers have jumped his claim — probably are holding him — torturing him to tell of hidden gold . . . and they beat this poor Indian to death."

There was necessity for quick thought and quick action. The Indian was not dead, but he soon would be. Adam could do nothing for him. It was imperative to decide whether to wait here for the return of the water-carrier or at once follow the trail to the yellow clay slopes. Adam wore a gun, but it held only two unused shells, and there was no more ammunition in his pack. The Indian had no weapon. Perhaps the water-carrier would be armed. If Dismukes were dead, there need be no rash hurry to avenge him: if he lived as prisoner a little time more or less would not greatly matter. Adam speedily decided to wait a reasonable time for the man who packed water, and if he came, kill him, and then hurry up the trail. There was, in this way, less danger of being discovered, and besides one of the robbers dispatched would render the band just so much weaker. Adam favored this course because of the possibility of getting a weapon.

"And more," muttered Adam, "if he happens to be a tall man I can pretend to be him — packing water back."

Therefore Adam screened himself behind a thick clump of mesquite near the trail and waited like a panther ready to spring.

As he crouched there, keen eyes up the canyon, ears like those of a listening deer, there flashed into Adam's mind one of Magdalene Virey's unforgettable remarks. "The power of the desert over me lies somewhere in my strange faculty of forgetting self. I watch, I hear, I feel, I smell, but I don't think. Just a gleam — a fleeting moment — then the state of consciousness or lack of consciousness is gone! But in that moment lies the secret lure of the desert. Its power over men!"

The hour was approaching midday, and the wind began to rustle the mesquites and seep the sand. Adam smelled a dry dust somewhat tangy, and tasted the bitterness of it as he licked his lips. Flies had begun to buzz around the dead Indian.

Adam waited. The west wind began to blow hard. Its moan deadened the sound of running water and the buzz of the flies.

All at once Adam's whole body vibrated with the leap of his heart. A tall hulking man hove in sight, balancing a bar across his shoulder from each end of which hung a large bucket. These buckets swung to and fro with the fellow's steps. Like a lazy man, he advanced leisurely. Adam saw a little puff of smoke lift from the red indistinct patch that was this water-carrier's face. He had a cigarette or pipe. He bent over occasionally as if studying tracks in the trail, but he showed no uneasiness or caution. Adam had been careful to walk to one side of that trail. Manifestly the robber was interested in the moccasin tracks left by the Indian. As he approached nearer and nearer, Adam received steadily growing and changing impressions of the man he was about to kill, until they fixed in the image of a long, loosely-jointed body, a soiled shirt open at the neck, bare brown arms, and cruel red face. Just outside the mesquites, the robber halted to peer at the spot where the Indian had fallen, and then ahead as if he expected to see a body lying in the trail.

"Ho! Ho! if thet durned Injin I beat didn't crawl way down hyar! — An' his brains oozin' out!" he ejaculated, hoarsely, as he strode between the scratching mesquites, swinging the cross-bar and buckets sidewise. "Takes a hell of a lot to kill some critters!"

Like a released spring Adam shot up. His big hands flashed to cut off a startled yell.

"Not so much!" he called, grimly, and next instant his giant frame was strung to the expenditure of mighty effort.

At noon the wind was blowing a gusty gale, and the sun shone a deep weird magenta color through the pall of yellow dust. The sky was not visible. Down on the ridges and in the washes dust sheets were whipped up at intervals. Clouds of flying sand rustled through the air, and sometimes the wind had force enough to carry grains of gravel. These intermittent blasts resembled the midnight furnace winds except for the strange fact that they were not so hot, so withering. Every few minutes the canyon would be obscured in sweeping, curling streaks and sheets of dust. Then as the gale roared away, the dust settled and the air again cleared.

The fury of the elements seemed to favor Adam. Heat and gale and obscurity could tend only to relax the vigilance of men. Adam counted upon surprising the gang. To his regret, he had found no weapon on the robber he had overcome. Wearing the man's slouch sombrero pulled down, and carrying the water-buckets suspended from the bar across his shoulders, Adam believed that in the thick of the dust-storm he might approach near the gang, perhaps get right among them.

When he got to the top of the amphitheatre, and found it a weird and terrible abyss of flying yellow shadows and shrieks of wind and moan and roar, he decided he would go down as far as might seem advisable, then try to slip up on the robbers and get a look at them and their surroundings before rushing to the attack.

The trail led down over hard-packed clay, at first descending a slope, then keeping to the center of a long winding narrow ridge. Below, the slopes and dunes were lost in opaque gloom. Adam descended from that ridge into a wash between two slopes, narrow and close, choked with dust and hot as an oven. It wound to right and left, a dry stream-bed that gradually worked down toward a lower level.

Down, and yet farther, Adam plodded, amazed at the depth of the pit, the bottom of which he had not seen. The plainly defined trail led him on, and in one place, huge boot-tracks, familiar to him, acted as a spur. The tracks were not many days old and had been made by Dismukes. Adam now expected to find his old friend dead or in some terrible situation. The place, the day, the heat, the wind — all presaged terror, violence, gold and blood.

At last Adam got so far down, so deep into the yellow depths, that pall and roar of dust-storm appeared above him. He walked in a strange yellow twilight. And here the sun showed a darker magenta.

Interminably the yellow-walled wash wound this way and that, widening out to the dimensions of a canyon. Here intersecting washes began to appear, and the descent grew less evident.

When out of sight of the trail, he climbed up a soft clay slope, and lying flat at the top he peeped over. More yellow ridges like the ribs of a wash-board! They seemed to run out on all sides, in a circling maze. But they were almost level. Here indeed was the pit of the amphitheatre. With slow desert-trained gaze Adam swept the graceful dunes! All bare! Not a stone or a shrub!

The ridges about him began to show streaks of brown earth and ledges of rock. As he looked about he was startled by a rumbling, grating sound. It was continuous but it had louder rumbles, almost bumps. The sound was rock grating on rock. Adam thought he knew what made it. With all his might he listened, pressing his ear down on the clay. The rumble kept on, but Adam could not hear any other sound until there came a lull in the wind above. Then he heard a squeaking creak — a sound of wood moved tight against wood — sharp cracks, but of soft substances, then the ring of a shovel on stone and at last harsh voices.

SO FAR, so good, thought Adam. Only a few yards of clay separated him from mining operations, and he must see how many men were there and what was the lay of the land, and how best he could proceed. The old animal instinct to rush animated him, requiring severe control. While waiting for the wind to begin again, Adam wondered if he was to see Dismukes. He did not expect to.

The elements seemed to await Adam's wishes. At that very moment the yellow light shaded a little dimmer and the sinister-hued sun cloaked its ruddy face. The gale above howled, and the circling winds, lower down, gathered up sheets of dust and swept them across the shrouded amphitheatre.

Adam sunk his fingers into the soft clay and crawled up this last slope. Reaching the last foot of ascent Adam cautiously peeped over. He saw a wider space, a sort of round pocket between two yellow ridges, that ran out and widened from a ledge of crumbling rock. He crawled a few inches farther, raised himself a little higher. Then he saw brush roofs of structures, evidently erected for shade. The rumble began again. Higher Adam raised himself. Then he espied a coat hanging on a corner post of one of the structures. Dismukes' coat! Excitement now began to encroach upon his cool patience and determination. Higher he raised himself.

The brush-covered structure farther from him was a sun-shelter, and under it lay piles of camp duffel. A camp-fire smoked. Adam's swift eyes caught the gleam of guns. The day was too torrid for these campers to pack guns. The nearer structure was large, octagonal in shape, built of mesquite posts and brush. From under it came the rumble of rocks and the metallic clink of shovels and then heavy voices.

Still higher Adam pulled himself so that he might see under the brush shelter. A wide rent in the roof — a huge brown flash across this space — then lower down a movement of men to and fro — rumble of rocks, clink of shovel, thud of earth, creak and crack — a red undershirt — blue jeans — boots, and then passing, bending men nude to the waist — circle and sweep of long dark streak — then again the huge brown flash — it all bewildered Adam, so that one of his usually distinguishing glances failed to convey clear meaning of this scene. Then he looked and looked, and when he had looked a long breathless moment he fell flat on the soft clay, digging his big hands deep, trembling and straining with the might of his passion to rush like a mad bull down upon the ruffians.

THE brush roof was a shelter for an *arrastra*. In the center of the octagon a round pit had been dug into the ground, and lined and floored with flat stones. An upright beam was set in the middle of this, and was fastened above to the roof. Cross-beams were attached to the upright, and from these cross-beams dragged huge rocks held by chains. A long pole, like the tongue of a wagon, extended from the upright and reached far out, at a height of about four feet from the ground. The principle of operation was to revolve the cross-beams and upright post, dragging the rocks around and around the pit, thus crushing the ore.

The motive power sometimes was a horse, but usually it was a mule. But in this instance the motive power was furnished by a man. A huge, broad, squat man naked to the waist! He was bound to the end of the long bar or tongue, and as he pushed it round and round his body was bent almost double. What wonderful brawny arms on which the muscles rippled and strung like ropes! The breast of this giant was covered with grizzled hair. Like a tired ox he bowed his huge head, wagging it from side to side. As he heaved around he exposed his broad back — the huge brown flash that had mystified Adam — and this mighty muscled back showed streaks and spots of blood.

A gaunt man, raw-boned and dark, with a face like a ghoul, stood just outside the circle described by the long bar. He held a mesquite branch, with forked and thorny end, which he used as a goad. Whenever the hairy half-naked giant passed around, this gaunt man would swing the whip. It cracked on the brown back — spattered the drops of blood.

There were three other men shoveling, carrying, and dumping ore into the pit. One was slight of build and hard of face. A red-undershirted fellow looked tough and wiry, of middle age, a seasoned desert-rat, villainous as a reptile. The third man had a small closely-cropped head like a bullet, and a jaw that stood out beyond his brow, a hard visage smeared with sweat and dust. His big naked shoulders proclaimed him young.

And the grizzled giant, whom the others were goading and working to death there in the terrible heat, was Adam's old savior and friend, Dismukes!

Cautiously Adam backed and slid down the clay slope, and hurried up and down another. When he had crossed several he turned to the left, and ran down to the trail, and followed along that until he reached the spot where he had left the buckets of water.

There he drank deeply, and tried to restrain his hurry. But he was not tired or out of breath. And his mind seemed at a deadlock. A weapon, a shovel, a sledge to crush their skulls! To keep between them and their guns! Thus Adam's thoughts had riveted themselves on a few actions.

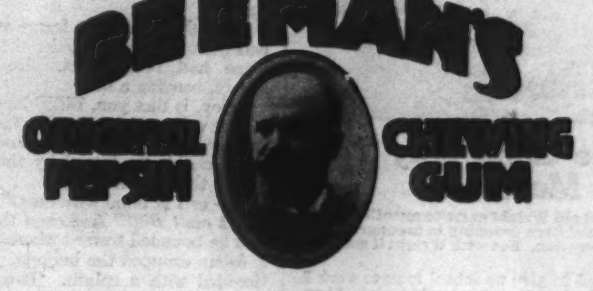
Swinging the cross-bar over his shoulders and lifting the buckets, he took the trail down toward the camp. He bowed his head and his shoulders more than the weight of the buckets made necessary.

He rounded the last corner. There was the camp, fifty yards away. He now could almost straddle the only avenue of escape.

"That's Bill with the water!" yelled the red-shirted man.

Work and action ceased. The giant Dismukes looked — then heaved erect with head poised like that of a hawk.

"Aw, Bill, you son-of-a-gun!" called another robber, in welcome. "We damn near died — waitin' fer thet water!"

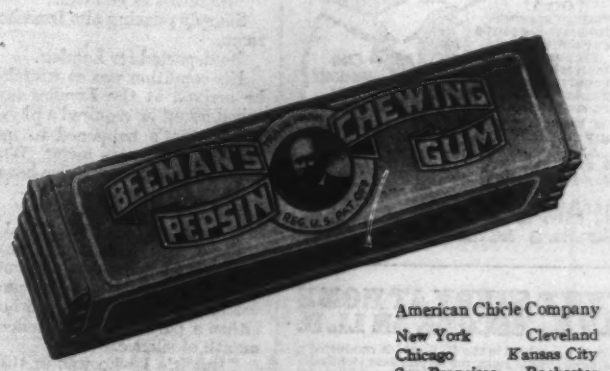


Health, the Greatest Human Asset

Good health is essential to the enjoyment of life and to the efficient conduct of our business affairs.

Dyspepsia and other mild forms of indigestion are oftentimes the forerunners in undermining the health of men and women.

Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum has been found generally effective in maintaining good digestion.



American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester

CHICLE

"You've Gone Way Past Me, Jim!"

"Today good old Wright came to my office. All day the boys had been dropping in to congratulate me on my promotion. But with Wright it was different.

"When I had to give up school to go to work I came to the plant seeking any kind of a job. They put me on the pay-roll and turned me over to Wright, an assistant foreman then as now.

"Well, I soon realized that to get ahead I must not only do my work well, but prepare for something better. So I wrote to Scranton and found I could get exactly the course I needed to learn our business. I took it up and began studying an hour or two each evening.

"Why, in just a little while my work took on a whole new meaning. Wright began giving me the most particular jobs—and asking my advice. Next thing I knew I was made assistant foreman of a new department. I kept right on studying because I could see results. Then there was a change and I was promoted to foreman—at good money, too.

"And now the first big goal is reached—I am superintendent, with an income that means independence and all those things that make life worth living.

"Wright is still at the same job, an example of the tragedy of lack of training. What a truth he spoke when he said today, 'You've gone 'way past me, Jim,—and you deserve to. Heads win—every time!'"

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more than two million men and women to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work of your choice, with an income that will make possible money in the bank, a home of your own, the comforts and luxuries you would like to provide your family.

All we ask is the chance to prove it—without obligation on your part or a penny of cost. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 2963-B, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Lighting and Rys.	☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Window Trimmer
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Show Card Writer
☐ Telephone Work	☐ Sign Painter
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ Railroad Trainman
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Cartooning
☐ Toolmaker	☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Private Secretary
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Ship Draftsman	☐ Commercial Law
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Teacher
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Mathematics
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.	☐ Auto Repairing ☐ Spanish
☐ CHEMIST	☐ AGRICULTURE ☐ French
☐ Navigation	☐ Poultry Raising ☐ Italian

Name_____

Present Occupation_____ 7-28-19

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

BE AN ARTIST
We can teach you DRAWING in your own home during spare time.
Our 18 years of successful teaching prove our ability.
10 Courses in Commercial and Illustrative Drawing. Endorsed by high art authorities.
OUR HANDSOME ART YEAR BOOK is FREE
Students trained by members of our Faculty are filling high-salaried positions. Artist's Outfit FREE to Enrolled Students.
Write today for Art Year Book.
SCHOOL of APPLIED ART
ARDREY ART BLDG. No. 6 BATTLE CREEK MICH.

LAW STUDY AT HOME BECOME AN LL.B.

This is the only law school in the U. S. which conducted a **standard resident school** and gives its students identically the **same instruction by mail.** We are legally qualified and authorized to confer the **Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL. B.—by correspondence.** Over 450 lectures delivered in classrooms and especially revised for our students by a large corps of prominent, practicing lawyers. Our **Law Library** consists of 24 volumes (bound into 12 books) of **Students' Standard Text Books,** prepared at an enormous cost exclusively for the use of our students by one of the largest and most reliable law book publishers in America. Written guarantee to prepare graduates to **pass** bar examination. $60.00 course in Oratory and Public Speaking **given free.** Thousands of successful graduates. Only school of its kind in America. Established in 1910. Write today for Illustrated Catalog which will give you the **Facts**—the **Proof**—the **Evidence.**

Hamilton College of Law, 806 Morton Bldg., Chicago

When answering advertisements mention McClure's

"Ho! Ho! . . . Bill, ye musta run agin another Injin."

Adam walked on, shortening himself a little more, quickening his stride. When he reached and passed the shelter under which lay packs and coats and guns he suddenly quivered, as if released from dragging restraint.

The robber of slight frame and hard face had walked out from under the shelter. He alone had been silent. He had peered keenly, bending a little.

"Hey, is thet you, Bill?" he queried, with a hard voice which suited his face.

The gaunt robber cracked his whip. "Fellars, air we locoed by this hyar dust? Damn the deceivin' light! . . . Too big fer Bill — er I'm blind with heat!"

"*It ain't Bill!*" screeched the little man, and he bounded toward where the guns lay.

Adam dropped the buckets. Down they thudded with a splash. Two of his great leaps intercepted the little man, who veered aside, dodged and then tried to run by Adam, with a lunge and a swing, hit him squarely on the side of the head. The blow rang soddenly. Its tremendous power propelled the man off his feet, turning him sidewise as he went through the air, and carried him with terrific force against one of the shelter-posts, round which his limp body seemed to wrap itself. Crash! the post gave way, letting the roof sag. Then the smitten man rolled to lodge against a pack, and lay inert.

Whirling swiftly Adam drew his gun, and paused a second, ready to rush.

The robbers stood stock-still.

"My Gawd!" hoarsely yelled the red-shirted one. "Who's thet? . . . Did you see him soak Robbins?"

Dismukes let out a stentorian roar of joy, of hate, of triumph. Like a chained elephant he plunged to escape. Failing that, he surged down to yell: "Aha, you bloody claim-jumpers! Now you're done! It's Wansfell!"

"*Wansfell!*" flashed the gaunt-faced villain, and that gaunt face turned ashen. "Grab a shovel! Run fer a gun!"

Then the red-shirted robber swung aloft his shovel and rushed at Adam, bawling fierce curses. Adam shot him through. The man seemed blocked, as if by a heavy impact, then, more fiercely, he rushed again. Adam's second and last shot staggered him. But the shovel descended on Adam's head, a hard blow, fortunately from the flat side. Clubbing his gun Adam beat down the man, who went falling with his shovel under the shelter. Both the other men charged Adam and the three met at the opening. They leaped so swiftly upon him and were so heavy-bodied, that they bore him to the ground. Adam's grim intention was to hang on to both of them, so neither could run to get a weapon. To that end he locked a hold on each. Then began a whirling, wrestling, thudding battle. To make sure of them Adam had handicapped himself. He could not swing his mallet-like fists and he had not been fortunate enough to grip their throats. So, rolling over and over with them, he took the rain of blows, swinging them back, heaving his weight upon them. Foot by foot he won his way farther and farther from where the guns lay. If one yelling robber surged half-erect Adam swung the other to trip him. And once inside the wide doorway of that octagon structure Adam rose with the struggling men, an iron hand clutching each, and swinging them wide apart, by giant effort he brought them back into solid and staggering impact. He had hoped to bring their heads together. But only their bodies collided and the force of the collision broke Adam's hold on one. The young man of hulking frame went down, right on the shovel, and quick to grasp it, he bounded up, fierce and strong. But as he swung aloft the weapon, Adam let go of the gaunt-faced man and hit him, knocking him against the other. They staggered back, almost falling.

Swift on that advantage, Adam swung a fist to the bulging jaw of the man with the shovel. As if struck by a catapult he went down over the wooden beam and the shovel flew far. Then Adam blocked the doorway. The other fellow charged him only to be knocked back. As he reeled, his comrade, panting loud, straddled the long beam. Just then Dismukes with quick wits heaved forward on the beam, to which he was bound, and the claim-jumper went sprawling in the dirt. Dismukes celebrated his entrance into the fray with another stentorian yell.

Adam awoke now to a different and more intense sense of the fight. He had his antagonists cornered. They could never get by him to secure a gun. And the fierce zest of violent strife, the ruthless law of the desert, the survival of the strongest, the blood lust would have made him refuse any weapon save his hands. He stood on his feet and his hands were enough. Like a wolf he snapped his teeth, then locked his jaw. As he swung and battled and threw these foes backward a strange wild joy accelerated his actions. The smell of sweat and blood, the heat of panting breaths in his face, the feel of hot rippling muscle all tended to make him the fiercer. His sight stayed keen, though tinged with red. He saw the beady evil eyes of the big robber, like hot green fire, and the bruised and bleeding face with its snarling mouth, and as he saw, he struck out hard with savage thrill. He saw the gaunt and sallow visage of the other, bloody-mouthed, with malignant gaze of frenzied hate, of glinting intent to kill, and as he saw he beat him down.

Then into his pulsing senses burst a terrible yell from Dismukes. The gaunt-faced man had fallen into the pit of the *arrastra*, and Dismukes had suddenly started ahead, shoving the beam before him. The big rocks dragging by chains from the cross-beam began to pound around on the ore. Jar and rumble! Then a piercing scream issued from the man who had been caught under the rocks, who was being dragged around the *arrastra*.

Adam saw, even as he knocked back another rush of the other man.

"*Grindin' gold, Wansfell!*" *roared Dismukes.* "*More ore, pard! . . . We're grindin' gold!*"

The huge prospector bent to his task. Supreme was his tremendous effort. Strength of ten men! Blood gushed from the cuts on his brawny back. Faster he shoved until he was running. And as he came around, the ferocity of his bristling face, and the swelling of the great chest with its mats of hair, seemed to prove him half man, half beast, a gorilla in a death-grapple.

Again the big robber lunged up, to lower his head and charge at Adam. He was past yelling. He did not seek to escape. He would have given his life to kill.

"*More ore, pard Wansfell!*" yelled Dismukes, as with whistling breath he shoved round the terrible mill of rumbling rocks. A horrible long-drawn cry issued from under them.

Then the sweep of the long beam caught the charging man. Down to his knees it forced him, and catching under his chin, was dragging him when the upright post gave way with a crash. The released beam, under the tremendous momentum of Dismukes' massive weight and strength, seemed to flash across the half-circle, lifting and carrying the man. A low wall of rock caught his body, and the beam, swinging free from its fastening, cracked his head as if it had been a ripe melon.

(*To be continued*)

Stronger Than Death

[*Continued from page 24*]

two. You'll miss me. You'll be punished. Perhaps when you return you'll be sensible."

"Good-bye, then," he said.

She hesitated, then came to him for the parting kiss. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Don't you think I love you, Allan?"

His devil prompted him to reply:

"As much as you can."

Sharply pushing him from her, she left the room.

He departed for London.

His condition was so wretched that, when he arrived at the London hotel, the clerk asked him if he required a physician. "What is this that's happened to me?" he asked himself. "What a mess! What a future it would be! But can I give her up?"

Later he reflected:

"At any rate, she'll write."

This thought nearly calmed him.

Days, weeks, a month passed. Such a month as a man would spend sitting in a prison-cell, waiting, every moment, for the footfall of a messenger who might bring either a pardon or a sentence of death. A month of silence.

"But it's I who was in the wrong; it's I who should have written! What have I done to her? She may be ill!"

He rushed back to Paris, prepared to find her pining away from grief.

She was not at her hotel. She had gone to dine at a restaurant. As he approached the restaurant, he saw her, about to enter a motor-car, with Wirdsmal and the tenor Calincourt, *en toilette*, a necklace of dismonds revealed between the folds of her cloak. In that costume she had never dined in one of the public rooms. It had evidently been a private dinner-party. She was radiant. Her smile was as dazzling as if produced before a drop-curtain, above a sudden clustering of bouquets.

She did not see him standing there on the pavement.

He returned to London. Thence he took ship for the Orient. On that voyage he was supposed by everybody to be convalescent from an illness.

In moments of relapse, he wondered, "How did it all come about? Why wasn't I content to take the best she could offer?" And after reflection, "I was mad! Surely such things don't happen to other men. No, this is the penalty for being a romantic."

So it was that he developed a hatred of romance.

He engulfed himself in his work. He gained a reputation for freedom from sentimentality, except where social conditions were concerned.

He had transmuted romanticism into humanitarianism. In the words of his dinner-companion at Mme. de Lammennais-Rypperda's he had "sublimated his intolerable yearning."

Still, now and then dizziness stole over him when he chanced on her name in a newspaper. His eyes, before he could avert them, embraced the article from beginning to end, drank in its whole import. So he learned that she had married Wirdsmal, and, after Wirdsmal's death, the tenor Calincourt. Then he read that she had retired from opera.

If only that might have happened in his time!

But this very evening, while passing the Opéra on his way to the house of Mme. de Lammennais-Rypperda, he had said to himself, with a pleasant sensation of calmness and fortitude, "Not a twinge! Nothing but incredulity at that old-time madness. How long has it been since I made myself over, became another man?"

The saturnine maid, softly approaching the alcove, peered into the gloom.

"Madame still sleeps."

Sitting down on the edge of a shadowy chair, she folded her hands discreetly in her lap. They listened to the ticking of an invisible clock.

"You and madame have been here long?"

"A month. With our present means, monsieur, there was nowhere else to go."

"And this state of affairs?"

"Since the divorce from Monsieur Calincourt. But for a long while it has all been bad. Monsieur knows nothing about it?"

The maid, her face covered with a shadow that resembled the mask of an attendant in a torture-chamber, began in a calm, dry voice to reveal the secrets of these years.

"When I came to madame, in the second year of her marriage to Monsieur Wirdsmal, they were already unhappy together. If, indeed, they had ever been otherwise! Yet madame was then at the height of her career. Signor Sassotti had just written for her his opera 'Scheherezade'."

"The old perfume!" Allan uttered aloud.

"Madame's perfume? Pardon, I think not. To my knowledge she has used only two perfumes. In the days of Monsieur Wirdsmal it was *M'Aimez-Vous*. In Monsieur Calincourt's period it was *Crepuscula*. But *Scheherezade*? If that was a perfume of

madame's it must have been before I came to her."

She returned to her revelations.

"In those days madame's room at the theatre, and her boudoir at home, were so full of flowers that she no longer looked at the cards attached to them. On her dressing-table, the necklaces of sapphires, the great plaques of diamonds, lay strewn like so much trash. She was often so beautiful that it startled one to behold her. She was like an empress who has brought a world to her feet. One would have thought all this enough for her, is it not so?

"But then, Monsieur Wirdsmal was so very jealous! He made atrocious scenes. He used to scream at her:

"'It is useless to deny it! You love him!'

"And madame would reply in a frozen voice:

"'You are wrong, *mon ami*. I love nobody. Nobody in the whole world.'

"It was not Monsieur Calincourt of whom Monsieur Wirdsmal was jealous. And not even with any of the others, for all her coquetry, did she give him real cause for those tantrums. If it had been otherwise I should have known it. No, it is a mystery. Unless Monsieur Wirdsmal was, in effect, insane.

"When Monsieur Wirdsmal died in Moscow, madame said to me:

"'Annette, he looks very peaceful. Why have I always been afraid of death?'

"Then one night, six months afterward, on her return from a party in London at which she had been the queen, while I was putting her to bed she began to shake with a chill, and to whimper like a child that is lost in the dark:

"'This loneliness is killing me, although it is a loneliness full of ghosts. I must crowd them out. Six months! What will they say, Annette? No matter. He was always a stranger to me.'

"Then she married Monsieur Calincourt, whose voice, which had never been anything to rave over, was now all tremolo.

"As every one is aware, monsieur, people know nothing about each other till they are married. Absolutely nothing! I myself, despite my long experience, in the service of ladies, with men of all sorts, was greatly deceived in Monsieur Calincourt. Yet he was such a fine-looking, amiable man, with the appearance of a gentleman. It is curious, monsieur, but he looked a little like you.

"Ah, but there was a smooth one! All that time he had been waiting to slip into Peru! Within the year he began to run through everything. Before we could take alarm our affairs were much involved. It was necessary for madame to redouble her labors.

"No doubt that was largely the reason why she lost her voice.

"You see, monsieur, in the operatic world madame was really an abnormality. For a dramatic soprano she had an unusually delicate physique. As Signor Sassotti has told me, that voice of hers should have been reinforced by a great, robust body, not a body continually growing more delicate. As she worked harder and harder, the strain became greater and greater. Rehearsals—performances — rehearsals! No matter whether the voice was nearly exhausted from that effort always to remain as rich and powerful as ever.

"Finally, in these cases, nature calls a halt. But madame could not halt; or at any rate she failed to do so. For a while she went on by sheer temperamental effort.

"And then, as if that were not enough, what is singing after all? I will say as Signor Sassotti has said to me, singing is the result of exuberance, not only of health, but of spirits. But how long was it since madame's spirits had been exuberant? Isn't it surprising that she lasted as long as she did?

"Eh, well, one night, in the midst of the 'Gioielli' all at once her voice broke forever.

"It broke as if it were itself a string of jewels, which rolled away on all sides into the crevices of the stage, never to be found and strung together again. I, who was standing in the wings with her cloak, heard the hush, and saw people in the boxes rising to their feet. It was at the Scala — but there was no hissing in the galleries. They were all silent, as though they knew that something beautiful had died in their presence.

"Even then madame believed that the failure of her voice was temporary, that a rest would restore it, and that her triumphs would be resumed. So she continued to live more extravagantly than was prudent. At last, however, Marchesi made her realize the truth.

"There had now accumulated a huge pile of bills.

"'Bah! I still have my jewels,' she said, with a look of fear.

"But Monsieur Calincourt had already turned everything of value into paste.

"Would you believe that when she divorced him madame made no mention of that?

"Now her health began to fail in earnest. She went to visit Madame Innocenti in her house near Rapallo. There she found Signor Sassotti. One evening, when they were together on the terrace, while nightingales sang in the bushes, I heard him beg of her:

"'Will you not come to me now, beautiful phantom?'

"Madame sadly replied:

"'My poor friend, I should have nothing to offer you but tears.'

"Still, even till a month ago I hoped that she might finally accept him, and bring to an end her lonely wanderings in obscure little places. I should tell you, monsieur, that except for Signor Sassotti things would have been even worse. Every so often he wrote to me, asking about madame, and enclosing money."

The maid stopped, reflected, then explained carefully:

"It was not much money, for after all Signor Sassotti is an Italian. But at least it kept us going in the way that you see. Madame did not ask how we managed. She had fallen into a constant lethargy.

"About five weeks ago, at a cheap watering-place in Normandy, she said to me:

"'Annette, can I afford to die in the south, where the sea is blue and the orange-trees are in bloom?'

"Travel is so expensive nowadays! Nevertheless, I could not refuse her. Besides, Signor Sassotti was in Italy. However, when we reached Paris she could go no farther ——"

The maid rose, went to the alcove, leaned under the red fringes, and uttered wheedlingly:

"Madame is awake?"

A VOICE that Allan did not recognize feebly inquired:

"Who is here?"

"It's a gentleman who formerly knew madame."

The voice spoke plaintively:

"What are you thinking of, Annette? Here, in my bedroom? Why not in the salon?"

"Alas, madame, there's no salon any more."

"That's so. I was half asleep. At least make my excuses to this gentleman. Tell him that I'm ill, that I'm receiving no one."

And after a pause, "Is he gone?"

Allan motioned to the maid to leave the room. When she had done so, he approached the alcove. On the coverlet, in the faint rays of the night-lamp, lay a hand as white and fragile as a lily. He sank down upon the edge of the bed, took that hand in his, and pressed it to his lips, which were quivering from remorse.

He had not spoken, and she could hardly have recognized him in the gloom. But although she did not move, he became aware of her agitation; he felt that frail hand of hers turn colder than ice. And presently there stole forth to him:

"You!"

He sat clutching her hand, which she was gently but inexorably withdrawing. At last, even her finger-tips escaped him. And between them there seemed to descend a veil thicker than the veil of shadows.

He heard:

"Have I deserved this, too?"

He began to perceive the outline of her head on the pillow: the darkness of her braided hair, the small shadow that was her mouth, and lambency of her dilated eyes, which recalled to him her words, "Truly, Allan, you'd be surprised at the way my eyes shine in the dark." They shone now, with a greenish light, as she continued in dull tones:

"I'd forgotten you. Does that surprise you? Does it hurt you? Yes, I'd come to the point where you no longer entered my mind. I lay as one lies in quiet water, floating tranquilly, drifting out to sea, thinking of nothing except the approaching rest. And now you've made it all alive again. You've brought back not only yourself, but the others. I can't see your face; but I can see theirs. Why did you come to torment me?"

"Because I know now that I have always loved you."

"Love!" She seemed about to rise up in bed. "Don't utter that word!"

For a time he could not reply. But soon, he began to speak of their quarrel, of their parting, of his month in London, of his return to Paris.

"I came back sick with the fear that you were suffering as I was. Then I saw you

So convenient and effective for sore throat

With gargles or sprays it is impossible to keep a sore throat under anything like continuous treatment. With Formamint, it makes no difference where you are, at work, in crowded car, shop, theatre or church, you can dissolve one of these delicious, almost candy-like, tablets in your mouth once an hour or so. An effective yet harmless antiseptic is released and, carried by the saliva, continuously bathes the entire lining of the mouth and throat, checks germ growth, and gives the sore, infected tissues chance to heal.

Formamint tablets used when especially exposed to infection reduce your danger of catching sore throats, and even influenza, from others.

Children can—and should—use them freely as defence against throat affections and influenza which spread so readily in congested schoolrooms.

Any druggist can tell you how widely Formamint is recommended by throat specialists, physicians and dentists.

BAUER CHEMICAL CO., INC.
NEW YORK

Formamint
GERM-FIGHTING THROAT TABLETS
Formamint is our trade mark. It identifies our product.

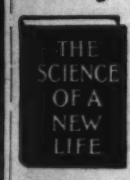
LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Lablache pays homage to the complexions of millions of fair women, who in appreciation say "We use Lablache and always will until something better is found." Lablache has been the standard for nearly fifty years.

Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 118
118 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Every Married Couple
and all who contemplate marriage
Should Own
this complete informative book
"The Science of a New Life"
By JOHN COWAN, M. D.
408 pages—illustrated



Endorsed and recommended by foremost medical and religious critics throughout the U. S. A. Unfolds the secrets of married happiness, so often revealed too late! We can give only a few of the chapter subjects here as this book is not meant for children.

Marriage and its Advantages. Age at Which to Marry. Lawful Choice. Love Analysed. Qualities One Should Avoid in Choosing. Anatomy of Reproduction. Amativeness. Continence. Children. Genius.

Conception. Pregnancy. Confinement. TWILIGHT SLEEP. Nursing. How a Happy Married Life is secured.

Descriptive circular with table of contents mailed FREE.

Special Price
The regular price is $3.00. In order to introduce this work into as many neighborhoods as possible we will send one copy of our special $2.00 Edition to any reader of this Magazine, postpaid upon receipt of $2.00.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., 25 Rose Street New York City

When answering Advertisements it is to your advantage to mention McClure's.

Printing Cheap
Cards, circulars, labels, book, paper. Press $2. Larger $35. Job press $150. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, etc. THE PRESS CO., D-34, Meriden, Conn.

Schools and Colleges

Earn $35 to $100 a Week
BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Big opportunities NOW! Qualify for this fascinating profession. Three months' course covers all branches:

Motion Picture—Commercial—Portraiture
Cameras and Materials furnished free
Practical instruction; modern equipment. Day or evening classes; easy terms. The School of Recognized Superiority. Call or write for complete catalog No. 20.

N. Y. INSTITUTE of PHOTOGRAPHY
141 W. 36th St., N. Y. OR 505 State St., B'klyn

You can be quickly cured, if you
STAMMER
Send 10 cents in stamps for 208-page cloth-bound book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years. Benjamin N. Bogue, 2407 Bogue Bldg., Indianapolis

GEORGIA, Gainesville
Brenau College Conservatory Noted for: Select patronage 30 states; pleasant social life: location foothills Blue Ridge Mts. North of Atlanta. Standard A. B. course; special advantages in music, oratory, art, domestic science, physical culture. Catalog and illustrated book. Address BRENAU, Box "S."

Write Today for This January Investment Guide

—If you have money which you wish to invest safely;

—If you believe that safety is far and away the most important quality in an investment;

—If you wish to relieve yourself of all investment worries and cares;

—If your money is earning only a small interest yield;

—If you want to learn the simplest way of building up a comfortable fortune;

Then you should write today for the new Straus Guide to Safe Investment, for January, 1921.

It describes a great variety of sound securities, in amounts of $100 and upward, which yield the largest return you can obtain, year in and year out, with complete safety. It will be an invaluable help to you in picking a satisfactory investment. Write today, and specify

Booklet A-1104

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 Incorporated

Chicago - Straus Building
New York - 150 Broadway

Offices in Fifteen Principal Cities

39 years without loss to any investor

Greenshield's Review

Pulp and Paper Statistics

Diminishing reserves of pulp wood forests and the acute paper shortage have caused high prices for paper and brought prosperity to Canada's leading paper companies.

Our review keeps you in touch with the paper and pulp situation as well as all Canadian securities.

Review mailed free on request

Greenshields & Co.
17 St. John St., Montreal
Toronto Ottawa

When answering financial advertisements mention McClure's.

there between Wirdsmal and Calincourt, radiant from admiration, showing them the same smile — For me it seemed the proof that my apprehensions were justified. That though you'd given me all you could give to any one —— "

"I remember that night. You couldn't see the other nights, when I'd cried myself to sleep. You saw me when I'd gone out at last in desperation, my tear-stains covered with powder, to seek a few hours of forgetfulness. You didn't see that my smile was only the brightness that an actress puts on when she enters the scene."

"I was mad! But if only you had written!"

"I was bitter from the wrong that you'd done me. I even wanted to hurt you as you had hurt me. I said to myself, 'He'll suffer when he receives no word. Every day he'll suffer more. But he shall write first, after what he's made me suffer.'"

"And I said, 'She must write first.'"

She pronounced in awe:

"What tragic absurdity! Is it in such childish ways that men and women wreck their lives?"

She gave a low moan of grief. He implored her to calm herself; but she cried out distractedly:

"To doubt me! To think I hadn't given you my whole heart! How little you knew! Before you appeared I'd been looking for you everywhere, a-tremble with the premonition of you, asking myself, 'Is this the one? No! Then this one?' When you did appear I realized that I'd never known myself before. I stared in the mirror and was a stranger. When I heard myself sing, I knew that my voice was richer. And behind all those faces that I sang to, I saw your face. And the roar of applause seemed like the waves below that villa of our dreams — that place for the triumph of love in the intervals between the triumphs of art. Ah, how you wronged me!"

Her emotion had exhausted her. But presently she laid her hand on his sleeve.

"No, I forgive you." And after a time, "Your coat is wet. Is it raining? Are you cold? Will you be ill, sitting in these wet clothes?" And, in a still softer voice, "A gardenia! You dined out this evening. Did you sit by some woman whose glances promised you love? Now I begin to see your face. How little you've changed!"

Her countenance, too, was distinguishable now. Her features had a spectral beauty. Her eyes seemed enormous. As her head slowly turned, to assume a melancholy aspect of peculiar loveliness, he recalled a moment at twilight, here in Paris, when he had asked her, "What is it, Dolorosa?" and she had replied, "That premonition of death has just returned to me."

And now, with another movement, she brought back to him another poignant recollection. She touched his cheek with her palm; but he could not see whether that gesture was accompanied by the old look of tenderness.

"Our lives wasted," she sighed.

The gloom was thronged with visions of what might have been. He — and no doubt she also — saw their lost years unroll, in all the details that their imaginations had contrived together. They were dazzled by the moonlight on the water, viewed from the villa of their dreams. Then, indoors, the lamplight gilded the glistening rows of books enhancing love with poetry, the piano ready to yield its special magic. And the periods of comprehending silence. And then, the eager reunion of glances that had wandered afar.

He laid hold of her hands.

"This time I can't let you go."

"Too late, Allan. Even if I could find the will to live, I'd be afraid to use it. I've been deceived too often in my hopes. If this hour is real, let's be content with it."

"I won't let you go!"

"Yes, let me go, now that I'm happy. If it could be this minute!"

He called to her, as if she were already slipping away.

"Rouse yourself. Find your will. Come back to me. Let's begin again. Think that this is not Paris, but Naples."

"If I could!" she answered dreamily.

He was baffled by her fatal lassitude.

Into the hush of the room there penetrated, from the corridor, a laugh, silvery and malicious, that recalled to him the laughter of his dinner-companion.

For that instant he was again at the table of Mme. de Lammennais-Rypperda. He heard the babble, "Who has dropped the handkerchief? Keep it for me, Pasha. Scheherezade — so old that it's new again. The potency of odors —— "

His heart leaped. He took from his pocket the handkerchief of the blonde Pompadour.

The old perfume, the scent that had pervaded the best hours of their love, expanded through the dim alcove. It stole upon the senses of the woman who had been, when it was hers, the superb Vittoria Faliero, full of victorious grace and indomitable will. In her breast, at its influence, there came to life old instincts that had been smothered beneath the weight of heavier and heavier disillusionments. Her soul, transported into a time when conquest had been its habit, thrilled suddenly with a reviving tremor of triumph.

A long shudder passed through her body, as she breathed:

"Naples in spring!"

He held her hands fast, to impart to her stirring will all his force, all his determination to prevail. So they remained motionless in the perfumed shadows, oblivious of time.

After a long while her fingers relaxed in his. She was asleep.

But all night he sat holding her hands, in the same attitude, repeating the same prayer. At the gathering of a gray light between the window-curtains, she opened her eyes.

"How strange you look, Allan. What is it? The dawn?"

"Yes; but down there it's shining differently, upon the house above the water. Along the beach the fishermen are beginning to mend their red nets. Among the Greek ruins there are more violets to-day than ever. And the songs have begun — the songs of birds, of young boatmen who are in love, of bees among the orange-trees that have just blossomed for you again."

The woman who had been Vittoria Faliero was weeping.

"But why am I crying? I must be strong. I must be stronger than death."

Safe Investments for Small Sums

(Reprinted from McClure's Financial Booklet)

THE savings bank is one of the best places for a sum much under $100, especially if the owner wants absolute security. Savings banks practically never pay more than 4%, and often only 3½%; but the better-class savings institutions are wonderfully safeguarded by law and practice. War Savings Stamps also are one of the very best investments for small sums. Fifty dollar Liberty Bonds, too, are ideal.

Although the difference between 4% and 5% on $100 is only $1 a year, it is a good habit to get into to make a direct investment. If you have $100 to invest, or even less than that amount (because some $100 bonds can be bought for $90, $85, or even less), you may communicate with any reliable investment banking firm, and it will supply you with an extensive list of such securities. Bonds based upon high-grade first mortgages on real estate may often be had in $100 amounts. There is hardly a large city in the country that does not have at least one bank, trust company, or investment banker or broker dealing in these $100 bonds.

The above article is one of a dozen sound and informative articles on investments to be found in the new ninth edition of McClure's Financial Booklet, an announcement concerning which appears on page 52.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY — NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING — NEW YORK

Investments for your January Funds

YOUR FUNDS deserve your friendly interest. If you get them wisely invested by January 1st they will begin to earn an income for you from that date.

You will find bonds of this Government, Foreign Governments, States, Cities, Railways, Public Utilities and Industrial Corporations listed in our Current Purchase Sheet.

This is a broad list to choose from. Every issue in it is recommended as, in our judgment, attractive in its class. Any of our 50 offices in leading cities will be glad to furnish you this list upon request, or it may be had by writing to the Home Office. Please ask for MC-151.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building NEW YORK

BONDS PREFERRED STOCKS ACCEPTANCES

1921 Investments

OUR new booklet of investment offerings describes a variety of attractive securities yielding satisfactory returns.

A Byllesby security means one sponsored by an organization devoted to continuous service-engineering, construction and management.

Byllesby electric and gas companies serve more than 500 cities and towns with 2,200,000 population. These companies have approximately 20,000 home shareholders.

Ask for Circular M-1

H. M. Byllesby & Company
Incorporated

New York, 111 Broadway — Chicago, 208 S. LaSalle St.
Providence, 10 Weybosset St. — Boston, 30 State St.

7% Higher Interest Rates

Owing to a general advance in interest rates, we shall for a short time at least, be able to get Seven Per Cent for our customers on First Mortgage Loans. We suggest that you take advantage of this and arrange to take some of these loans at the higher rate. Good loans are offering. Write for Loan List No. 710

Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kansas

There is a Dictionary Without "Safety" In It.

We saw it some time ago. It was a dictionary of financial terms.

It explained "debenture" and words like that, but it had no room for an old-fashioned word like "safety"—the most important word in all the world of finance.

Prudence-Bonds have safety as their strongest feature—safety in the First Mortgages behind them — safety in the expanding margins of safety, because of the rapid retiring of the loans — safety in the amount we loan on property—safety in the pledge of our entire resources as a Guarantee of interest and principal.

Our booklet describing Prudence-Bonds in detail will be sent without obligation on your part if you will write for Booklet M.C. 103

We Pay the 4% Normal Federal Income Tax

Realty Associates Investment Corporation
31 Nassau St. New York — 162 Remsen St. Brooklyn
Denominations of $100, $500 and $1000

Guaranty Trust Company of New York
Trustee of This Issue

Bargains That Are Rare

are now available in bonds, preferred stocks and even common stocks with long standing dividend records.

We shall be glad to send upon request our current market bulletin discussing present conditions and the position of many attractive securities, together with booklet describing the many desirable issues that are now relatively low-priced and may be purchased on convenient monthly payment terms.

Write Dept. MC-27 for our booklet "Thrift-Savings Investment," together with helpful buying suggestions.

CHARLES H. CLARKSON & Co.
66 Broadway, - New York.
TELEPHONES: RECTOR 4663-4

Investment Opportunities

There are many desirable securities on the market today, that can be purchased at unusually low prices. Before making your purchases do not fail to consult the Financial Department of McClure's.

Address: FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 25 W. 44th St., N.Y.C.

The Long, Long Shot

[*Continued from page 14*]

Breckenridge Weld was a New Yorker — a Yale man who had come to Leicester to branch out as a gentleman farmer and develop a herd of pure bred Ayrshires.

"We do," said Sanchia. "Didn't the new man who is running the restaurant in the station come out to see you yesterday?"

Breck thrust his hands in the pockets of his riding breeches. "Wanted to see about broilers," he said.

"Broilers!" exclaimed Pam and Sanchia, together.

Breck grinned. "In a railroad restaurant!" he mimicked. Then, in his normal tones. "He surprised me, too. But — well he's young and impetuous as I was once and he seems to have an idea that a real restaurant in a railroad station will be a novelty that will make him the Fred Harvey of the east."

His quizzical gaze went to Pam. "Going to scalp him?" he asked.

"Not a chance," retorted Pam. "The Merton twins and Letty Hughes saw him first and claim squatter rights on him already. *They'd* scalp me!"

Which might give the idea, perhaps, that Blair was dividing his spare moments between the twins and Letty. This was not so. He had no spare time and he was hardly aware of these three. He was deep, in the details of the great experiment. The waitress who had attended to his order during that first memorable lunch had departed, not taking kindly to certain suggestions.

"I don't have to take orders from nobody," she explained. "I'm going to be married in September anyway."

"I wonder," thought Blair, with absolutely no chivalry, "how she got him. Must have hypnotized him."

Two other waitresses departed in much the same spirit. These were replaced at higher wages but to his complete satisfaction. On the night shift, the former proprietor had employed two men. One of these was the son of Mrs. MacGill, Blair's landlady. Blair liked him at once, he was a mighty decent chap. The other — wasn't.

"Put my thumb in the soup?" he repeated, outraged. "Well, what of it — nobody ever kicked to me."

"It needs washing," Blair assured him — he didn't like the man's manner. "But hot water is as good as soup for that purpose and a little less trying to the customer's nerves. After Saturday ——"

"I quit right now," declared the outraged one. "What do you think this joint is — Delmonico's?"

Blair saw him depart without anguish.

"The Delmonico among railroad cafés," he thought. "Not so bad, that."

Then the butcher required attention. Blair had given him explicit instructions which he had apparently taken in good part and with every intention of following. But the first order delivered by his clerk was promptly carried back by Blair.

"THIS," he announced, "is exactly what I *didn't* want."

The butcher was very much put out. "James,—" he began.

"Is no longer running the restaurant. If you want to send *me* what I order, all right if not ——"

"What with prices ——"

"I read the Boston quotations every morning," Blair interposed. "I'd like to keep my trade in Leicester — if I can get what I want. If I can't I'll order from Boston. You soaked James but you can't soak me. I'll give you one more chance — that's all."

The next order was exactly as specified, and so were its successors.

There was a similar session with the baker. In certain quarters of Leicester, accordingly, Blair was thoroughly unpopular — like all men who know what they want and are determined to get it. But with the people who ventured in, fearing the worst, he became immediately popular. Traveling men were among the first to discover the new order and to voice their approval.

"Best meal for the price I've eaten in a week," one assured Blair as he paid his check. "And me kicking because there was no diner. What's the big idea?"

Blair smiled. "To wean you chaps away from the diners."

"You'll do it, if you keep this gait up."

"I'm going to. And you men can help. Just pass the word along."

"Leave it to me!" The other spoke with the cordiality bred of what men refer to as a square meal. "You'll be as well known among the boys inside of a month as Delmonicos is."

"The Delmonico among railroad restaurants — that's me," Blair assured him, buoyantly.

Nevertheless it was not all easy. Blair opened the restaurant at six o'clock every morning, arriving at the station before the ticket agent or baggage master. By the time the first train passed through at six forty-three everything was immaculate, the coffee-tanks shone and Blair, shrugging himself into a fresh white coat, was ready for business. After that he was on the job continuously for seventeen hours a day. He was training his staff to act deftly and with smiling alacrity. He kept an eye on the kitchen and never let anything slip into his larder until he had inspected it and found it as ordered.

THIS constant supervision of detail was but the beginning. The financial end of his experiment was always in mind.

"It's got to show a profit — a good profit," he reminded himself.

Accordingly the light in the room he occupied at Mrs. MacGill's was kept burning far into the morning. He kept a daily balance sheet to be sure there were no small leakages. He held his natural optimism in check and became a veritable pessimist forever searching for flaws. At the end of the first week, however, he could not restrain his exultation.

"James," he announced, addressing presumably the faded paper in his room, "was a poor boob. I'd like to show him this!"

This was why Blair, during the first weeks in July, had no time for diversions such as Pam's reference to Letty Hughes and the Merton twins suggested. As time went on, however, he began to find himself less busy. A well-disciplined organization in the end required less supervision than a slip-shod one. Moreover, Blair had discovered an able lieutenant in Stephen MacGill. The latter, though only just turned twenty, had ambition and initiative. He would have left Leicester, if it hadn't been for his mother. From the first he was interested in Blair's ideas. He had, he confessed, had the same ideas himself.

"James told me I was cracked — that there was no use catering to a traveling public because they never came back," he explained. "He said the only thing to do was to stick them while you could."

"What was your idea?" asked Blair curiously.

"That with all railroad restaurants uniformly rotten the one that did serve decent stuff would stick out like a sore thumb," said MacGill, mixing metaphors, perhaps, but getting his idea across. "It would get loads of free advertising ——"

"Look here," Blair broke in. "I don't intend to stay here all my life. How would you like to be my assistant — and take the place over when I leave."

"On the level!"

Blair nodded. And from then on MacGill was invaluable. Although nominally on the night shift he began to drop in afternoons. And one excessively hot afternoon in late July he said to Blair, a little shyly:

"If you want to leave me in charge and get out of this furnace ——"

A little leisure is a dangerous thing sometimes. As Blair struck out along the old King's Highway that afternoon his mind, freed from business, began to turn to other things. The sky was brazen, yet just the smell of clean air, after the odor of cooked foods, exhilarated him. He realized how closely he had been sticking to his work and he decided that this wasn't necessary. His thoughts went to the tennis racquet and the golf clubs that, retrieved from the White Mountain Express, were gathering dust in his closet.

"I'll get them out," he assured himself, "and use them."

The rasping, midsummer song of the cicada, was drowned out by the whir of a

Your Dollars

will work harder for you **now** than ever before. Give them a **good** job!

We offer the bonds and notes of prosperous electric light and power and gas companies safely yielding you

7½ to 8¼%

Write today for circular CL-200

A. H. Bickmore & Co.
111 BROADWAY, N.Y.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO SAVE!
Buy An INVESTORS BOND On Partial Payments

WHETHER you can save $10 or $500 a month our partial payment plan will interest you. It offers the same convenience and safety as a savings account, *plus double the interest.*

Home of INVESTORS BONDS

INVESTORS first mortgage bonds are secured by high grade, income producing property, backed by a house with 16 years' experience, affiliated with one of Chicago's most substantial banks. Principal and interest have always been paid promptly.

Write to-day for descriptive booklet No. A-104

INVESTORS SECURITIES CORPORATION
3131 W. Madison St., CHICAGO
Columbia Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Get in Debt

The best and easiest way to save money is to get in debt for something of intrinsic value and then gradually pay it off. Our

PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

provides the means to do this satisfactorily through the purchase of high grade bonds.

Send for Circular D-1

R. J. McClelland & Co.
100 Broadway, New York

ROSE 20 PAYMENT PLAN

You can buy high class dividend paying stocks - any number of shares - by making moderate initial deposit - balance 20 small monthly payments.

PROFITS CAN BE TAKEN AT ANY TIME.

NO MARGIN CALLS

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET No. M.C. 23

"NOW YOU CAN BECOME FINANCIALLY INDEPENDENT"

ROSE & COMPANY
30 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK
TELEPHONES: BROAD 6300-6301

Own Your Own Stocks in a Year

Begin today

Invest Wisely. Obtain Growing Income. Buy only high grade stocks paying substantial dividends. First payment 20% of purchase price. Balance equal monthly payments during year.

Write today for Booklet "MM"

FRANCIS & CO.

Investment Securities

Cor. Broadway & Wall St., New York City

When Your Ship Comes Home

Everyone anticipates the golden years of their life when they may retire from the turmoil of the struggle for existence.

The best way to make sure that your home-bound ship will amply provide for you is to prepare now by setting aside in well-secured bonds your surplus earnings.

May we send a list of bond investment suggestions and details of our Monthly Payment Plan, which greatly facilitates purchasing?

Ask for 95-CC

DUNHAM & Co

Investment Securities

43 Exchange Place New York

Telephones 8300-16 Hanover

$76

Is the average price of

13 High Grade $100 Bonds

To Net an average of 8½%. Security diversification and good chance for price appreciation. Send for JC. Our copyrighted INVESTMENT CHART also Free on Request.

I. D. NOLL & CO.

170 Broadway, New York

McClure's Financial Booklet

THE new, revised and ninth edition of McClure's Financial Booklet is now on sale. This edition contains a number of new features on new developments in finance, such as the Federal Reserve System, No Par Value Stock, new features of the Partial Payment Plan, etc. Table of contents:

Foreword
Frontispiece
How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Small Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
Stocks of No Par Value
The Partial Payment Plan
How Part Payments are Made
Commissions
Three Principles of Investing
How to Analyze a Bond
Canadian Securities
Foreign Securities
How to Take Care of Securities and to Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
Safe Bonds
Conservative Stocks
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
High Yield and Safety
The Federal Reserve System
What the Bank Will Do For You
First Principles of Life Insurance
Annuities
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
A Financial Education, or Where to Go for More Information

This booklet is invaluable to McClure readers who want sound expert advice. The price of this new edition will be twenty-five cents. Address

Financial Department of McClure's Magazine

25 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y.

car approaching from behind. He stepped aside to let it pass. It went by, but came to a stop twenty feet farther on. The twenty extra feet had been needed, not to stop its momentum, but for its driver to decide that it was only decent Christian charity to offer *any* pedestrian a lift.

"I'd give a tramp a ride on such an afternoon," she assured herself.

Nevertheless it was not only the heat that flushed Pam's face as she turned back, toward Blair.

"Can I give you a lift?" she asked.

It might have struck Blair that, since he was going nowhere in particular, a lift would be of no great assistance.

"Thanks, awfully," he said, swinging into the seat beside her. "Sure it will be no trouble?"

"NONE at all," said Pam who, experiencing the inevitable reaction, now wondered what he must think of her. "But I'm only going to Weld Farm."

She bent forward and slipped her gears in with an expertness that he admired. Then, presenting him with an impersonal profile, she began to eat up the road once more. She had decided to treat him as if he were indeed the hypothetical tramp who had swayed her decision. The offer of transportation was not to include conversational privileges.

Of this Blair was blessedly unaware. "It's warm, isn't it?" he remarked in just the proper tone — he had promptly decided that only an exceptionally nice girl could achieve the unconventional with such splendid naturalness.

Pam's sense of humor proved her undoing. A dimple appeared in the corner of her mouth nearest him. "Is it?" she asked, politely.

If, as is represented, one falls into love, Blair began slipping at that instant. He gave her a quick smile of appreciation.

"It is," he said. Then, daring greatly, "But as a subject for polite small talk it has been knocked into a cocked hat at one fell swoop, and I'm at a loss what to say next."

This, for directness, was worthy of Pam herself. It left her momentarily at a loss. Then:

"Oh, tell me about the restaurant," she suggested, sweetly. "Everybody says it's vastly improved. Have you had previous experience?"

Even as she spoke she thought this was catty. But it went clear over Blair's head.

"Very little," he said, and she caught the amusement in his eyes, which were brown and rather — well, nice! "Next to none, in fact."

"Then how," she asked, in her most impersonal tone, "did you happen to come here and begin?"

He surprised her again.

"Wasn't it Emerson who said that if a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though his hut be in the forest the world will beat a path to his door?"

She gave him a swift glance. "Oh — and your idea ——"

"Is to run a better restaurant right *on* the beaten path."

He was smiling at her, with a boyish buoyancy that was engaging. He seemed so much the same type as Sanchia's man that she found herself a little at a loss in handling him. Fortunately Weld Farm came into view just then.

"You aren't going there, are you?" she asked, suddenly.

Blair shook his head and, as the roadster came to a standstill, disembarked.

"Thanks — a lot!" he said.

Pam, continuing up the brief drive, thanked her stars that Sanchia was not in evidence. But her stars failed her later. Blair, returning, saw Sanchia and Pam sitting on the broad brick steps, in the shade of the green and white awning. They made a wonderfully attractive picture, with Sanchia's Irish setter lying at their feet. As Blair's eyes encountered Pam's he nodded, blithely unaware that he had embarrassed her.

"Why!" exclaimed Sanchia. "That's the restaurant man. Do you know him?"

Pam was congenitally honest. "I found him stalking along the road and gave him a lift," she admitted, though she knew this let her in for it.

"Is he nice?" Sanchia demanded, at once.

Pam shrugged her shoulders. "How can I tell?"

"How indeed!" retorted Sanchia, sarcastically.

Pam rose. "I've got to be going," she remarked.

"No hurry," suggested Sanchia, wickedly. "You can't help catching him."

"Just for that," said Pam, promptly seating herself again, "I'll invite myself to afternoon tea."

This lesser of two evils, gave Sanchia another chance.

"What did you talk about?" she demanded, while serving tea.

"Emerson," said Pam, with malice aforethought.

Sanchia stared. "Really?"

Pam nodded. "If that tea is for me please pour it *all* in the cup," she added. "I don't customarily lap it up from the saucer."

He looks like a college man," remarked Sanchia, thoughtfully.

"He is — so recent that he still wears his frat pin!"

"Did you ask him what college?"

"My dear — do you think I'm Letty Hughes?" Pam assumed a baby stare and dropping into mimicry, lisped, "Oh, Mr. Pennell — you wear a fraternity pin, don't you? What college did you go to?"

Sanchia laughed. "You're incorrigible," she said.

"So," retorted Pam, "are you. Let's talk of something else."

Which was the end of Blair, so far as Pam was concerned. But not so far as Sanchia was concerned.

"Breck!" she said, that evening.

"Rose of the wilderness!" retorted Breck, looking down at her.

"Why don't you invite that young Mr. Pennell out? He's a college man and Pam says he's nice ——"

Breck, though masculine and lacking perhaps in the finer nuances of intuition, was not witless.

"I begin to see light," he remarked, "but why not let Pam ——"

"She couldn't, *possibly!*" said Sanchia, positively. "Girls can't until they get acquainted. And anyway, you forget her father ——"

"*I* don't," Breck assured her. "But it seems to me *you* do. What are you trying to do — give him a shock that will terminate his days on this terrestrial sphere ——"

"Not a bad idea," Sanchia declared. "You will invite him, won't you?"

"Nothing doing!" said Breck.

Nevertheless he did, as a married man must. And so it was that Pam, accepting Sanchia's urgent invitation that she come out to tea, again found Blair striding along the old King's Highway. It wasn't so hot by ten degrees that day, but a precedent once established cannot be easily set aside. So she picked him up and discovered he, too, was to take tea at Weld Farm.

"*Et tu, Brute,*" she murmured, later, to Sanchia, who vainly tried to look puzzled.

The tea was a huge success, at least in Sanchia's eyes. When her guests had departed, she turned to her husband.

"Isn't he a perfect peach?" she demanded, ecstatically.

"EARLY Delaware, especially choice," agreed Breck. "But I'd like to be a humble fly on the wall when Maynard Noyes wakes up to what is happening."

Maynard Noyes, however, remained blissfully immersed in the past. Letty Hughes, the Merton twins, and the rest of Leicester were all well aware of and deeply interested in the news that Blair Pennell had visited the Welds and taken tea on the lawn, that Pam Noyes had been there and that she had driven Blair into town that afternoon, dropping him at Mrs. MacGill's. But Maynard Noyes still *requiescated in pace* — to use Breck's phrase — along with his ancestors.

Pam, less fortunate, knew perfectly well what Letty and the twins were saying behind her back — occasionally they came dangerously close to saying it to her face — and it made her furious. She gave up going to Sanchia's, she avoided the old King's Highway. Even so she seemed doomed to be continually encountering Blair. He had, by a miracle of Sanchia's contriving, been granted guest privileges at the Leicester Country Club. One afternoon in early August while Pam and Letty were seated on the clubhouse porch, he appeared with his golf clubs.

"He all but wags his tail when he sees you," Letty commented, maliciously. Then, outrageously, she asked, "Are you going to take him — or break him, Pam?"

"Neither," said Pam, with the mien and manner of an ice-maiden.

It was hardly a propitious moment for Blair to suggest a round of golf to her. The prevalent chill enveloped him as, conscious of Letty's satiric gaze, Pam refused. The quick glance he gave her and a certain something in his eyes spoiled her afternoon and still lingered in her memory when she returned home. Addressing the mirrored reflection of herself in the privacy of her own room, she had it out with herself.

"I don't care what he thinks," she declared. "I'm *not* a snob!"

This somehow failed to serve. She could not free her mind of him — and the something in his eyes. She might have known from the way he had asked her — the buoyancy with which he usually spoke was missing — that he had begun to suspect something and that his was a test question.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she admitted finally. "I like him. But,— well, it isn't possible! I'm doomed to live and die an old maid."

As for Blair he had already decided that in so far as he was concerned she most assuredly would. He, having played nine hole with a score that proved that something had certainly put him off his game, returned to his lodgings. There he hurled his clubs into the closet with a thump that startled poor Mrs. MacGill nearly out of her wits.

"As the man said when they threw him out of the saloon for the fourth time, 'I guess I'm not wanted around here,'" he observed grimly.

Then, having disposed of Mrs. MacGill, who arrived breathless and explained she thought he might have had a sunstroke playing on them hot links — she for one didn't see how people stood it — he crossed to his window and, thrusting his hands in his pockets, glared out upon the pleasantly sunlit street. A cat in the immediate foreground and in the direct line of his vision yawned and started making her toilet, blissfully unaware that if looks had the power to kill, she would have been a dead cat, for all her nine lives.

An instant later, however, she did pause in washing herself to consider, with mild interest, the young man in the window.

"AND this," he was announcing, with an expansive gesture, "is what they call a democracy!"

The cat still regarded him, one paw poised in air.

"Very well," he concluded darkly, "if that's the sort she is she won't get another chance to snub me."

The cat smiled satirically — she herself was popular with the other sex and familiar with its various peculiarities — and returned to her toilet.

In brief, Blair was through. At half-past four of a Wednesday afternoon in early August he definitely and for all time put Pam Noyes out of his mind and his heart. She was a little snob!

Exactly seven hours later, however, he, having assured Stephen MacGill that it was so warm that he thought he'd take a little walk before turning in, came to a stop on deserted Main Street. He stood there, gazing at a lighted window. The furious assurance, launched from one part of himself against another, that he was behaving like a drooling fool, failed to move him from the spot until the light went out.

As it happened the light was not Pam's, but the Noyes's maid's who, having complained of the heat, had been immediately moved down into the guest chamber. The meek may inherit the earth, in time; the lowly already have!

Blair, blissfully unaware, heaved a sigh. "Oh damn!" he groaned.

As he resumed his listless way toward Mrs. MacGill's his spirits plumbed new depths. He thought of the idea that had landed him in Leicester in the first place and assured himself that of all the unmitigated asses in existence he was undoubtedly the least mitigated. He wondered how he could ever have been cracked enough to believe he had a chance of putting it across. It was plain to him now that there wasn't a chance in the world. He might as well arrange with MacGill to take over the restaurant now.

"She," he informed the silent stars, "would never even realize I'd gone."

There was no question but what he had it, and he had it bad. He had it so bad that the next time he met Pam at the country club, his brief "Good afternoon" might have been wafted from across Arctic wastes. In marked contrast was his meeting with Letty. Pam, who would have scorned eavesdropping but could not but hear, gathered that Letty was to take a lesson in golf. She had, to Pam's knowledge, been taking lessons from various men for at least four years.

Pam watched them move toward the links. Her eyes were not kind.

"If I could only learn to hit the ball the way you do!" she mimicked. "I wonder that men fall for that stuff."

There was no question — in Pam's mind, that is — but that Blair was falling for it. Hard! He seemed to have regained all his boyish buoyancy. Pam bit her lip and turned away quickly, to confront the Merton twins.

"Hello," they said, simultaneously. "Sorry we're late."

"I'm not going to play anyway," said Pam. "I've got a headache ——"

The older twin surveyed her. "You're perfectly green with it," she assured her calmly. And added, gratuitously, "You should have known better than to let him lie around where Letty could grab him."

Pam's sense of humor failed her for once. "I have not the slightest idea what you are talking about," she announced, frigidly.

The older twin, watching her depart, made audible comment.

"Oh, haven't you!" And with almost unctuous satisfaction, delivered a final shot. "That squares us up to date — I owed you one for the time-table!"

The younger twin settled herself on the rail, one foot swinging free.

"Do you think she really cares?"

"NO woman," remarked the other, sagely, "wants to see any other woman run away with a man, whether she cares or not." She paused to ruminate and then concluded: "I'll bet she does care!"

The younger twin gazed off at Blair, six feet to an inch, splendidly built, and, with face and arms tanned once more, presenting a perfect picture of vigorous masculinity.

"He is awfully cute," she conceded.

Pam's indisposition affected even her appetite. At dinner that night she ate but little. That she also ate in silence was not notable, because her father seldom ventured a remark. She was surprised when he spoke.

"I have decided," he announced, in his measured accents, "that *mesalliances* are inevitable in all great families. They seem, after all, the inevitable penalty of distinction."

This was somewhat diffuse, but Pam gathered that the village blacksmith had at last been stomached.

"I may not have told you," her father went on, "that I have been in communication with Duffield Noyes of New York. He is the most promising younger member of the family in America. Not much over forty, he has already attained a leading position at the bar. He is still a bachelor."

"This," thought Pam, "begins to sound like a matrimonial bureau ad ——"

"He will visit us next week." Her father pushed back his chair and rose, preparatory to departure. "I have spoken of you to him and it is my hope that you and he will find much in common."

"Heavenly days!" thought Pam. "If I had read that in a book I wouldn't have believed it possible."

Passing into the unlit living-room, she paused before a window. Daylight was surrendering, not to a brooding summer's dusk, but the plangent splendor of an August full moon. The night breeze, warm, fragrant, insidious, ruffled the curtains. Pam fell into reverie, stirred by vague, indefinable longings. The great house, always a little lonely since her earliest memory, seemed insufferably so to-night. She thought of Duffield Noyes, conjuring up a picture from her father's prosy description, and assured herself, rebelliously, that she hated him. She thought of Blair — and abruptly turned from the window, her cheeks aflame.

The long hall, cool and dusky save where the moonlight streamed through the screen door, was deserted. Pam started toward the telephone-stand.

"I don't care," she assured herself, recklessly. "He *is* nice and I *was* a snob! Anyway, if I'm to throw myself at one man's head I may as well practise on another. Letty Hughes wouldn't think twice before calling him up and — and if he doesn't come I'll not have him on my conscience any longer."

To relieve her conscience, therefore, Pam picked up the telephone and called Blair's number, while she strove to quell a strange, yet not unpleasant sense of stage fright.

"Is — is this Mr. Pennell?" she asked in a voice she hardly recognized.

"Mr. Pennell left about ten minutes ago," MacGill assured her — at another moment she might have wondered why he sounded so excited. "Any message?"

"No," said Pam, quickly.

She put the receiver back on the hook. For a moment she stood irresolute. Her heart was still beating like mad.

"If I stay in the house another moment I'll scream," she announced. "I'll drive out to Sanchia's."

Sanchia, whom she had ignored for days, would scold. But Pam felt that in the scolding she might find surcease for the unprecedented, almost unendurable restlessness that possessed her. She went to the garage and started the roadster. A few minutes later she was on the old King's Highway.

The night seemed atomized with silver. She drove recklessly and with abandon until, suddenly, her searchlights picked up a pedestrian ahead. As she slowed down she heard him singing, buoyantly:

"I'm forever blowing bubbles."

An instant later she identified the singer. She swerved ever so slightly. It was *he*.

This time she ran *thirty* feet beyond before she was able to decide to stop and as she turned to speak she felt the need of schooling her voice.

"Can I give you a lift?" she called as he approached.

The song had stopped. In the moonlight, the singer's face no longer wore the expression of song. He looked, indeed, as if he had suddenly remembered that bubbles burst. She knew before he spoke that he would refuse.

"It is such a glorious night," he said, carefully courteous, "that I'd really prefer to walk. Thank you just as much."

Pam set small white teeth into her lip. "Very well," she said — but to herself, "if *that's* the way you feel about it."

The little god must have been nervous for the fraction of a second. But then again perhaps he wasn't — he's an old hand and has pulled many an affair through when all seemed lost. Anyway his suspense was brief, for Pam, instead of proceeding, turned back to Blair.

This, in itself, was surprising, for normally Pam was proud with the pride that prefers destruction to concession. More surprising still, what she said!

"I know perfectly well what you think about me," it was as if not she but the small still voice were speaking. "And — and if it's any satisfaction to you I'll admit that I don't blame you. But I — I telephoned to-night ——"

She could say no more. She already passionately wished she had not said so much. What must he think! She stooped for the gear shift but in spite of the moon's clear light, had difficulty in finding it.

"You telephoned me!" exclaimed Blair, coming on apace.

Pam said nothing. Her fingers had found the clutch, her every instinct was to flee to the ends of the earth if possible. But it was too late now.

"I'll ride after all," he announced, with something more than his usual buoyancy. "That is, if you'll let me."

Pam let go the clutch, as he seated himself beside her. "I — just wanted to say I was sorry I was so rude the other day. They — they said you had just left."

"I had to tell somebody the news, or burst," Blair explained. "I was on my way to the Weld's. But if I had known you were going to telephone ——"

"WHAT news?" demanded Pam, hastily.

Blair took a long breath. "I," he began, then stopped. "Won't you stop the engine?" he asked. "And — just stay here while I blow off steam?"

Pam stopped the engine.

"It's this way," he resumed. "I've been playing a long, long shot. It sounds crazy I suppose, but —" he took another deep breath — "it worked. But, perhaps I'd better start at the beginning."

He did so. He told Pam about the man in New York, master of many industries who was forever adding young blood to his staff, and of the glorious future that awaited those so added. He told her of what this man had said at Princeton and how he had determined to force himself on his notice.

"The problem," he continued, buoyantly, "was to demonstrate vision and all the rest of it somewhere where he couldn't help hearing about it. It struck me all at once that that darned old railroad restaurant had just been built according to specifications."

"But," began Pam, still puzzled.

"I played it two ways you see," he explained. "He goes through here regularly — he's got a place up in New Hampshire. That first day at the station — the day I got the idea — I saw the porter taking a

A HEALING CREAM

Mentholatum

Always made under this signature A. A. Hyde

MENTHOLATUM quickly and gently relieves the pain of chilblains and heals the broken skin of chapped hands and faces. For a "snuffy" head-cold apply both inside and outside the nostrils. You can almost feel the congestion going away, and the cold is relieved as free breathing returns. Keep a supply of Mentholatum handy for all the "little ills" of the household — cuts, burns, tired feet, nervous headache, etc.

The Mentholatum Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Wichita, Kan. Bridgeburg, Ont.

Sold everywhere in tubes, 25c; jars, 25c, 50c and $1

To the Person Who Needs Money

McCLURE'S Magazine now sells to the public for $1.65 a year. A liberal portion of this amount is offered to you for each subscription you take. Your fields are your circle of friends, your church, society or neighborhood.

With richer editorial contents and a 40% reduction in price McClure's will outsell any 25-cent or 35-cent magazine during 1921. All our representatives will need to do to make sales is to show the contents and name the price.

A young man recently wrote this note of advice to a friend who needed money—

"At noontime and after office hours, I take up my duties as field representative for McClure's Magazine. I call on business men at lunch time, and on people who live near my home in the evening. I find I am making friends as well as sales, and I am getting selling experience that will pay me dividends right along.

"The opportunity I took is open to any man or woman, youth or girl. McClure's sales department has devised a plan by which persons without experience and with no other assets but grit, perseverance and an honest name are paid liberally for securing new subscribers."

We would be glad to have *you* join McClure's staff of field representatives if you are in earnest about increasing your income. It costs you nothing to start. If you live in a city or large town we may be able to furnish you with the names of the people of your locality whose McClure subscriptions are expiring, and this will give you a splendid start.

Whether you are a man or woman, you can be commissioned a sales representative for McClure's Magazine and shown how to add from $5 to $25 weekly to your income.

CUT OFF—FILL IN—MAIL NOW

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE,
25 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y.

Please show me how to increase my income by representing your magazine.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

McC 1-21

McClure's Market-place

AGENTS WANTED

Sales Agents Wanted in every County to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 5 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Orders in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Large book of samples free to agents. Write today for particulars. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. PAC, 425 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits; honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. FREEPORT MFG. CO., 14 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS—90c an hour to advertise and distribute samples to consumer. Write quick for territory and particulars. Albert Mills, Gen. Mgr. 2594 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

INVENTIONS—PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS Write for free Illustrated Book and "Evidence Conception Blank." Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 750 9th, Wash.,D.C.

PATENTS If you have an invention write for our Guide Book, "How to get a Patent." Send model or sketch and description and we will give our opinion as to its patentable nature. RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 50, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Munn & Co., PATENT ATTORNEYS *Established 74 years*
New York Office, 697 Woolworth Building
Room 801 Tower Bldg., Chicago; Wash. Office, 625 F. St.; San Francisco Office, Hobart Bldg., 582 Market St.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

We Start You in Business, furnishing everything; men and women, opportunity lifetime to earn handsome income operating our "New System Candy Factories." Booklet free. Ragsdale Co., Drawer 99, East Orange, N.J.

Be Successful! Pleating Is PROFITABLE. Easy, refined work. Big demand all year. Experience not necessary. Little capital, small expense. Teach you free! Everything furnished complete. Be first in your town. Write today!
CIRCLE PLEATING CO. 1249-1251 Broadway, New York

HOME STUDY

Lincoln-Jefferson University HOME STUDY in College, Theological, Law, Music, Pharmacy, Business and Graduate Schools, leading to degrees. Lock Box 239U, Chicago.

Learn a Foreign Language by the easy practical Hossfeld Method for French, Spanish, Italian, German, Portuguese, Japanese, Russian. Over a million sold. Price $2.00 each, postpaid, and returnable after five days perusal. Free circulars on request. Address THE PETER REILLY CO., Dept. Mc., PHILADELPHIA

SHORTHAND—THE NEW WAY. Success guaranteed: 100 words a minute in 30 Days. World's Record. Typewriting FREE. Chicago Home Study Schools, 80!—M. C.—Reaper Bl'k, Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS, PLAYS, SERVICE

Back issues of all magazines supplied by BOSTON MAGAZINE EXCHANGE, 61 Mountfort Street, Boston, Mass.

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Readings, Drills, Pageants, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Entertainments. **PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts, How to Stage a Play, Make-up Goods. Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 64, Chicago

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

BOOK OF FLORIDA FACTS Free only to those really desirous of acquiring a little land and an orange grove at a reasonable price and on easy terms. If you are, write for your copy today to Lake County Land Owners' Ass'n., 310 Twilight Ave., Fruitland Park, Fla.

TOILET ARTICLES

DESTROY HAIR ROOTS

NU-ART permanently devitalizes superfluous hair and roots. Unlike depilatories which leave the roots to thrive. No electricity nor caustics. Harmless and painless. Large package $1.00 at your dealer or direct by mail, plain wrapper, prepaid. A marvelous discovery, guaranteed.
NU-ART LABORATORIES, - 88-D - South Orange, N. J.

PETS & LIVE STOCK

Dollars in Hares

We pay $7.00 to $18.50 and up a pair and express charges. Big Profits. We furnish guaranteed high grade stock and buy all you raise. Use back yard, barn, cellar, attic. Contract and Illustrated Catalog Free.
STANDARD FOOD & FUR ASS'N
483-K. Broadway New York

lunch to him from the restaurant. And there was always the chance he might send in again and discover the difference himself—he's a shark that way."

Blair paused, expectantly. "Go on," she commanded.

"But what I really counted on was making that old restaurant stick out so that sooner or later he'd have to hear about it. And when he realized the place they were talking about was the same one he got those awful ham sandwiches in he'd become curious and investigate. And that's just what happened. It really was a sure thing right from the start."

No memory of former doubts, it will be observed, now lingered in Blair's mind. Why should they? For, as he informed Pam, the Flyer had that very evening been trailed by the great man's car. He had actually descended from this to enter Blair's domain. He had glanced around and then he had turned to Blair.

"He looked me over," Blair went on, "from A to Izzard, and then he said, 'If your name is Pennell, I've heard of you——'"

"Who told him?" demanded Pam, womanlike.

"Search me," said Blair. "I never even thought to ask him. It may have been the conductor or it may have been a traveling man. They say he uses several of them, just as the managers of the big league baseball teams use scouts."

One more large segment of the surrounding atmosphere having found momentary lodging in his lungs, Blair resumed. The great man had suggested adjournment to his car and Blair had promptly followed him there.

"Forgot to even take off my white coat," he said, blithely.

In the car Blair had been questioned briefly but with consummate skill. The great man was particularly interested in what profits the venture had shown.

"Profit is his middle name," Blair explained. "But I was loaded for him — and it was a darn good showing if I do say so."

The Flyer had been held ten minutes overtime while this momentous conversation was being held.

"What made the biggest hit with him," Blair concluded, "was when I told him I'd heard him speak and had been gunning for him right from the start. He said something about youthful optimism but I could see it hit him hard. And — well that's all, except that I'm going to see him in New York Tuesday."

"Tuesday?" Pam's mind repeated with a sense of shock. Aloud she said, "Then you will be in — New York from now on."

"I don't know," said Blair. "I may be started digging post holes in Kamchatka — he starts them everywhere and I've an idea he'll edge me in at the bottom because he thinks I'm young and cocky. But it's a big chance!"

"It's wonderful!" agreed Pam, wondering if it *would* be Kamchatka — and where Kamchatka was. "I'm so glad!"

The moonlight shone on her face. And also on his head, which was bare, and on hers. It may be, as the ancients believed, that the direct rays of the moon lead to madness. She caught her breath — he held his! She did not realize what the moonlight did to *her* eyes, but she saw that in his which has caused her sex to thrill with a delicious panic ever since Eve, having eaten of the tree of knowledge, looked into Adam's eyes — and fled.

"Oh!" protested Pam, hardly realizing that she was speaking, "you — you mustn't."

Nevertheless he must, and at once, as if her voice had released him from a spell. Having taken one long chance he caught her to him and took another. And then another. And heaven only knows how long he would have kept taking chances — some people insist there's danger of contagion — if another car hadn't come along.

Pam breaking away, hastily, stooped toward her dashboard, hoping the intruders would pass leaving her unrecognized. She was doomed to discovery, however, for instead they slowed up.

"Breakdown?" asked Breck's well-known voice. Then, as he recognized Blair, "Why, we're looking for you. It's an hour since you telephoned and Sanchia said she felt sure you must have been hit by a car or something ——"

Pam straightened up. "I was bringing him along," she said, trying to speak casually. "And we just stopped to admire the moonlight. Isn't it wonderful?"

"One could read a newspaper by it," agreed Sanchia. "And you needn't try to fool me, because I can read your face like an open book." Then, because Pam had been a trial to her, she added maliciously, if sweetly, "Aren't you forgetting your great-great somebody or other?"

Pam blushed, as she had reason to. But she quickly recovered herself.

"Aren't you," she asked, "confusing me with a Pam Noyes you *used* to know?"

The Wasted Generation

[*Continued from page 11*]

The dance ended. With a growing antagonism, I asked myself why I had so docilely followed her desires. With a resentment that was like a child's, I avoided her, and did not speak to her again that night. This was the instinctive revulsion of our first meeting.

Yet from the crowd I watched her. Very small, she seemed even slighter for the prevailing note of black.

The only note of color was the natural brilliance of her lips, extraordinary lips, full and, the lower one, sensuously so, lips that had just been plunged into strawberries; eyebrows like the flight of ravens' wings; a nose that might have been Cleopatra's, thin-bridged and slightly irregular; eyes, black as Africa, not nervously alert like the glance of the city woman's, which is crowded with shifting details but with the fixed contemplation of one accustomed to gaze steadily toward far horizons and clear spaces.

Her manner? At first contact, utterly impersonal, interested only in herself, in her pretty poses, her transparent fingers and her dainty feet. I remember thinking that one might live with such a woman a lifetime and never know her inmost thoughts, if thought there was behind the mask. She had two characteristic smiles which I learned to know — one, for the public, the smile that she wore like a necklace. Occasionally, when something stirred a slumbering spark in her, a smile all excitement and vibration suffused her face like the flash of footlights; it was then that mischief was brewing. My first impression was of distrust, of a woman all instinct, tyrannous, jealous, adroit, feline, languid, brooding, voluptuous, hidden and, above all, without sense of pain, either for herself or for others.

I retained only a troubling memory of this pungent, irritating impression when, a few days later, I received a formal note inviting me to call. I was flattered. I went.

She was alone. She made no reference to my avoiding her, led me to talk with intelligence, kept from any approach at intimacy and was so genuinely natural and gracious that I asked myself in astonishment why I should have felt such a sudden antagonism. In a short time, without my being able to distinguish the gradual progression, I was enveloped in the insidious charm of her personality as completely as though she had bound me hand and foot. For six months I forgot everything else in the world and followed where she led, allowing her slender fingers to turn my destiny according to their malicious fancy.

I learned of her life only by hearsay, never from her own lips. Paris is full of just such women; drift from strange currents, out of mysterious beginnings. Her father was an Irish adventurer, John Finucane, who by devious and clouded ways had amassed some fortune in Egypt and the Orient. Her mother, according to one story, was the daughter of an Arab sheik; according to another, a gypsy: others ascribed to her the rôle of a woman of the circus, a wandering mountebank. . . . I saw her once and, allowing for all exaggerations, she was undoubtedly of some Eastern strain, an inheritance apparent in Letty. Mme. de Tinquerville had married early an old *roué* of that well-known family, impoverished, exiled to a minor diplomatic position and who, shortly after bringing his bride and her fortune back to Paris, left her a widow.

As I try to reconstruct this episode, much of it remains blurred, a confused repetition of fatiguing emotions, scenes of jealousy no sooner ended than begun again, revulsions in me away from her, weak returns: the obsession of her presence, her caprices and her demands disorganizing all the routine of a once methodical existence. Only a few scenes come back to me vividly. Of her life I know as little as of the motives which ran in her agile mind. I am beginning to see her now from a colder point of view; then I did not understand her at all. We never discussed her life or mine — that is, what had happened before our meeting.

I did not know her age exactly (perhaps twenty-five, perhaps thirty), yet she seemed always of another generation, and old in the wisdom of experience. I had often the curious feeling of not looking at her but at the mirror of a woman, and of never being able to progress beyond the pale reflection.

As I study her now, her salient quality was an utter inability to feel pain. Nor do I believe she could understand it in others even when for her own enjoyment she was its cause. She was, of course, one of those women of over-refined temperament who simulate sensations they no longer can feel, seeking mentally what is no longer a natural impulse. Her curiosity in inflicting pain was of this nature.

Occasionally, however, she was capable of an amazing frankness, whether by cunning design or from the inconsistency of her woman's nature. Once, when I sought to penetrate beyond her reserve, she said to me, "Life is only a succession of closing doors and never returning to them. I never do."

Something made me reply, "Not very flattering to me."

She looked at me, and answered:

"Oh, you! How you will hate me some day!"

I have often wondered over that speech and why she had made it. A sense of the dramatic, a moment's indulgence in absolute truth, a sure sense of the effect on my tempestuous imagination, to be warned of danger? Perhaps all three.

It was by such unexpected remarks, by the very seeming frankness of an abrupt confession, that she knew how to rouse my young curiosity and to surround herself with a glamor of mystery. I believed in her sorrows until the day came when I was shocked out of my fatuity and saw the feline delight in playing with a wounded animal which alone was insatiable in her character.

"*Life is only a succession of closing doors and never returning to them.*"

It is strange how a phrase remains when a memory has been conquered. This phrase, which summed up all her defiant, selfish worldly wisdom, has come back to me again and again and, though I am freed of the tyranny of her malicious personality, the poison of her philosophy still lurks in my memory. . . .

There are moments when we look back in cold memory and cannot comprehend the whence and the wherefore of the hot fever that once dominated every sense and drove us through the hallucination of a passion. So with me to-day.

When I think of Jenny Barnett I seem to remember a confidence given me by a friend of college days: when I recall Letty I seem to recall a chapter in some unhealthy romance. It is impossible that I and David Littledale are one and the same person!

The heart of a man is like running water, — the years in their course purify the moral contagion. I do not know that this is true of all men. Perhaps those who remain in the stagnant pools of little existences never free themselves of the scum of the past, yet it is true of those who venture out into the traveling current. In a large sense, it is true of the generations, that move as great rivers move, and in this running purification is the hope of all society.

Why, at this period of my life, should I have fallen so completely under the spell of such a woman as Mme. de Tinquerville? It was not genuine love that caused it, for as I conceive love it is the calm of a great certainty, and with Letty it was never any-

thing but a ceaseless conflict. If not Letty, would it have been some one else? Was it an experience which I was to undergo, an impulse that came from within me, rather than from outside? Perhaps I understand better to-day the springs of my impulses.

There are in most men two strong and opposite impulses toward women which, at first sight, appear contradictory but are easily reconcilable, as they spring from the two linked needs of their natures and are the key to the many seeming inconsistencies, infidelities, abrupt passions and incomprehensible tyrannies into which their sentimental cravings lead them. A man seeks in woman saint and sinner, calm and tempest, salvation and demoralization.

As architects in life our instincts are toward order and discipline, yet we are eternally seeking the thing that will upset our self-control. We are irresistibly attracted by what threatens our equanimity, enslaves our senses, imprisons our will, for that brief, fleeting ecstasy which we alone feel at its fulness when we are aware that we have cast aside the reins of our government. But, as the abiding instinct of our nature is order, there remains always the ideal of woman, which represents the revulsion to sanity, calm and serenity, — back to which we grope with reverence and to which we fasten with the instinct of self-preservation. I know this is true, and yet to-day, this woman, the woman who is serenity and order, has not come into my life.

SO INTIMATELY entwined are these two natures, these twin struggling impulses, that they often remain confused and inseparable. This is the explanation of the two tragedies of society, each proceeding from this complex source: the phenomenon of a man marrying his mistress and, that darker mystery which remains behind the curtain of marriage, the debasing of an ideal once raised in reverence.

The ease with which I yielded to Letty's dominance, the disorganization into which I plunged, and the violent revulsion which came in the end are explainable, I believe, by this conflict in our nature. But then I did not reason thus — I did not reason at all, and therein lay the danger, a danger that I shudder now to contemplate.

What was the essence of this corruption which she exercised over me, that was more moral and mental than physical? It was in stifling all the youth and ambition of my nature by the baleful weight of her age-old weariness of intellect. She took a keen delight in seeking out my illusions, one by one, of slowly stifling them before my eyes under her malicious wit and arrogant scepticism. She taught me that all striving was futile, that youth was a season of riotous enjoyment for the wise, and that only fools sacrificed it in a groaning pursuit of an ambition which could never be attained.

"Why strain for the thing that is here, at your finger-tips? This is the fulness of life — seize it. What would you seek? . . . A career? . . . fame? . . . My dear little Davy, you are not a genius. Your talents are not even considerable. The chances are that after ten years of drudgery you would only have condemned yourself to the bitterness of disillusionment! What do men seek in fame? Just the vanity that a pretty woman has: to be noticed as she enters a restaurant. Believe me, the quality of youth, which you hold so lightly, is worth all your drowsy, rheumatic celebrities! You have senses given you to enjoy life with."

"And, the end . . . "

"Who knows what may be the end? I prefer remorse to regrets!"

All her philosophy was summed up in this sentence. Yet she was exceedingly punctilious in her religious observances and, although she had a sort of dare-devil courage, she hated so the intrusion of realities that she would turn down a side street rather than cross a funeral.

The struggle to free myself was a hideous one. Again and again I determined to fling off the unhealthy bondage that weighed on my freedom of thought, and as often, from weakness, from fear of giving pain, I temporized, with rage and hatred in my soul. The fear of giving pain! That is the thing that holds a man at the last to his own destruction. For I was still innocent enough of what the world can hold of depravity to believe that, such as she was, she loved me with all the good and bad of her nature. In the end she lied to me and I caught her in the lie.

We were to have dined together and to have gone to the theatre but she had written me the day before that she would be forced to leave town. This had often happened before, and the postponement did not in the least excite my suspicion. A young Frenchman, the Comte Maurice Plessis de Saint Omer, one of my intimate friends, happened to drop in on me, and we resolved to dine together and set out for Foyot's, near the Luxemburg, bent on an epicurean dinner and a quiet evening.

Maurice de Saint Omer, in the pleasure-seeking crowd in which we moved, had the reputation of being a great dandy and my natural attraction toward him was considerably enhanced by the compliment to my vanity. He came of one of the great families of France which named its ancestors before the Crusades (his father was the Duc de Saint Omer and their château is the famous one near the Lorraine border). While he lived the life of a thorough man of the world, as it was understood in the Paris before the war, he brought to all relations of life, dignity and distinction. He was neither rake nor profligate. Straight, tawny-haired, nose high-bridged and sensitively chiseled, blue-eyed and soft of voice, almost too elegant for our American ideal, his courage and tact had made him one of the arbiters on the field of honor. Why he should have taken to me, I do not know, but he did, and he occasionally favored me with his confidence. My own entanglement with Mme. de Tinquerville was known to him. In fact, for months all his influence had been exerted to show me the quicksands into which I was sinking. We were talking of her as we neared the restaurant.

"And *la belle* Tinquerville . . . "

"I was to have dined with her to-night but she was called to St. Germain."

"No use in warning you, my dear fellow, I suppose?"

"Evidently not," I answered, moodily. "I must work out my fate alone."

"At least, open your eyes."

"In what way?"

"Neither she nor you is the slightest in love."

"What do you call it, then, when one moment you are ready to do murder, and the next, you are as weak as a child, ready to believe anything, undergo anything, afraid of everything . . . ?"

"My dear friend, I went through that, at the age of sixteen, with a little girl in a *laiterie* who could not write five words correctly and who ran off with a lawyer's clerk. The trouble is you are still sixteen. You know, I do not discuss women lightly — my principles are fixed on that point. But you have come to me as a friend and as a friend I am once more going to warn you."

"Go on," I said, shrugging my shoulders.

"My dear David, you have no place in this society of ours," he said, taking my arm. "You have a heart, and you have no knowledge of the conventions of the game. We do not love in this crowd; we play at love: just as we do not discuss; we play at discussing. We meet, to fence lightly and gracefully, with tremendous lunges, which are always parried. We do not seek a woman because we want her but because twenty other men want her and — we wish to carry off the prize. You are seeking romance, and — it has never crossed our thresholds. This society is old; it refines only on its emotions. It is egotistical, selfish, superficial, and self-indulgent. There isn't a man or woman in it who doesn't love himself or herself better than anything else in the world. Mme. de Tinquerville may be better, or worse, than the rest of her set. I do not know. If you were an American nabob, perhaps she might make up her mind to marry you. Luckily you are not. There is something primitive enough in you to resist and rebel. There is still something young in you — a piece of a real heart left. When she has completely broken you, dominated you and corrupted you, you will cease to interest her. Bid her good-bye before she closes the door in your face."

"Every word you say is the truth," I said, impulsively, "but, then . . . "

"I know, I know," he said, laughing and then, turning to a more serious tone, he added: "Do not think me cynical. I am not. There exist in this world women that are worthy to be loved, in reverence. One day I shall meet a young girl whom I can respect and adore as I do the ideal of womanhood that is in my mother and sister, but when I take a wife I shall never bring her to this poisoned atmosphere. David, if you were a man of the world, — if you could keep to the surface of things, — I should shrug my shoulder, but — you can not . . . " He gripped my arm tightly. "You are not even a man. Confess that it is only your vanity that holds you, that at bottom you hate this entanglement that humiliates you and corrupts you."

"It is a nightmare," I said, gloomily.

"Well, then . . . "

"In her way," I said, petulantly, "she loves me."

He stopped, and looked at me in amazement at my innocence. I did not understand his look then. I do now. He started to speak. I can imagine what was on the tip of his tongue but, beyond a certain point, his notion of chivalry would not permit him to go.

"In that case, my dear David, I have nothing more to say. Your appetite, at least, is not affected?"

"Not in the least."

"Then a very good solution to all problems is a certain *Canard au vin blanc* and gooseberries that Carlo will cook for us with his own hands!"

We had ascended the old *Rue de Tournon*, the Senate rising ahead of us. We entered the restaurant, and the first person I saw was Mme. de Tinquerville, dining *en tête-à-tête* with a man unknown to me.

She looked up, saw me, and looked down again, quickly. We passed into an inner room and took a table. Something seemed to explode in my brain.

"You saw?" said de Saint Omer.

"Yes."

"You are convinced?"

"Quite. The man?"

"Pedro Fornesco, an Argentine millionaire."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Three months."

I began to laugh. Saint Omer slipped his hand over my wrist.

"David, it is Providence."

"Thank God," I said loudly, but, despite myself, I felt a cold in the small of my back and a dryness in my throat.

"Will you follow my advice?" he said, studying me anxiously.

"Wait." I put my head in my hands and drew great breaths, while I fought for calm.

"Now."

"You are sure of your control?"

"Absolutely."

"No scenes?"

"I give you my word."

"That must be understood," he said, firmly. "No public scandal, no dramatics, my friend, or as sure as you are sitting here you will have to answer to me. Is that understood?"

"I assure you I never was more master of myself," I said, smiling, and, indeed, a cold indifference had come to me. I felt a tempest raging in my brain and somewhere in that tempest a voice crying: "Now or never!"

"Very well, I believe you. Carlo!" The head waiter came hastily to us.

"Carlo — A table opposite M. Fornesco, — the one that is engaged."

"M. le Comte . . . "

"Carlo, this is an exception. I must have it."

HIS eye met the head-waiter's, who hesitated, and bowed. We rose and, sauntering into the main dining-room, seated ourselves two tables away from Mme. de Tinquerville, in an angle that was partitioned off from the rest of the room. When, with an appearance of casualness, I turned to watch her I saw in her eyes a look of abject terror. Every such woman believes more or less in the dramatics of Camille and, from that moment to the end, I know Letty awaited the public scene that would strip her sacred reputation and leave her the butt of Paris gossip. As for myself, I was at that moment capable of the greatest cruelty without turning a hair: I found resources of self-control in me that astounded me. I laughed, discussed whimsically, and swapped anecdotes, as though out on a collegian's holiday. Mme. de Tinquerville watched me from the corner of her eye, never losing me from her gaze, listening, waiting . . .

Toward the end of the dinner, de Saint Omer said to me:

"You know the anecdote on Gommecourt — no? Quite amusing. I'll tell it to you. Besides, there is a moral."

"A moral?" I said, feeling that the comedy was about to begin.

"Gommecourt was a young *parvenue* of the time of the *Regence* who had become involved in an affair with a celebrated actress of those days. He was avaricious, vain, prudent, and not without a certain wit, as you shall see."

The conversation at Mme. de Tinquerville's table had stopped. Saint Omer's voice could be heard distinctly, and I know that Letty was listening, breathlessly.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

A Welcome New Year's Gift—

SEND McCLURE'S TO YOUR FRIENDS

An ideal New Year's gift for yourself or for a friend is —a McClure subscription.

Now that McClure's is 15 cents again; now that its yearly price is greatly reduced, it enables you to give two or three all-the-year-round presents for the price of one. Go through your list and see how many of your friends would like a year's subscription to McClure's for a holiday present.

The magazine, though it has returned to its pre-war price of 15 cents, is the equal of any 25-cent periodical.

Note these "save-money" offers on McClure subscriptions beginning with the January issue:—

McClure's 1 year	$1.65
Two one-year McClure subscriptions, to different addresses	$3.30
Three one-year McClure subscriptions, to different addresses	$4.95

Send in your order and money at once to:—

McClure's Magazine

76 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"When it was time for Gommecourt to marry, he was much embarrassed as to how to break away from his charming and expensive actress. He took up pen and wrote a long and very tender letter, recalling his past happiness, his regret at the decision of his family, a very, very moving, affectionate, temperamental and tragic letter, and at the end he wrote: 'I shall never forget, and I send you an order for one hundred thousand francs.'"

"Very handsome," I said, mechanically, not yet seeing daylight.

"A little too handsome, as Gommecourt decided, after a very brief struggle. He wrote a second letter, a very tender letter, too, but a little modified in its transports of passion, and ended by announcing a gift of fifty thousand francs."

"Very prudent."

"Wasn't it? You see, Gommecourt was of good, thrifty stock. The more he considered it, the more absurd it seemed to him to give way to his impulses. And then, suppose she had not been faithful? He wrote a third letter, quite formal this time, and cut the sum to twenty thousand francs."

By this time the conversation at the other two tables had ceased, and every one was listening, quite frankly amused at Saint Omer's vivacious account.

"So, Gommecourt, quite delighted with his two transactions by which he had saved himself eighty thousand francs, arose to send off letter number three. But, half-way to the bell, suddenly he stopped, struck his forehead and exclaimed: 'But, after all, it's simpler than that!' And, returning to the table, he wrote a final letter, thus: 'I have discovered all. Adieu.'"

"Bravo!" I cried loudly, above the ripple of laughter which greeted the ending. "And he was right."

"You like the anecdote?"

"Excellent." I glanced at Mme. de Tinquerville, and saw her rigidly examining her plate. "But it doesn't fit all cases, since we are now talking of ruptures."

"Oh, a friend of mine had an even better expedient!"

"I should like to know it," I remarked, pretending to laugh. "One never knows——"

"He simply took his card and marked on it 'P. P. C.' and left it at her home. That, and nothing more."

"Thanks for the idea."

I drew out my portfolio instantly and selected a card. The couple next to us, deceived by my gaiety, began to laugh.

"A pencil?"

"Be careful!" said Saint Omer, under his breath.

"Don't worry."

I took the pencil he offered me after a little hesitation, and inscribed the three letters.

"Carlo! An envelope — and call a taxi."

"David! No scene."

"Don't worry, I tell you."

I addressed the envelope, slipping the card into it and, the reckoning being paid, rose and stood deliberately facing Mme. de Tinquerville. For that one awful moment which I prolonged I paid her back in terror the thousand humiliations of those hideous months.

Then we lifted our hats with exaggerated ceremony and went out.

We left the letter at her *concierge's* and went directly to my apartment.

"You have letters, keepsakes of hers?" asked Saint Omer.

I nodded.

"Make a package of them and leave them with the *concierge*, to be given to her when she calls——"

"When she calls?"

"Idiot! — she will come at once. And now, throw some things in a bag, and come away with me for a couple of weeks' fishing."

AS I look back at it now I am filled only with a feeling of nausea. All I can say in extenuation of this period, when the thinking man had ceased and was near to the brute, is that for weeks I had not been master of myself, that I moved in a delirium of passionate anger, weak jealousy, with every nerve unstrung, and every impulse riotous, incapable of either controlling or judging my action.

It is not a chapter that I like to contemplate but, as it was, I write it down. For the mystery of evil is that out of it there often comes a revulsion to sanity. I am not sure but in the end it was beneficial. The shock of experience made me see myself as I was and after the disorganization the primeval spirit of order awoke in me, and now that I am seeking to build up again, it is as my own mason, consciously and responsibly.

The trouble with the New England tradition is its lack of flexibility. Nothing gives, but it breaks. Yield the slightest, and everything crumbles. We lack a sure sense of values and are therefore at the mercy of little things as well as great. We conceive of man's struggle against the forces of demoralization as the defense of a fortress: one breach made, and capitulation follows. More mature reflection, tempered with a knowledge of good and evil, has led me, I think, to a broader philosophy. We are not entrenched in our beliefs but are mobile forces, constantly maneuvering, constantly at war, turned back here, advancing there, with only the ultimate end important.

I HAD not heard of her for over a year and a half though I knew she had drifted to America, when, dragged out of the Inferno at Verdun, transported from a field hospital, more dead than alive, to the *Hôpital du Val du Grace* at Paris, I came out of a battle for life to have a letter from my brother Ben placed in my hands, announcing his marriage to Letty, Mme. de Tinquerville.

November.

To-day I saw my brother, Alan, after six years. Through a chance meeting, I found him living in the Luxemburg quarter. A girl answered my knock. We stood confronting each other, mutually surprised. I remembered her among the restless *habitués* of the *Abbé de Thelême* and the *Café de Paris*, in the old days. The paint and artifice were gone. She stood there, dark-eyed, frail, olive-tinted, considering me suspiciously, her woman's instinct warned of possible danger to the thing she sheltered from the world.

"*Tiens*, it's you, Toinon!"

She started forward and looked at me intently, but in her multitudinous conception of man, my face was but a blur in the panorama.

"It's me you want to see — what's your business?"

"Does Mr. Alan Littledale live here?"

"And if he does?"

"I am his brother."

Instantly, her manner changed.

"Ah, you've come to take him away, then?"

"Before I could answer, a voice from within cried querulously: "*Qui est là?*"

The next moment, a big frame, topped by a shaggy head, came into the anteroom.

"Hello, Alan!" I said, extending my hand.

He drew back, scowling and undecided.

"What the devil brings you here?"

"My dear fellow," I said, smiling, "You do happen to be my own flesh and blood and, no matter how we've fought in the past, we're both Littledales, — to the end."

Now, Alan had scoffed and stormed against all our traditions but, despite all, there still remained a lingering pride of the name. He relented a little bit, though with ill grace.

"If you're coming in to lecture me. . ."

"Don't be an ass, Alan," I broke in, good-naturedly. "I'm no more saint than you are. Well, am I to come in or not?"

"You can come in."

I had expected a shoddy, disordered interior. The little apartment was immaculate; flower-boxes, red and white geraniums at the balcony which gave on a garden; neatness, order, charm. I sat, asking no questions, puzzled. Was it from love of the man, or from the denied natural instinct toward home-building? Toinon served the dinner, which she had cooked herself; hesitated and then, at a sign from Alan, sat down with us. When Alan left the room she turned to me and said, in a warning voice:

"He is very ill."

Down the hall I heard him coughing.

"How ill?"

She shook her head.

"Does he realize — ?"

"No, no — "

Dinner over, she cleared the table deftly and converted the room into a *salon*, brought the *tisane* to her invalid, lit our cigars and, drawing up her chair before the fire, began to crochet. But, all at once, looking up, she said:

"If you'd rather be alone?"

"Stay, of course."

I, studying the end of my cigar, waited, feeling his defiant glance on me.

"Shocked?"

"Why?"

"You always were sanctimonious when it was a question of doing things openly."

"I haven't come here to quarrel," I said, smiling. His characterization at the moment struck me as grotesque. So far, we had barely skimmed the surface of things, and I felt the underlying hostility of his attitude. Resolving to take the bull by the horns, I said:

"Alan, before we bury the past, as I hope we'll do, I want to tell you that I blame myself. I was unjust; we were all unjust to you. I regret it with all my heart."

He stared at me, as a man grudging to relinquish his advantage.

"What good will that do — now?"

"You are right. It can do no good — now. But we can't talk as man to man until we've had it out. So now you know how I feel. As for the rest, I've done a lot of things — been a bigger fool than you've ever been — so your adjective doesn't apply."

He looked at me, quizzically.

"You've changed, changed a lot! You talk like a two-fisted man. How long have you been away from that precious family of ours?"

"About five years." I drew a letter from my pocket. "It was through Molly I heard of you."

His face softened. "One human being in the family."

"And Rossie, Alan — "

"Yes, yes, Rossie," he said, hastily. "Had he lived — but he didn't. Great God! What a family! As much human affection as you can squeeze out of the hind-foot of a horsefly! You — you were one of them, but I — God knows why — I was different. I was stifling in that atmosphere of smug egotism." His voice rose, as his face set in anger. The girl looked up from her knitting and then at me, anxiously, but I knew that it was better to give play to the pent-up grievances of years. "I was stifling, I tell you, starved! A home? A mockery! A gallery of granite statues. I can't remember one single time having known what it was to have a father or mother. I never knew a word of sympathy, a look of love. You made me believe I was a lost soul — a gallows bird — you made me believe it myself! Why? Because I had warm blood in my veins, because I was human, had imagination, ambition, wild-animal force. I, who was worth the whole lot of you, you crushed out with your cold, damned superiority, your conventionality and your pride in yourselves. And now, you come here, and acknowledge you were wrong! Sublime!"

"We were wrong."

"Wrong! Can you give me back these ten years? Can you make me what I should have been? Great heavens, this decent little devil here has got more of a woman's heart to her when she brings me my medicine than the whole blooming lot of you ever dreamed of!"

Toinon, who only half understood, looked up. "What are you saying about me, *mon ami*?"

"ONLY good things, and only half of what you deserve," he said, laying his hand on her shoulder. He sat down, exhausted, and leaning over, buried his head in his hands.

"Now, you know what I think, what I shall always think. At that, though I hate it all, your narrowness and priggishness and holier-than-thou attitude, you've left that confounded Littledale pride in me. I *am* one of you, under my skin, or else I'd marry the only human being — " He stopped, looked at me and shrugged his shoulders. "Don't worry. I won't. Give me Molly's letter."

When he came to the part that told of my father's ill health he frowned and looked up. "That's why you've come round, is it?"

"What do you mean?"

"To take me back with you — grand reconciliation — prodigal son — and all that sort of stuff?"

"I had no such thought," I answered, warmly. "As a matter of fact, I am not going, myself."

"You're not?" He looked at me, too sharply for comfort. "Why not? Easiest thing in the world for you to get leave in your condition."

"I want to get back to the Legion," I said, looking away.

He saw there was more than I wished to say and probably ascribed it to a different reason for, the letter read, his manner changed, and he said:

"Looks bad for the Governor. Well, I've nothing against him. A good sort, in his way, and as he saw; a civilization that passes away with the rising flood. Good sort, but utterly without significance. No, I won't go back. What a farce, to play the prodigal son! Why, Davy, I've lived! You haven't, none of you has. I've lived, I've seen, I've been down in the depths and seen! And you've gone on playing at being eighteenth-century Littledales, and never realizing that you don't count! You don't even realize what America, the new America, is!"

"I think I suspect it," I said, surprised at the turn of the conversation. I had come, I think, rather patronizingly, and I found myself yielding to a mental supremacy.

"Your kind still believes in government by individuals; you can't even see what's coming. It's mass that counts, to-day. I don't say 'majorities': the world has always been governed by organized minorities, and — it always will be. You don't know your generation. I do — I've been one of them. I know what's coming!"

"You don't think much of our generation, I gather," said I, startled at the way his thought had run with mine.

"Of the generation of our kind? Precious little!"

"Well, Alan, that's about my way of thinking."

"Honest?"

"Why not?" I said, amused.

"What's happened to you?" he said, pulling at his chin. "Aren't you satisfied with being a Littledale, with a Harvard accent, and a number of good clubs, and parading up and down this private preserve God made for you! You haven't lost faith in your Divine Right of being a Littledale? Good God — he has!"

We broke out laughing and, leaning over, struck hands with a resounding clap.

"Davy, damned if I expected this!"

"Well, Alan, you've been knocking round one way; I've knocked round another; between us we must have gone up and down the scale," I said, settling back. "Well, what have you gotten out of it, and what do you think of this funny old world of ours?"

HE LOOKED at me a long moment; still a little suspicious of me.

"I enjoy it," he said, to my surprise.

"Really? As for me, I've had about everything I started with knocked into a cocked hat."

"Then there's hope, so long as you cling to some sort of code."

"Wonder if I do."

"Aren't there some things that you wouldn't do, no matter what happened? You wouldn't forge, nor cheat — "

"Well, hardly."

"Well, David, that's moral. I suppose my ideas shock you. They do most persons. You asked just now what I've picked up these ten years. That's about the most important, judging men by their codes. A man who's got a code of morals is moral, whether he's a libertine, a horse-thief or — a Minister. We start with about a hundred and fifty inhibitions that are poured into our ears — we end with five or six fences which, no matter what happens, we won't, cross."

"Don't get you."

"Take your man of the world, who considers every woman fair game; go further down — take one who'll think nothing of taking a woman to pay his debts — use one woman to pay what he gives another; yet there are certain things he won't do. He won't cheat at cards. That's a code. Take your criminal type, if there is something stops him somewhere, say that it's only going to the gallows without 'peaching' on a friend. That's a code, his code of morals, and, by that, he's moral!"

"You're not serious," I said, laughing.

"Never more so. Think me crazy, wild, eccentric, anything you want; I'm looking from the bottom up toward your top-heavy society and your morality, and I tell you that it's only the man who won't stop at anything who'll cheat, lie, steal, seduce a young girl, traffic in women, a man incapable of a code, that is absolutely, hopelessly immoral. Look here, you're still looking at things from a moral point of view, you can't help it. I'm just looking on, recognizing things as they are, interested in the human game. You think I'm crazy, don't you?"

"Frankly, yes."

"You think I'm bitter, a rebel, my head against everything. Perhaps so — once, very much so. Not now. Fact — I'm rather more of an optimist than you. If we got down to it you'd find I had a better opinion of mankind than you."

The excitement into which his defense of himself had worked him started a coughing fit. Toinon came in and looked at me in warning. I rose immediately, holding out my hand.

"Well, Alan, I don't have to agree with you, do I, to say that I'm honestly glad to talk to you?"

"No, no — of course not. I'm a queer dick, probably, but I've got reasons for what

I think. Don't ask questions, if you don't want my answers." He touched the decorations I wore and said: "I'm human enough, though, to be glad you're wearing those. Picked up a couple, myself, with the Canadians."

"We never heard — "

"I was under an assumed name. Tell them at home about it when you write."

"Alan, there's one thing," I said, voicing a thought that had been uppermost in my mind, "one thing I have a right to know — "

"Oh, go along with you. Of course, you'd have to say the obvious thing," he said, slapping me on the shoulder. "I'm well fixed. Thanks just the same. And don't worry about me: I'm picking up amazingly. Come again. Come again, soon."

He went off, into the back room, that I might not hear his coughing.

"Is he any better?" I asked of Toinon, who had followed me to the door.

She shook her head.

"Gas — at Neuve Chapelle."

"No hope?"

"He is condemned."

I stood, moodily incredulous, unable to believe that beneath the vital activity of the brain the inevitable, relentless contagion was working in the body. Then I tried to thank her but made a sad botch of it.

"Whatever happens, Toinon," I said, giving her my address, "remember that I sha'n't forget what you've done. I shall see that — " She looked at me, so suddenly and so straight, that I floundered and stopped. "I meant if ever you were in need — " She kept her eyes directly on mine, disdaining a reply, and, under that look, I stammered: "Forgive me. I'm an ass, but it was kindly meant."

Then, not knowing what to do, I took off my hat and made her an absurdly exaggerated bow. She shrugged her shoulders and closed the door. Which was no more than I deserved.

At the hotel I found a card from Stephen Brinsmade, offering me a rendezvous for the next day. I wonder if he is behind this transfer to Paris, and what it means?

I have set down as nearly as I can remember the circumstances of my first meeting with my brother after the lapse of years. I do not pretend to judge him for I am not in the mood to formulate judgments. I only know that a great new current of thought flowed into my mind and that I felt an eagerness to encounter again the opposition of his strangely antagonistic and dispassionate mind. As for Toinon, I don't pretend to sentimentalize her kind. In my experience nothing is further from the truth than the Marguerite Gautiers of fiction.

The war, after a brief period of the hysterical emotionalism of mob psychology, has shaken down society into much the same order as before. The rear has its pagan side, a revulsion to life, a frantic determination to eat, drink and be merry under the shadow of to-morrow's realism. There is an outward sobriety and a decent respect for the black democracy of sorrow. Below the surface, revelry is as *macabre* as ever, for it must compress the passions of a lifetime into a span of hours, and laughter is the hunger for unrealities. A few of Toinon's class — a very few — have turned Magdalene, some genuinely impelled to service — most of them swayed by a new dramatic loyalty to some man who brings them the new sensation of heroic love.

There is nothing sentimental about Toinon. She is a realist who looks life steadily in the face. Yet she, too, has her code, as Alan would have said.

I AM going back to America. I am going home! It has all come about so quickly that I hardly know what I feel. If it were not for the inevitable meeting with Letty . . . At the very thought everything in me rebels: rather an exile of ten years than the hideous mockery of that confrontation! Yet I am no longer a free agent: a superior destiny is directing all my movements. To what end? For there is no choice; my father has had another stroke and I have been sent for. In my present condition there is no excuse that I can offer. America! Home! Despite even the ominous shadow that awaits me there, I feel everything in me palpitating at the prospect. I sail from Bordeaux in three days, with Mr. Brinsmade who, as I suspected, has been the quickening finger in all my moves.

I think I admire him genuinely as much as any man I know. He is utterly free from cant or pretense. He is an idealist with an objective mind. When I talk with him I feel that I am building my philosophies on the safe ground of things as they are. His knowledge of men and their motives is stupendous. He is privileged to pass through the corridors of the human opera and though his knowledge gained of the dark places might turn another to cynicism, not so Brinsmade. His mental attitude is like his physical aspect — genial, tolerant, unhurried, strong, not through bluster but by the authority of his knowledge and experience. The war has waked in him the desire for bigger things in America. He says so, frankly, and this new hunger in him, so close to my own awakening, promises to be a great intellectual stimulus to me on the trip over. There is no misunderstanding the quality of his affection for me. I seem suddenly lifted out of a drear monotony of unchanging days, back to a life of extraordinary vitality and promise.

SAW my old friend, Maurice Plessis de Saint Omer. I should not have known him. All the dandy is gone, the feminine languor and grace sloughed off, and from underneath has emerged the grim unyielding granite of a race of warriors. He is *Commandant* in a regiment of dragoons and decorated with every honor. The mortality in his family has been fearful, but he dismisses it quickly.

"Nothing matters — except France!"

His optimism is that of absolute faith. I can imagine how his men must adore him.

Said good-bye to Alan, a stiff, unsatisfactory parting, in which we acted like puppets, rather than human beings. But that is the Anglo-Saxon of it. He gave me his decoration, to put in father's hand, and immediately began to joke about the family fetiches, our cave-dweller's point of view, etc., but I think it was to cover up his emotion. He hates sentimentality.

"Good-bye, then . . . "

"Good-bye."

We had separated as though it were the most casual parting in the world. I wonder if I shall ever see him again . . .

Bordeaux.

My last night on the soil of France. Tomorrow I leave for America, and for a brief, incredible two months, go back into the life that was once mine, but which to-night is incomprehensible, strange and unreal. I am writing in a little bedroom of the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, fitfully awake, and stirred at the thought of the change as I never had believed possible. I don't quite know this sudden self that is come so imperiously into my mood. I am older by a dozen years than this morning — and by a mental decision that I feel deep down in my heart has been made. To-night I believe has brought a crisis in my life. I am not quite sure of my motives; I do not know that I wish to examine them too closely. But to-night the old rebellion against the obvious in life has somehow left me. I am conscious of a new point of view. Acceptance of life, a middle-age philosophy, a yielding to safe currents? To-night I am thinking of Anne and all that Mr. Brinsmade's obvious interest opens up to me. Yes, all of these and, perhaps, most of all, just an overpowering homesickness, the cry in my heart to be back among my own kind.

Just why I should feel any compunction is the thing that surprises me, now. Yet I do — well, if not compunction, a little uneasiness. After all, up to now, whatever I have done has been done impulsively, without a second thought as to the advantages or disadvantages to me. This is another thing. For the first time, I am looking on life with a middle-aged estimating of values, and to-night is like a valedictory to a youth that has fled.

In one way I almost resent the obvious friendship of Mr. Brinsmade's attitude. For now I am somehow uneasily conscious that there must be a certain grim deliberation about my future conduct. And I ask myself again: "Is this a new phase of life into which I have entered, a new milestone left behind?"

The trouble is that during my convalescence I have been aware that the terrific strain on my physical energy has left a moral inclination toward the easy way through the future. This physical and moral vitality in us is, of course, inseparable. I have noticed that as men's bodies grow old a tolerance of social laxities comes with it. Women in moments of physical exhaustion are most vulnerable. The effect of shell-shock on the moral fabric, even in officers of the highest character, is well known. And then, there is something else. Comrades of mine, who have fought with me with unimaginable bravery,

How Many Words Do YOU Know?

Roosevelt knew 125,000 words

Lloyd George Knows 100,000 words

Shakespeare knew 24,000 words

THE EDITOR of the New Standard Dictionary states that "the average well-educated American knows from 60,000 to 70,000 words... Every well-read person of fair ability and education will be able to understand, as used, 50,000 words."

Compare the estimated vocabularies of Roosevelt and Lloyd George with Shakespeare's, which was the largest of the 16th century. Milton's, the next largest, numbered 13,000 words. It is apparent how amazingly the English language has grown.

To-day in order to keep abreast of the times—to be among "*the well-read people of fair ability*"—a man must know twice as many words as did the Bard of Avon. To forge ahead—to be a "well-educated American"—he should treble the master dramatist's vocabulary.

Learn More Words and Earn More Money

CAN you put into graphic words the ideas and plans that your mind conceives? Words so clear and convincing that others can readily understand your thought and are willing to cooperate in carrying it out? Words so vivid and eloquent that you are enabled to put through big business deals, make large and numerous sales, close important contracts? Words so forceful that you carry your hearers or readers enthusiastically with you—so interesting that you hold their attention and gain your object?

Do your business letters fully accomplish their purpose? Do your advertisements carry conviction—produce adequate results—sell your goods or bring inquiries, in sufficient quantities?

Those stories that are so vivid in your mind—can you write them so that editors will accept them? Those sermons, the thought of which uplifts your own heart—can you compose them so that they will move, inspire, comfort and guide your congregation?

We think in words and images. The larger our vocabulary, the more varied and interesting our thoughts. Men climb to eminence in public life and in business on ladders of words. The man whose speech is limited and crude is limited and crude in his ideas—his aspirations. His life is drab and uninteresting. He makes no progress. He arrives nowhere.

FREE

"How to Become a Master of English"

This free booklet will show you how the **Kleiser Personal Mail Course in Practical English and Mental Efficiency** will enable you to add thousands of expressive words to your vocabulary—Use the right word in the right place—Write convincing and resultful letters, advertisements, stories, articles, sermons, etc.—Win promotion and higher pay—Become an interesting talker—Make yourself welcome in good society—Become influential in your community.

A Few Spare Minutes

Fifteen minutes a day—at home or in office—will result in surprizing progress.

This course is the busy man's short-cut to a full expressive vocabulary and correct grammar. It does away with the time-consuming study of abstract rules. It teaches correct speaking and writing quickly and practically.

All lines of business, all trades, all professions, arts and sciences, are represented among the thousands of Mr. Kleiser's students. There are officers, directors and department heads of great industrial organizations as well as their subordinates. There are men and women, boys and girls.

Previous education or lack of it makes no difference.

Enthusiastic endorsements of this remarkable Course have been written by such masters of English as John Burroughs, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Booth Tarkington, Irvin S. Cobb, Rupert Hughes, Ellis Parker Butler.

McC 1-21

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:— Send me by mail free of charge or obligation, the booklet, "How to Become a Master of English," together with full particulars of the Grenville Kleiser Course in Practical English and Mental Efficiency.

Name .....

Local Address .....
Street and No. or R.F.D.

Post Office .....

Date ..... *State* .....

return from death with the feeling that they have spent all their vital energy and looking to society to assure their future, as a right acquired.

To-night I feel old, with the sense of duty accomplished. I have done quite enough, I tell myself, in my passage through the Inferno of war. If now, when opportunity offers, it pleases me to dispense with the bruising struggle for existence, who has the right to judge of my actions? Certainly not those who have not dared what I have dared.

All this is really rather morbid: both my will and my body have given beyond their strength, and are still convalescent or I should not be troubled with such sickly doubts. Well — who knows? Is this a mood, or a decision? To-night, frankly, I feel I have done enough to have earned my right to rest. Let others do their part. Milestone, No. 4.

February 25th.
Littledale.

Almost three months have passed since I last wrote a line in this book, three months crowded with events which have turned the current of my life into ways of which I never dreamed. I am here, in my old room, a log fire snapping in the fire-place, the window-sills banked with snow and the clock on the landing below has rung eleven times. I have sat before these written pages a full half-hour, tempted to destroy all, yielding to the sense of the futility of life. Has it been but three months since the night I sat and listened to Brinsmade in the *Chapon Fin* at Bordeaux? To-day every logical consideration is scattered to the winds as I realize with an acute pain what sport we are in the veiled hands of chance. Into my life has come the greatest exaltation and the greatest emptiness, so inextricably interwoven that I know not what to name it — pleasure or pain — this emotion which has imprisoned all my faculties with the sudden awakening of a great love.

I do not know that I shall ever see her again. I have given my promise never to seek her out. Why? I do not know. Simply because, for her own reasons, she implored it of me, and to her slightest wish I would be as powerless to offer opposition as to consciously give her physical pain. I have spoken of the mystery of good and evil that is in each of us. To-day it is a mystery more baffling than ever. As I look back now, what I marvel at most is that I should have met Denise Duvernoy at the very moment when I had so complacently in worldly wisdom accepted the easy path held open to me. Two women will ever remain before me as the embodiment of the twin contending mysteries in my soul — Letty, who always stands as the sinister embodiment of all those fierce, primal instincts which civilization calls evil; and Denise, who has reached deep into hidden needs of which I was ignorant, and revealed to me a self I did not know, a self against whose imperious idealism I rebel, but a self which will, to the end of my days, dominate me and determine my actions. One has vanished into the wilderness of men, and the other returns — a sinister memory, which is a cross to be borne day by day, behind a mask that must forever stand between me and my brother.

At Bordeaux I had but explored the mystery of evil; the mystery of good was still unknown to me.

As I look back now every word, every object, every outline is clear to me from the first instant of our meeting. It is as though with the sudden stirring of my deeper nature every littler sense awoke. There are colors: the oranges in a straw basket, the blue of a porter on the dock, the grey whirl of her scarf against the blue Breton cape on the upper deck as we passed out of France, the red luxury of the sunset that swam over our heads that last day at sea — all these tints and a dozen others are associated in the minutest visualization; along with the scent of tarred ropes about us at Bordeaux, the clean brine of the sea which held us for ten unforgetable days, the sound of the forecastle bell tolling off the hours, and the light gliding step which I would know to-day from a thousand others.

It was in the wet dawn of late November that I first saw her and the memory starts up before my eyes, even to the most irrelevant details. I can see again the moist dock, the grey flanks of the ocean liner shutting out the sky, the masts dissolving in the morning mist, and the white splotches of faces flowering against the rails. The salt, tarred smell of the sea is still in my nostrils and I am back in the crowd of leave-takers, saying the last broken farewells; an old couple clinging to their son, a sailor with his sweetheart; boatswains piping; cabmen swearing; loiterers gazing; a smirched face looms as a little wharf rat bumps against me, and — I look up and see her again, as I saw her for the first time.

She stood heavily veiled, her arm about an old servant in Breton cap who was weeping her heart out — a very old woman, wrinkled and stooped, whose lips trembled, whose eyes never ceased their staring intentness. It was not simply grief at parting, often hysterical in servants, but something inexpressibly deeper — not so much a protest as a final resignation to a weight of sorrow beyond old age's power to bear.

AT this moment, her young mistress lifted her veil and, as she bent forward to kiss each shriveled cheek, I saw her face out of the mist and the blurred crowd — as I see it now — and no second glance could ever add to that instant conviction. The whistle blew above us. The old woman cried something hysterically, and caught the young hand. I heard her murmur a blessing, I saw her try to disengage her hand and then as, helplessly, she sought for assistance, her look met mine. I know that my eyes were dim. She saw and trusted them. I stepped forward, bare-headed.

"*Permettez — madame?*"

"*Merci, monsieur — vous êtes bien bon.*"

The veil dropped again. I put my hand under the old woman's arm and drew her slowly away. When I returned, her young mistress was already on the boat.

I do not know that I can describe her, for when I see her face I see only the eyes — dark, round and big, without guile or artifice, eyes that were open and luminous, and yet eyes that were stricken with a suffering too deep to be cast off in tears. It was not what I saw but what I felt — the inner quality, the sweet dignity, the gentleness and the high aristocracy. Women, before, had been to me types. With her, instantly, I felt a being set apart, whose choice of action could never proceed from feminine acceptance of the hour's fashion in dress, thought and standards. She was what she was, and would go forward always along her clean path, undisturbed by the troubling blast of the popular wind.

I know that for the first time I had looked into eyes which no ugliness, no meanness, no unworthy thought could ever trouble and that I was of the privileged of the world to have known her. One look, a look that might pass a thousand times, one look in the mists of the dawn, in the scrambling, shoddy crowd, and yet, for that one instant's fugitive understanding, all that I had been and was, became as nothing, and my destiny, for better or for worse, for ill and pain and sorrow, emptiness and loneliness, was irrevocably determined. Yes — mystery of the good and evil that is in us! From the pain of evil, we struggle back to sanity and clean air, and memory covers over the scar; but from the emptiness and the ache that, in the mystery of good, love may lay upon our lives, what escape or what answer is there?

February 26th.

Last night I left off when memory was too acute and my eyes could no longer see to write. To-night, I come back to it impatiently, with a longing to reclaim every word, every look, every precious minute, and fix it indelibly before me. The situation here is hideous. I seem to be walking over a mine, that sooner or later will go off, while I can do nothing but await the final catastrophe. To write is to return to her, to hope again that somehow, somewhere, without being false to my promise, I shall see her again.

(*To be Continued*)

The Man, The Tiger and the Snake

[*Continued from page 31*]

the hall. He was gone a long time, it seemed to Comlough. He could not detect the faintest sound of him. Through the silence and darkness from far below came nine silvery, diminutive chimes. A moment later a gray fan of light protruded beyond the black edge of the open door to the hallway, and Glenn was beside him again.

"All right, let's go!" he whispered.

He passed the dark torch to Comlough and occupied himself with the lock in the utter darkness. Comlough heard a faint scratching and ticking of metal on metal. Two minutes could not have gone by before the door was open.

"Throw the flash on the floor — close to it!" Glenn said. Comlough did so. "That it?" Comlough saw his arm extend like a huge block of shadow toward a dull gleaming globe.

"Yes."

"Put out the light!" Comlough did so wonderingly. "He left the blinds and a window up. I'll fix it."

"Time doesn't enter into this," said Comlough. "You can go slow and careful — we've got ten hours anyhow."

"I found it a helluva good rule myself to get a job done and to get away," answered Glenn.

He was over by the windows the next moment, doing something, Comlough could not see or hear what; wending among the unaccustomed surroundings with a sureness that Comlough, for all his own acquaintance with the place, could never have duplicated. In fact, what chiefly struck Comlough was his fundamental ignorance of these familiar rooms — the incredible strangeness of them now.

Suddenly a circle of light struck brightly on the gray rug in the center of the study. Through it shone the steel ball of the safe. Glenn had brought Lynn's conical desk lamp down to the floor. He took off his coat, extracting a slender bundle of tools wrapped in a blue felt cloth from the inside pocket. He laid the coat carefully before the safe and knelt on it. He patted his gloved fingers, took a watchmaker's lens out of a waistcoat pocket and screwed it into his right eye. Slowly and delicately he ran a small, pointed tool over the smooth convexity of steel. His fingers — those fingers of his with eyes in them — even through his gloves seemed arched in a kind of palpitating sensitiveness over the tool. His head was tilted backward, looking at the ceiling. In the reflection of the light from the floor he resembled some Indian seer exploring the feel of a great crystal before losing his gaze in it. He rose and tapped over the whole exposed surface of the safe. He took the torch from Comlough and explored it again with eye and tool. Comlough watched him fascinated.

"Some nut!" said Glenn softly, appreciatingly.

"Can you do it?" Comlough asked, anxiously.

Glenn did not answer. He followed the hair-line of the circular door. Then he took a metal rod about a foot long from the bundle and gently tapped the safe along the line of its opening, and about the disc and the levers. Slowly and painstakingly he turned the disc, listening to it. He took out a stethoscope, attached it to his ears and again listened to the tumblers. In the shadows his face took on a mysterious, profound raptness, like that of some mystical worshiper in an Oriental grotto. About all his movements there was a deft, perfect poise — a marvelous coördination of purpose and method.

Minute after minute went by, as with a chilled meticulousness Glenn, that Mac McDevitt, the Tiger with Mystic Fingers of police calendars of bygone days, whirled the disc, listened, tapped, reset the disc, whirled again — now tentatively, now confidently, now testingly, doubtfully now; confidently again and expectantly — now unexpectantly. Minute after minute passing, as he paused to tap and to listen, unhurried always, but always nevertheless imparting a sense of swiftness. Minute after minute and the safe continued to stand mockingly solid, intact, shut.

Down-stairs the little Sèvres clock sent up its faint tinkle of nine-thirty, ten, ten-thirty to them. Comlough held himself rigid. His body ached with the strain of it. His spirit grappled with impatience.

"Some nut!" repeated Glenn softly once, sitting down for a moment and wiping his forehead and neck. "The gloves'll have to come off," he said slowly, gloomily.

He cleaned his fingers carefully with a fresh handkerchief and gently rubbed a few drops of a fluid from a tiny yellow phial on them. He rose, stretched himself and waggled his hands loosely from his wrists. He knelt before the safe again.

Suddenly at the end of a series of faint whirlings and clickings a slightly louder, victorious click sounded in the room with the effect of a shot. A circle of the surface rose, lifting a pillar of shadow with it, about two inches, with a winding motion as though unscrewing itself. Comlough leaned forward, his pulse banging. A moment later, as though no mystery of steel could hide its secrets longer from him, Glenn, again wearing gloves, had turned the circle of the surface on its invisible hinge as Lynn had done. The blank wall of copper stretched across the opening.

The Sèvres clock down-stairs chimed eleven as he slid the copper door apart, after repeatedly manipulating the levers and the disc and one of the hinging pins. The individual discs to the compartment locks were child's play to him now. He had them open, everyone, within five minutes.

Comlough straightened himself with a great intake of breath. It seemed he had not breathed for hours. Glenn calmly tied his tools in the blue cloth, stuffed them into the inside pocket of his coat and stood up. He mopped away the miniature beads of perspiration from his face, and slowly put on his coat. Then painstakingly he examined the floor about the safe and satisfied himself that he had left neither mark nor thing, and carefully wiped the surface of the safe with his handkerchief, moistened by several drops of the fluid. Turning, he clasped the hand Comlough held toward him without a word.

"Any more use for me?" he asked finally.

"None," said Comlough.

"Good night," he said, as though they were separating at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street at midday.

"Good night, Joe," said Comlough.

Noiselessly he went; noiselessly, like a tiger in a strange jungle which a certain superfeline instinct makes as familiar to him as his own hunting grounds, Glenn drifted through the dark reaches of Lynn's home and out into the open night.

Comlough searched through the main and center compartment of the safe first. It contained a collection of deeds, mortgages, documents of sundry legal and propertied aspect. Nothing pertaining to oil. One by one he went through the compartments and one by one the papers they contained. And one by one he found the things he was looking for.

There was a memorandum of four loans Lynn had recently issued at the bank, ranging in sums from $150,000 to $630,000, to borrowers named W. R. R. Yerger, Timothy Kilcairn, Oliver Hill Courtelyou, and Horace Miller. There were notes, letters, documents, deeds, guarantees, ownership papers, stock certificates, telegrams — everything relating to and comprising, Magdalena River leases and concessions, Long Horn and Lone Star Railroad, Maracaibo Lake Basin properties, Texan Improvement and Petroleum Corporation, Utopian Oil Corporation. Things and information invaluable enough to him, Comlough found as he fluttered his way through compartment after compartment of that safe, each adding another chapter to the story of the secret intent of the man he had saved, who had sworn to help him in any hour of need, who had undermined him. Most of the things he came upon he merely glanced at and tossed upon the growing pile beside the safe, casually, with no emotions whatever. Now and again something came to hand which hurt. For example, refer-

ences to matters he had divulged to Lynn incorporated in letters written to the latter's assistants, copies of which Lynn had kept. Actually quoting him in several instances. The most recent only a few days before, when Lynn, imagining him still in the dark about the bag and knowing him to be still agonized over his loss had pumped him, as he believed, at luncheon, and written Courtelyou immediately thereafter:

"C. just told me C. M. (Colonel Maurice) would certainly go as steep as $7,500,000. Hold to $10,000,000 until Monday morning. But by 2 p. m. Monday we must have sold. Every day is going to make it riskier for us to hold on."

Monday! But it was in the last compartment of all that he found something which gave him a real start. It was a map which had been torn into small pieces and fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle, and then mounted on tough book-binding linen. It was the sketch of the Estacado which he had made for Lynn that night here in this room — on Lynn's desk. Made, explained, torn up and thrown into the waste-paper basket. And Lynn had gathered up the pieces out of the basket — after he had come home with the contents of Comlough's bag probably — no, it must have been in those minutes he was out of the room presumably instructing Timmins to call Ralston and have Ochia bring the bag to the station. Somehow, that little patched-together sketch hurt Comlough more deeply than all the rest of the evidence of Lynn's treachery.

Assuring himself that there was nothing which he had overlooked he stacked the pile beside the safe neatly, for a moment studying it with a kind of absent intentness — so intent that ——

"Hello!" a voice said in the silence.

He clutched the papers, whirled round and sprang to his feet and faced — standing in the doorway — Lynn! He was white — so white that his face stood out like a tombstone in the moonlight in the semi-darkness. Curiously it was not the fact that Comlough had found what he had found, but that some one could have opened his safe, obviously without violence, that had shaken Lynn as nothing had ever shaken him before. He pushed his hands into his pockets and strolled toward Comlough.

"You do the impossible!" he said. "This must be an old profession of yours."

Comlough straightened the papers in his hands, put them under his arm, reached down, picked up the lamp and set it back upon the desk. No need for semi-darkness longer. He walked over and turned on the corner ceiling lights.

"I'm no piker," he admitted then. "You find me at the end of a perfect day, my old friend; a considerable job rather neatly disposed of — not in a hotel room looting a bag snatched from a Jap in a railroad station."

Lynn sat down, his fingers convulsively clasping the arms of the chair. His voice was quite steady. The iron nerve — infinitely more iron than on that night when he had come to Comlough for help — the nerve which had carried him from Allenhurst and the smiles of Mrs. Shevlin, still held him up.

"No," continued Comlough easily, as though Lynn had spoken again: "you mustn't speak lightly of our profession. It's an old one. We at the top of it never knife our friends in the back."

He held out the pieced-together map which he had drawn for Lynn. Lynn waved it wearily away, tearing with perceptible effort his hands from the arm-rests of his chair, and then clasping them under his chin. Curiously, a great part of Comlough's positive feelings in regard to Lynn had passed; replaced by the negative ones of cold contempt, loathing so great that it was almost indifference. He had accomplished his mission. It was all over, on that side.

"I didn't expect to see you to-night," he said slowly.

"No. I suppose your lady operative is just about wondering now whether you do see me or not," said Lynn, almost absently.

"However, as you are here ——"

"No — no! No talking," said Lynn, with a tired wave of his hand. "No talking. What do you want me to do?"

Comlough regarded him curiously for a moment. Lynn made no attempt to evade his eyes. Comlough thought he had never seen any one so utterly fatigued.

"This," he said. He went to the desk and wrote. "A transference of all this back to me."

"I lose!" said Lynn quietly.

"Honor, self-respect, every claim to decency, everything in God's world worth a man's while to fight for. Yes — you lose!"

Lynn's lips drew together straight. He rose.

"Oh, hell, Comlough — why take yourself too damned serious! Because I wasn't grateful? Stop fooling yourself. You know you didn't help me out for my sake — you did it for Marcia. Marcia and you ——"

Lynn stopped. Comlough had very lightly grasped his elbow; but it was his eyes with their sudden mysterious absence of all expressiveness which really silenced Lynn.

"I wouldn't say anything more if I were you," he said. "I believe the customary procedure after that type of innuendo is one of the major forms of assault, but to show you I don't take myself too damned serious after all — well, it's not worth discussing, is it? We have had altogether twenty odd years of friendship. It shows how little one can learn of a man in a lifetime if one has a talent for not learning. I don't suppose pounding you into pulp now would make up for my own lack of perception in the past."

He stood aside and motioned Lynn to the desk. Lynn sat down behind it and picked up a pen. He dipped it into the inkwell and slowly tried the wet nib on a pad. He shot a covert glance at Comlough. He reached down at one side of the desk and opened a drawer. The next moment he was standing behind the desk. His right arm was extended toward Comlough. In his hand was a squat-nosed automatic.

"GIVE it all up — *now*? You came in here to crack my safe — it was dark— I shot — I killed you!" he said excitedly, his eyes blazing with the insane fascination of a way out. "Killed you — see! Swear to me you'll drop all this — swear you'll leave it all the way it is and I won't shoot! Swear — swear!"

Comlough looked Lynn in the eyes.

"Lynn!" he said quietly. "Lynn, you're pointing that gun in the wrong direction."

The other's arm grew taut, and the automatic began to waver in an unsteady grip.

"Oh!" said Lynn softly. "Oh!" He shook his head as though to free it from some cobwebby entanglement. "No — of course not. You wouldn't knuckle under — oh!" he repeated softly, and sat down.

His words and the intensity of his insane glare alike seemed to wander off into space. The revolver drooped in his fingers; he raised it with an effort and dropped it on the desk-pad in front of him, and his head fell forward on his hands. He sat there — his arms propped on his elbows, his head in his hands — for some profound, stark minutes. Downstairs the little Sèvres clock chimed midnight. All his life Comlough was to hear that clock — those elfin drifting chimes winging through the dark spaciousness of the house. The thought trailed through his mind, as he grew conscious of its chiming now, that he had not missed one of its hourly or half-hourly tinklings since half-past eight. Dainty echoes of its midnight call sounded for several minutes in his ears, and as he watched the cowed figure of the man who had been his friend, Lynn raised his head. He was not looking at Comlough; staring straight ahead, vacantly as though the full force of his vision were straining inward.

"You do love Marcia — you do — don't you?" Lynn asked. Comlough started. But in Lynn's voice now had crept a solemn although fantastic earnestness which took out of the question every possible innuendo of stricture or judgment. It was just — a question; just, at the same time, an icy statement of a fact. "Don't you?" he repeated.

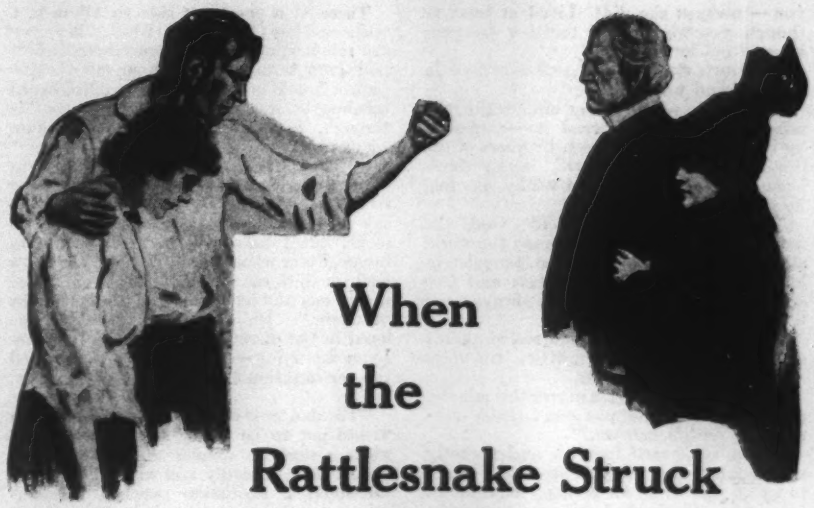
In Comlough's heart something like the following flared up in answer:

"Love her? Of course, I love her! All my life I loved her — and lived as though she loved me!" But with his lips Comlough said nothing.

Lynn, glaring straight ahead, gave an almost imperceptible nod — like a faint, quickly checked start.

"Life — ugh, it's hell, eh, what!" he said slowly. He rose. As he did so the fingers of his right hand came in contact with the revolver. They curled about it. He picked it up and then thrust both hands deep into his coat pockets. He took his left hand suddenly out again and leveled it at Comlough, pointing stabbingly at his breast. He moved a step nearer.

"I can read you, Comlough, to the deepest recesses of your heart!" he shouted. "If I saw just a fleck of sanctimoniousness or pity for me there I would shoot you! I see you through and through, Comlough! Love her? Of course, you love her! All your life you have loved her, and lived as though she loved



When the Rattlesnake Struck

Judge!

When you sent me up for four years you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one — anyhow, you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of — well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike.

Yours respectfully,
RATTLESNAKE.

This is the beginning of one of the stories by

O. HENRY

274 Complete Stories — One Long Novel

For years now you have heard of O. Henry — you have read these advertisements and thought that some day you would own a set for yourself. But you have put off the sending from month to month. The time for that is gone. *Now—today*—you must order your set of O. Henry to get the low price and the Oppenheim FREE!

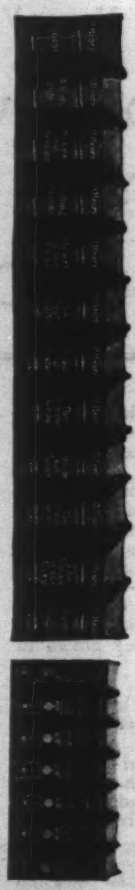
So great is the popularity of O. Henry — so enormous is the demand for his books — that we should like for all time to continue this offer. But we can't. It costs more than twice as much now to make the sets as it did. Paper costs more — ink costs more; binding costs more. So we must withdraw this offer. But as long as the stock now on hand lasts, you can get O. Henry at the low price, and—

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM — 7 Volumes — FREE

Seven splendid volumes, packed full of mystery and adventure, love and intrigue. Here are some of the most wonderfully exciting stories in the literature of the world. Seven stories of plot and counterplot — gripping, thrilling tales that will keep you entranced from the first word to the last.

Whether it be in the lonely wastes of the North Atlantic — the vague mystery of a London fog — out on the desolate moor — or amid the gay midnight follies of Monte Carlo, Oppenheim always has a thrilling, gripping story to tell.

He makes them so real that you forget everything about you in the joy of them. He lets you into secrets that take your breath away. He shows you the real inner workings of European diplomacy. He holds you enthralled with the romance, the mystery of his tale right to the very last word.



Your Last Chance to Get a FREE SET

This is the last edition of E. Phillips Oppenheim we can get at the special price which permits of our giving them free with O. Henry. When this one edition is gone (and there are comparatively few sets now left) you will be able to get E. Phillips Oppenheim's wonderful stories only at their regular price of $1.75 or more a volume.

Now, while you can, get the O. Henry at the low price with E. Phillips Oppenheim FREE. Never again can we give you such a chance. Don't miss it! Cut the coupon. Send it TODAY!

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.
Publishers of the American Review of Reviews
30 Irving Place
New York City

McC. 1-21

Review of Reviews Co.,
30 Irving Pl.,
New York City

Send me on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, bound in silk cloth, with gold tops. Also the 7 volume Masterpieces of E. Phillips Oppenheim, bound in cloth. If I keep the books, I will remit $1.50 in 5 days, and then $2.00 a month for 14 months for the O. Henry set only and keep the 7 volumes of E. Phillips Oppenheim FREE. Otherwise I will, within 10 days, return both sets at your expense.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

OCCUPATION .....

The more sumptuous three-quarter Keratol binding of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite. For a set of this more luxurious binding, change the terms to $2.00 in five days, and then $3.00 a month for 12 months.